THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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The First Cavalry Fights in Viet Nam

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE
TRUE
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THE CASE OF THE KILLER BEATNIKS
THE SEX PROBLEM MEN DON'T TALK ABOUT
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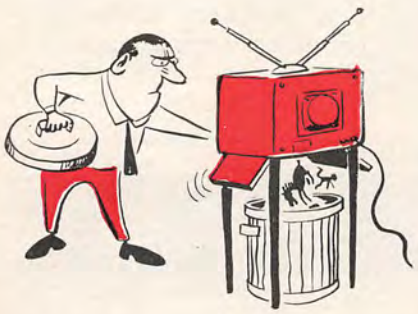
The Jackass Formula

Does Max Gunther really believe that women want to see a "dream world" in which the man is no longer king? What a perfectly terrifying idea. Compared to such a fate, the Bomb would be a welcome end.

I, and any other woman with enough brains to recognize a good thing when they see it, say, "Hooray for the Andy Capp-type male, and long may he wave!"

—Linda McCaughey
Kansas City, Mo.

Please send copies of Mr. Gunther's article (October) to all the television stations. It very well may be their viewers look at these shows because they've nothing better to do! A night on the town or a little quiet flounder fishing (with a side trip to an uninhabited island and a six-pack of beer) probably would do wonders for them. Television is very soothing—and a nice warm bath won't take its place, but I refuse to look at those nincompoop shows such as Mr. Gunther mentioned. Such shows only contribute to the fact that the majority of



today's women try to run everything from the local PTA to national government—and then wonder why they don't feel "fulfilled." If this keeps up, they don't deserve it.

My husband finally has a rival—but I wouldn't tell you if I weren't sure he wouldn't object—I love Max Gunther.

—Patricia Press
Wilmington, Delaware

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Sauceritis

I found your book condensation on flying saucers very interesting. It brings to mind again a question that has puzzled me for some time: If the United States Air Force really has found no proof substantiating UFO's, why then do they occasionally resort to fabrication and lies in dealing with UFO reports?

At my home near Hazel Green, Wisconsin, on April 18, 1959 (my 13th birthday) I spotted three disc-shaped objects in the sky and called the rest of my family to look at them. My older sister, then 17, brought our movie camera and took several minutes of 8mm. film of them. We called the Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald* which carried the story on the sighting and processed the film for us. After the film was developed, the Air Force at Truax in Madison stated that the objects had been jets (even though the objects we sighted had no wings and displayed other characteristics incompatible with airplanes) but that they would still like the *original* copy of the film. The *Telegraph-Herald* cautioned us against sending the original so we sent a copy, calling it the original. Several weeks later, Truax reported that they never received the film and asked for any other copies we might have. We declined, believing this to be untrue.

This suspicion was confirmed several years later when my sister had a date at the University of Wisconsin with a former serviceman who had been stationed at Truax in 1959. He remembered seeing her on the same film that had had the pictures of the UFO's. The Air Force had not only received the film—it had screened it for servicemen specializing in aerial observation!

If there are no "flying saucers," as the Air Force maintains, why must they resort to lies in an attempt to confiscate films of "jets"?

—Randall Curwen
Madison, Wis.

Rock Hounds

Your article *From Rocks to Riches* was excellent reading and I got a big kick out of it. As an inveterate rock poker, I would like to know more about the *Lapidary Journal* which you mention in the article. Where can I subscribe to it?

—H. Stephen Lord
New York, N. Y.

Write to the *Lapidary Journal*, 3564 Kettner Blvd., P. O. Box 2369, San Diego, Calif.

New Bureau?

Maybe Beatty, Nevada, would rather fight than switch off the red light but where would Beatty be if all our cities had

[*Continued on page 22*]

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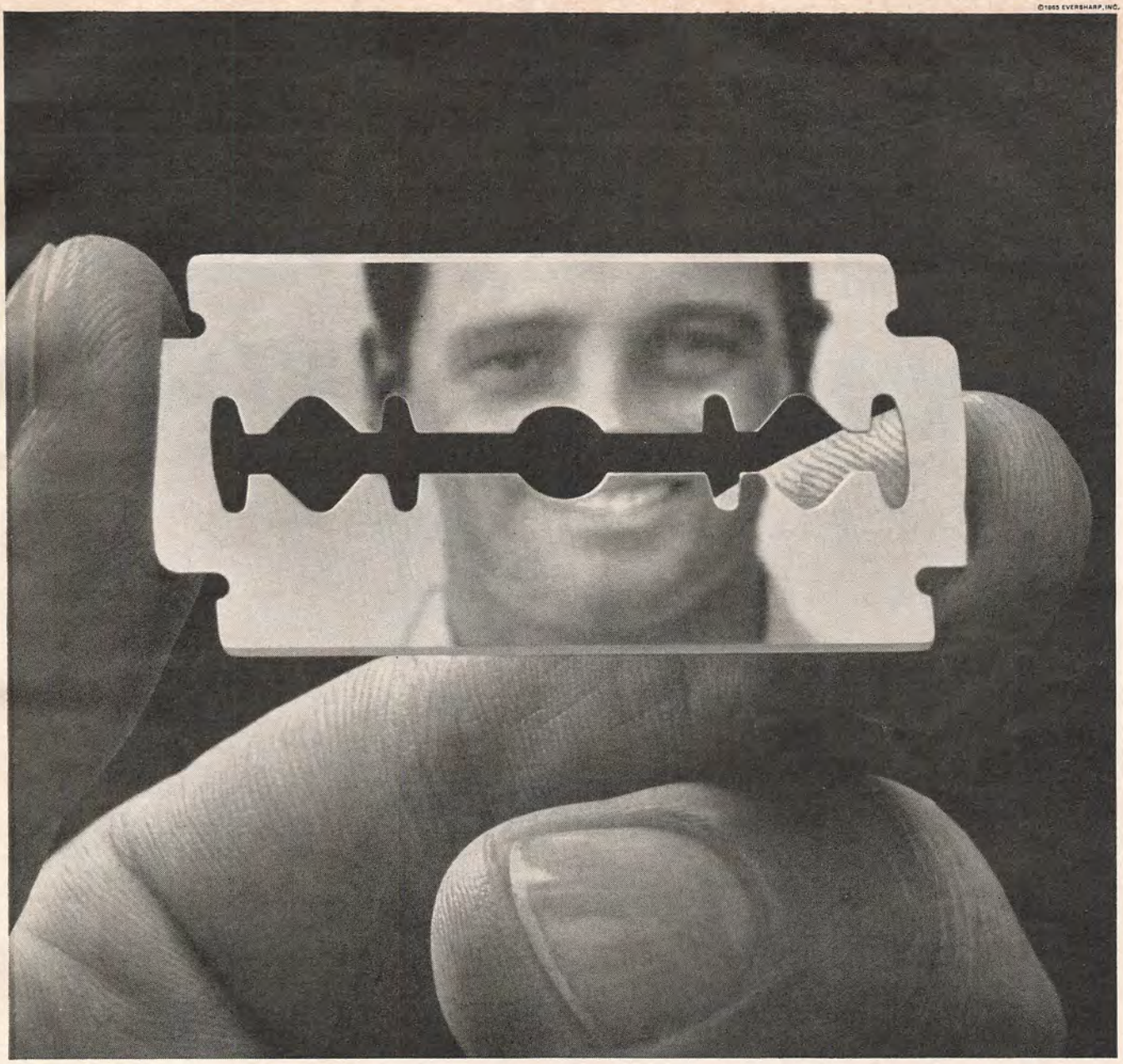

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TRUEVIEWS OF MOVIES

KING RAT—A brutally realistic movie about life in a WW II Japanese prison camp that pulls no punches showing you just how it was. First-rate throughout, with exceptional performances by American newcomer George Segal, as a cynical prisoner who takes good care of number one, and English actor Tom Courtenay as his nemesis.

THE HILL—Another prison camp, this time a British stockade in North Africa, where brutality is the specialty of the house, though the worst torture is inflicted on the spectator who sits through it. Sean Connery heads a large, unintelligible cast.

BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING—And so were the writers on this one. Otto Preminger's latest film starts out as an absorbing whodunit, but becomes a psychological shocker halfway through. The two halves are each excellent, but don't hang together. Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea and Carol Lynley are the principals.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY—Charlton Heston, as a grim and gritty Michaelangelo, and Rex Harrison, as his worldly, witty Pope, battle over the Sistine Chapel. Surprisingly, it turns out to be an interesting and dramatic conflict. Not the usual Charlton Heston movie; an intelligent spectacle.

THE WAR LORD—The usual Charlton Heston movie. A proud knight in medieval France defies his duke, his brother and his reason, takes another man's wife and brings havoc to his fief. It ends with, believe it or not, a cavalry-to-the-rescue charge and Heston finally riding off into a murky sunset, probably to the bank. Funniest movie of the year.

THE LOVED ONE—A large, star-studded cast camps out and about a California cemetery in this tasteless, wide-of-the-mark comedy on the American way of death. Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters and Rod Steiger are among the visible offenders. Director Tony Richardson is not visible, but his heavy hand shows in every scene.

DARLING—A crisp, dazzling film about a model who uses a bed for a launching pad, finally ending up married to an Italian count who gives her bed and bored. Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey are the principal men, and Julie Christie is the girl. She is delectable.

SANDRA—Sexpot Claudia Cardinale turns actress in this slow Italian movie, as director Luchino Visconti lifts the upper crust of a rural *dolce vita* and looses the stink of corruption, madness and incest underneath. The only good guy in it is an American—a refreshing change these days.

THAT DARN CAT—Most Walt Disney movies are sheer, sticky hell for an adult, but this is one you can take the kids to and enjoy yourself. Hayley Mills watches helplessly as a Siamese cat steals all the scenes, making monkeys out of holdup men, the FBI and just about everybody else, while William Demarest, in a masterful cameo, gets in a few good licks for us men.

TRUEVIEWS OF RECORDS

JUDY GARLAND AND LIZA MINELLI "LIVE" AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM—When Judy Garland is happy, she can beautifully belt the notes right off the pages, and here, with her daughter Liza (a good singer too, though she sounds a lot like her mother), she was clearly happy. A two-record album.

Nat King Cole easily passed the acid test of a singer—he made otherwise forgettable songs unforgettable, as two recent albums show. UNFORGETTABLE is a collection of his big hits of the early fifties ("Pretend," "Mona Lisa," "Too Young," etc.). LOOKING BACK is a roundup of ballads from the late fifties, when he switched to a bouncier beat; the passage of time doesn't diminish the glow his velvet voice left on a song.

WOODY ALLEN, VOL. 2—Stoop-shouldered stand-up comic Woody Allen is a hip, sly underdog in the battle of life. He proves a master at getting laughs while losing, whether to females ("I had my first brush with oral contraceptives: A girl said no") or to literature ("Hemingway punched me in the mouth").

THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE—Astrud Gilberto, Brazil's gift to America and wife of the boss of the bossa nova, Jao Gilberto, sings and scats her silky way through 11 love songs, making female vulnerability a winning virtue.

HEIFITZ PLAYS GERSHWIN—And the listener wins. Jascha Heifitz and George Gershwin were great friends, and here the violin virtuoso pays tribute to the composer's genius with brilliantly sensitive, lilting selections, mostly from *Porgy and Bess*, backed up by Brooks Smith's fingertip-light piano playing.

TRUEVIEWS OF BOOKS

LAUGHING WHITEFISH by Robert Traver. Hemingway once said that life only had meaning when death was waiting in the wings; the same could be said of courtroom novels. This one, by the author of *Anatomy of a Murder*, is about a landmark case in 1873 involving Indian civil rights and, though shorter and better written than that big, best seller, it lacks tension. *McGraw-Hill; $5.95.*

THE PERSECUTOR by Ian Hamilton. A thriller about a disc jockey in Australia who tries to drive a man to near-madness in order to solve a gruesome murder. The D.J. nearly gets killed succeeding. Tough and fast-moving, lots of action. *Lippincott; $4.50.*

THE JOB HUNTER by Allen R. Dodd, Jr. An executive in his mid-forties (with kids in college and a mortgage) gets fired, and finds that the other rooms at the top are full. A chilling documentary novel, with no stab-in-the-back or stone-faced ex-friend left unturned. *McGraw-Hill; $4.95.*

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED by Russell Baker. Newspaper columnist Baker is civilization's counterweight to absurdity, an expert at pointing up the follies of our age. In this collection of columns, he usually finds that the heart of the problem in America is located in the neighborhood of the funnybone. *Lippincott; $4.50.*

GUNS by Dudley Pope. A big, beautiful text-and-picture book by a topflight historian that covers firearms, starting with the invention of gunpowder (the Chinese didn't do it after all), through the M-1. The emphasis is mostly military, and the well-written text effectively complements the copious illustrations. *Delacorte; $20 till January 1; $22.50 thereafter.*

AMERICAN BIRD DECOYS by William F. Mackey, Jr. Handsome volume that shows and tells the story of U.S. bird decoys and the colorful men who crafted them. A collector's item for collectors. *E. P. Dutton; $10.*

THE WELL-TEMPERED ANGLER by Arnold Gingrich. No one would be fool enough to call any book on fishing definitive, but this one comes pretty close, while being entertaining all the while. Anecdotes and recaps of fishing lore are excellent. *Knopf; $5.95.*

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They said it couldn't be done. It couldn't.

We tried. Lord knows we tried. But no amount of pivoting or faking could squeeze the Philadelphia 76ers' Wilt Chamberlain into the front seat of a Volkswagen.

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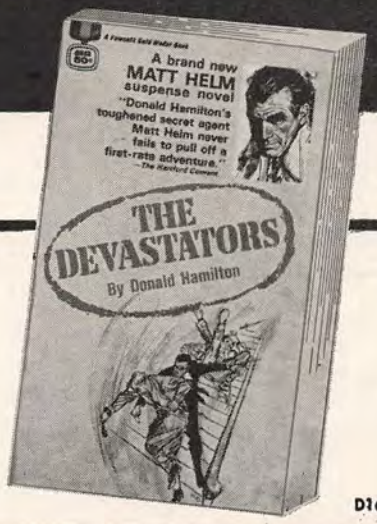
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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JANUARY 1966

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116 This Funny Life

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY IRV BAHRT

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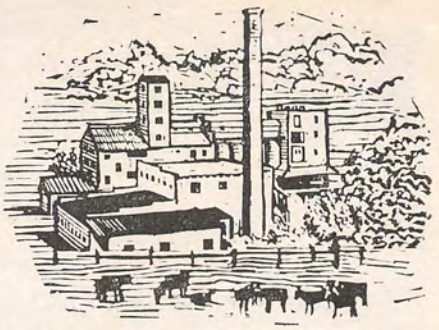
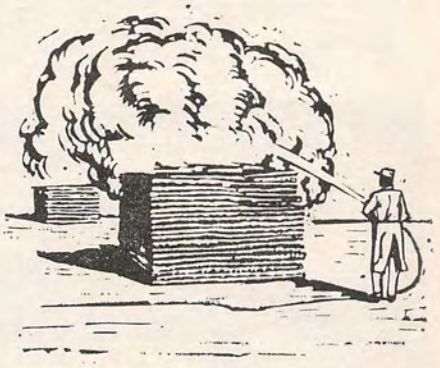
VOL. 47 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 344

Deep in Tennessee, one small distillery...



still takes time to make a rare whiskey in an unhurried way...



gentling every drop to sippin' smoothness.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

©1964, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

2187. Back In My Arms, Ask Any Girl, 12 in all *

2077. Also: Willow Weep For Me, Frenesi, Try To Remember, etc.

2141. I'm A Fool To Care, One Has My Name, 10 more

1530. Greater than ever... winner of 8 Academy Awards

2157. Also: On The Move, New Kind Of Love, 12 in all *

1905. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Emily, 12 in all

1787. Also: Come See About Me, Your Kiss of Fire, etc. *

2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.

2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.

2151. Other artists on record: Manfred Mann, Dionne Warwick

2172. Also: For Your Love, Travelin' Man, Free Like Me, etc.

2185. Also: Wee Wee Hours, Don't Let Go, Hurtin' Inside, etc.

2180. America, The Beautiful; American Salute; 9 more

1896. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, etc.

2075. Try To Remember, Jamaica Farewell, 9 more

2114. When The Ship Comes In, For Lovin' Me, 10 more

1592. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Nancy, etc.

2175. Also: I Will Wait For You; My Love, Forgive Me; etc.

2025. Also: Butcher Boy, Rocks of Bawn, Wella Wallia, etc.

1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, You Beat Me to The Punch, etc. *

2115. Also: I'm All Smiles, Time After Time, More, etc.

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

2171. Also: The New Girl In School, Ride The Wild Surf, etc.

1892. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

2122. Louie, Louie; OO Poo Pah Doo; You Can't Sit Down; etc.

1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey

1929. Also: High Noon, April Love, So Rare, Ebb Tide, etc.

1102. "A treat, a delight all over again." —N. Y. Journal-Amer.

1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Ten Thousand Miles, etc.

1927. Also: All Of You, Stella By Starlight, All Blues, etc.

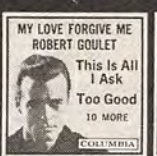
1699. Also: I Will Follow Him, Blue Velvet, etc.

2174. And I Love Him, Who Can I Turn To, Softly, 9 more

1924. Also: You Can Have Him, That's Not the Answer, etc.

1326. Humoresque, Nocturne, Romance, Mazurka, 9 others

2112. Also: One Mint Julep, Nice 'N' Easy, Moon River, etc.



1735. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, Just Say I Love Her, etc.

2142. A Certain Girl, Sweet Music, I Ain't Got You, 8 more

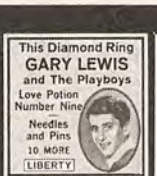
2028. Also: I'm Just A Country Boy, Battle of New Orleans, etc.

2148-2149. Two Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) Streets of Laredo, Road To Kaintuck, Johnny Reb, Sam Hall, 16 more

1591. Also: Be My Love, Love Letters, Gigi, etc.

2137. Also: Stagger Lee, Greenback Dollar, Susie Q, etc.

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan



1900. Also: Go To Him, Sweet Little Rock and Roller, etc.

2181. Also: Nola, Donkey Serenade, Sing-Song, etc.

2080. Plus Opus 10. Gould's "extraordinary."—Chic. Trib.

2160. Also: Anytime All By Myself, 'Til Tomorrow, etc.

2136. Also: Love At Home, Pass Me By, Amen, Remember, etc.

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

2121. Why Should I Care, Tell Me Baby, For Lovin' Me, etc.

1766. Fourteen wonderfully wacky bits of mirth and melody

2159. Also: The Night We Called It A Day, etc.

2182. Cuatro Vidas, Mas Amor, Luna Lunera, 9 more

1916. Also: A Hard Day's Night, Moon River, 12 in all

2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.

1898. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.

2145. The whole wonderful score: Out of My Dreams, etc.

2179. I Still Get Jealous, Blueberry Hill, 10 more

1909. Also excerpts from "Swan Lake" and "Peer Gynt" Suite

© Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1966 109/S66

YOU send the card...

1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.)

2007. Also: Gates of Eden, On The Road Again, 11 in all

2167. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Seventh Son, Satisfaction, etc.

1765. Also: Talk to Me Baby, Come Blow Your Horn, etc.

2113. Also: Where Is The Wonder, I've Got No Strings, etc.

1983. Also: For All We Know, Just Friends, Mam'selle, etc.

2163. Also: King of Fools, Pollyana, Oh What A Night, etc.

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1770. Where Did Our Love Go?, Walk On By, Funny, 12 in all

20 TOP POP SONG HITS
The House Of The Rising Sun
Glad All Over • She Loves You
I Want To Hold Your Hand
Needles And Pins
RECORDED IN ENGLAND!
COLUMBIA

1703. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.

2127. Also: We'll Sing In The Sunshine, 12 in all

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB invites you to take

ANY 7

REGULAR or STEREO RECORDS

FOR ONLY **$3.95**

if you join the Club now — and agree to purchase as few as six selections in the next 12 months, from the more than 1000 to be offered

PLUS this adjustable RECORD RACK FREE

This brass-finished record rack expands as your collection grows — holds from one to 60 records securely! Folds flat when not in use.

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU JUST SEND US THE CARD and WE'LL send you ANY 7 of the hit albums shown on these two pages — ALL 7 for only $3.95! What's more, we'll also send you a handy record rack FREE.

TO RECEIVE YOUR 7 RECORDS FOR ONLY $3.95 — just mail the postage-paid card provided. Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway and Hollywood; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's colorful music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take no record in any particular month.

Your only obligation is to purchase as few as six records from the more than 1000 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months. You may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.79 (Classical $4.79; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MONEY-SAVING BONUS-RECORD PLAN: If you do wish to continue membership after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will be eligible for the Club's bonus-record plan . . . which enables you to get the records you want for as little as $2.39 each (plus a small mailing charge). So the Club represents your best buy in records for as long as you remain a member. Mail the card today!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player: ✻**Records marked with a star (✻) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.**

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
Terre Haute, Ind.

1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.

1003. Also: Volare, Around The World, Kansas City, etc.

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

2120. All I Really Want To Do, It's No Use, 10 more

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. ✻

2026. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Believe In You, More, 11 in all

2105. Also: Where Is Love, Show Girl, Little Angel, etc.

1675. Spanish Harlem, Incident, It Ain't Me Babe, 11 in all

2135. Also: She's Mine, Your Heart Turned Left, etc.

2129. Also: Shout, Don't You Just Know It, Long Green, etc.✻

2178. Bonita, She's A Carioca, Dindi, Surfboard, 8 more

1669. A sparkling version of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit

1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

2186. Also: Don't Ever Change, Look For Me Baby, etc.

2155. The Girl From Ipanema, Samba Torto, 12 in all

1906. Have You Ever Been Lonely, Always In My Heart, 10 more

2184. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian

1908. Also: Days of Wine and Roses, The Good Life, etc.

2183. Also: People, A Married Man, Take The Moment, etc.

2170. Also: Louie, Louie; La Bamba; Whittier Blvd; etc.

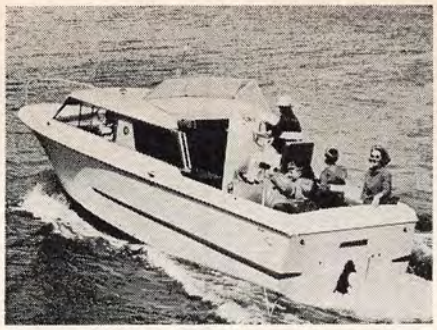
1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works

2158 Also: Just One Smile, Down In The Subway, 12 in all

2131. "First class... top notch interpretation."—Hi-Fi Review

2176. Also: King of The Road, The Race Is On, etc.

WE'LL send the hits!

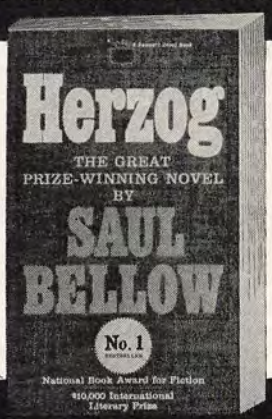


Get away in a '66 Dorsett cruiser

These are the boats that put miles between you and everyday living. Choose from the roomy, rangy 23-foot Farallon with inboard/outboard power; the sleek 18-foot San Juan or compact 16-foot-plus Catalina. Dorsett cruisers provide all conveniences you need for a second home on the water. Dynamic V hull design for the smoothest ride on the water. And exclusive Iso-Glas® and Tufcore (patent pending) construction with two year warranty. A full line of action-packed runabouts, too. Also a complete fleet of aluminum craft from Trailerboat Division of Dorsett. From the originators of world famous Dorsett boats.

Dorsett

IN PAPERBACK AT LAST



THE YEAR'S TOP FICTION BESTSELLER

42 WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER LIST

WINNER OF THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD

$10,000 INTERNATIONAL LITERARY PRIZE

"A Masterpiece" —*The New York Times*

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TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

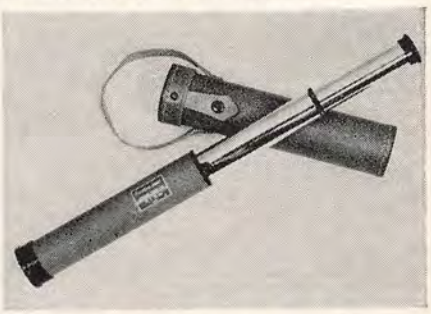
TEL-O-METER WATCH does everything but talk. It has 6 dials, 5 hands, 2 push-button controls, and not only tells the time, but also measures distance, speed. Serves as a stop watch, etc. Golden case, luminous dial, leather strap. Priced at $12.95 each or 3 for $35. Add 55¢ postage. Order from John Surrey, Dept. T1-E, 23 West 47th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

AUSTRALIAN BUFFALO IVORY CHESS SET with fine inlaid teak chest and playing board has 32 hand-carved Ming Dynasty pieces. Kings stand 3", Bishops are Chinese scholars, Knights are 17th century warriors, Castles are war elephants. 8 different pawns are the 8 Chinese immortals. Imported and magnificent. $12.95. Park Galleries, Dept. TR-1, 103 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

MAINE HUNTING SHOE is designed for snow hunting. Light as a moccasin, yet gives protection of a heavy hunting boot. Tan with elk-tanned cowhide top guaranteed not to harden. Non-slip rubber sole. Patented split backstay prevents chafing. For men and women in whole sizes 3-14, D, E, FF widths. 6" height. $12.85. 10", $14.85, 12", $17.35. L. L. Bean, Dept. T, Freeport, Maine.

LOVE is the answer. "Je vous aime," say 50,000,000 Frenchmen, and "qu'hier, moins que demain." "I love you more than yesterday, less than tomorrow." Radiantly embossed with the immortal lines from Rosamonde Rostand's great love sonnet. 1" diameter. Inscription on back 10¢ a letter. 14K, $16; Sterling, $3. Jamaica Silversmith, 50-T Delancey Street, New York, N. Y.

STERLING SILVER PEARLS are fabulous gifts for any gal. Heavy silver pearls are carefully hand-rolled and strung on a silvery chain. Expensive-looking, and hand-made by Spanish craftsmen, they are imported, are an excellent value. Single strand, 15", 50 silver pearls, $4.95; double strand, $7.95. Very nice! Spanish Imports, Dept. TR-1, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



30-POWER TELESCOPE has an achromatic lens for pin-point viewing. Color-corrected coated and optical ground, the scope brings you up close to birds, animals, ships at sea, stars, planets, etc. Collapsed, it's only 7½" and extends to 13½". With a heavy lined pigskin case and strap. $6.95. Majestic Distributors, Dept. T-1, 16 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 98

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

SHE'S BEEN HYFRECATED

Lush photos of girls clad in bikinis or less, appearing in ads promoting the sale of steam turbines, widgets, suspension bridges and such, seem slightly irrelevant to the product. But there are times when unabashed nudity is absolutely necessary to tell an advertiser's story. Such an instance has been called to our attention by Jack Johnstone of a Los Angeles ad agency, Guerin, Johnstone, Gage Inc. He enclosed proof, convincing to the naked eye, in the form of ads that have been running in medical journals for 15 years. Each ad depicts a beauty sans clothes who boasts that "she's been Hyfrecated." We were uneasy about the propriety of this until we learned that not everybody can Hyfrecate. Only doctors. And they need the help of an instrument, manufactured by The Birtcher Corporation, which removes skin blemishes by electrodesiccation without scarring. A hyfrecator is not a person who hyfrecates, but the name of the instrument, a contraction of *H*igh-*F*requency-Eradic*ator*. Johnstone points out, quite reasonably, that the joys of being hyfrecated can only be shown by "displaying exquisitely unblemished epidermi" (that's the plural of "epidermis," fella). A canny doctor won't buy a pig in a poke but will give close inspection to the girls' photos to be sure that they are wartless, moleless and scarless. We can swear that they are. Half a dozen doctors a year, Johnstone says, write letters complaining about the use of nude models. But so many others ask for extra proofs or glossy photographs that the agency is putting all its hyfrecated girls into a booklet for the profession. No use writing to Johnstone unless you're an M. D.

FILM-FLAM

A story which has a long and honorable history with this magazine is about to have another incarnation. In its newest version it is called *The Heroes of Telemark* and is a slam-bang, action-filled film. It stars Kirk Douglas and will soon be released by Columbia Pictures.

The tale was originally told here in June, 1958, under the title *The Raid that Killed Hitler's A-Bomb.* It described the exploits of a group of British and Norwegian saboteurs in World War II. Our story was fact not fiction, as usual. Then our good friend Jack Webb produced a television series called *General Electric. TRUE.* His pilot film and the first two installments of the series were based on this story. Webb managed to make the hero an American and to drag a girl into the drama. His opus is currently being seen on television in England, causing some cries of anguish from Britishers who know that no Americans were involved. Next month, the Kirk Douglas version, actually closer to our original story, will be shown in this country. Douglas plays a Norwegian, as he should, but he's got a girl friend, too.

DODGE THAT LASTS

Young bachelors who rushed into marriage to avoid the draft are pretty shortsighted. We asked one draft-age friend why he hadn't joined the parade to the altar. "Viet Nam is only two years of servitude," he replied. There's a man with a long point of view.

BIG BROTHERHOOD

Not long ago we had lunch with Tom O'Brien, a soft-voiced Philadelphian who told us that 1,400,000 boys between 8 and 17 years of age live in fatherless homes. Usually the head of the house is a lone woman trying to steer boys through the formative years of adolescence. Some of the kids are in trouble, or are headed for trouble, and most of them lack an essential ingredient for growing into prideful manhood: identification with a mature male they respect and admire. "It's basic," said O'Brien, "that a boy, to grow like a man, to become a man, must be associated with a man. A mother, a woman, with the best of intentions, can't do it alone." Every boy needs personal association with an adequate, adult male to make him proud to be a boy and proud to be a man.

O'Brien, himself no mean example of the male ideal, is executive secretary of the Big Brothers of America. This organization recruits men of good character (Big Brothers) who are willing to invest some of themselves and their time in boys (Little Brothers) who des-

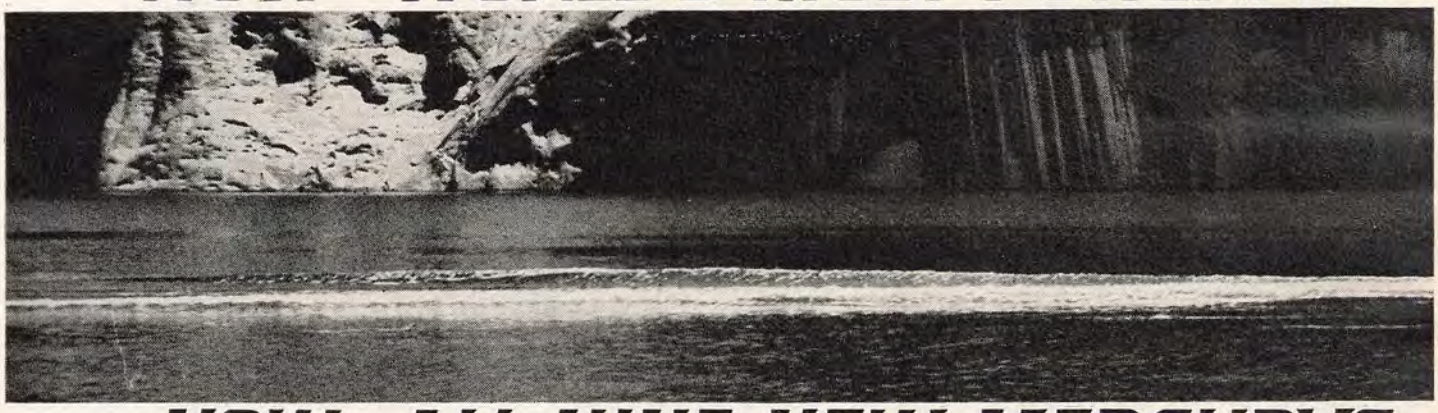
(Continued on page 22)

TRUE'S TV POLL

TV network people gnaw their fingernails over program "ratings" and shift their turkeys from one time spot to another in neurotic hope of clobbering the opposition. We have long doubted that many people are influenced by ratings to choose one program over another. We have no evidence to support our view that programs most enjoyed by adults are not necessarily those that have top rank in the ratings, but with your help we hope to obtain some. Below is a list of network programs in scrambled order, unrelated to ratings. (Some didn't even last the year.) Rate your favorites—one to 10 will do—and send your list to TRUE, 67 W. 44th Street, New York, N. Y. We'll tally the votes and let you know what men like to look at, on TV anyway.

☐ Lawrence Welk	☐ Rawhide
☐ Flipper	☐ Donna Reed
☐ The Munsters	☐ Get Smart
☐ Trials of O'Brien	☐ Gomer Pyle
☐ Lucy Show	☐ The Fugitive
☐ Ozzie and Harriet	☐ Bewitched
☐ Beverly Hillbillies	☐ Smothers Brothers
☐ Shindig	☐ Laredo
☐ Peyton Place	☐ Daniel Boone
☐ Bonanza	☐ Amos Burke
☐ My Three Sons	☐ Camp Runamuck
☐ Ed Sullivan	☐ Gilligan's Island
☐ McHale's Navy	☐ Andy Griffith
☐ Gunsmoke	☐ Run for Your Life
☐ Walt Disney	☐ F Troop
☐ Saturday Movies	☐ The FBI
☐ Man from UNCLE	☐ Jimmy Dean
☐ Dick Van Dyke	☐ Hogan's Heroes
☐ Shenandoah	☐ Dean Martin
☐ Hazel	☐ Green Acres
☐ Petticoat Junction	☐ Don't Eat Daisies
☐ The Virginian	☐ I Dream of Jeannie
☐ Steve Lawrence	☐ Jesse James
☐ King Family	☐ I Spy
☐ Red Skelton	☐ Perry Mason

NOW—WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL



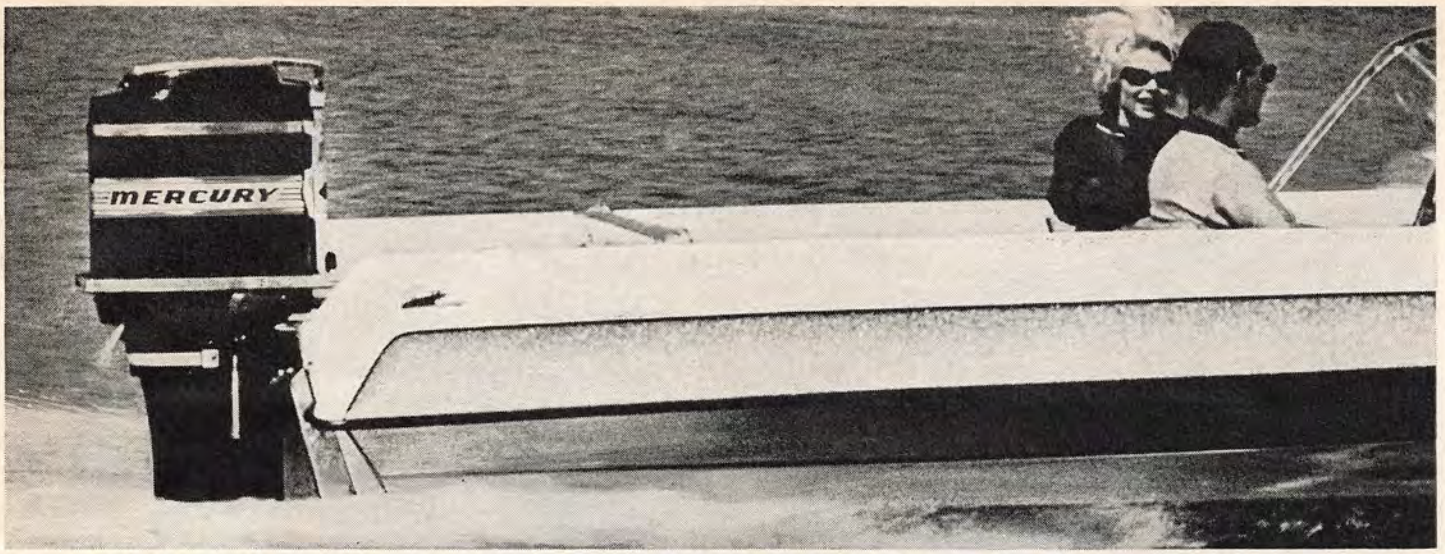
NOW—ALL NINE NEW MERCURYS

see all the QUIET new '66 Mercurys

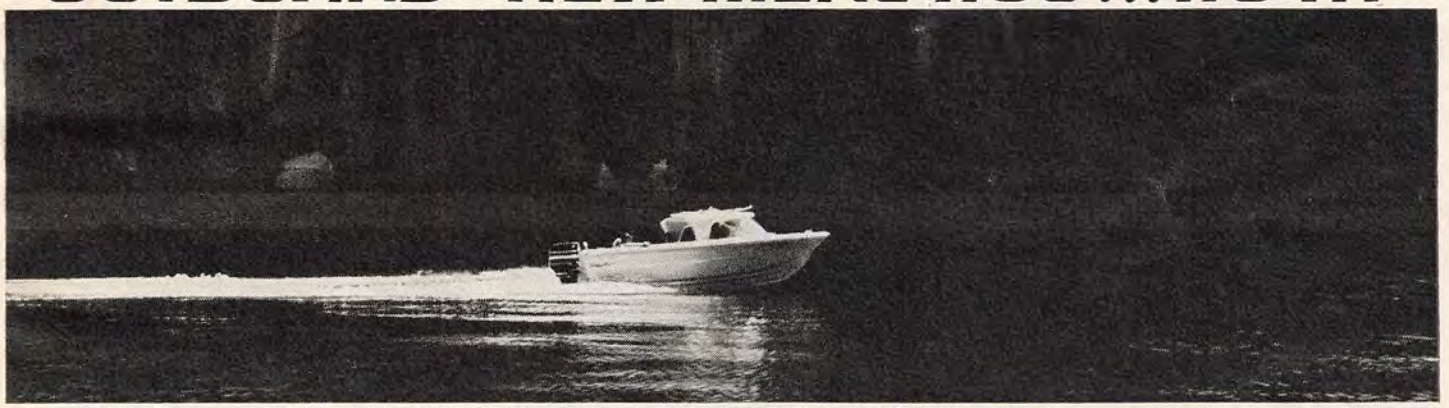
From the pioneer in competition-proved high-horsepower outboards comes a new champion—the new 110-hp Merc 1100! What's it like to ride herd on 110 horses? Point the bow at the farthest point on the lake, crack the throttle—and that lake's suddenly smaller! The Merc 1100 is the great new successor to the Merc 1000—holder of more international performance and endurance records than any other outboard ever built!

From the sleek new Merc 1100—and the exciting new 95-hp Merc 950—all the way down the line to the trim 3.9-hp Merc 39, these new Mercs are quiet—*quietest outboards you can buy!*

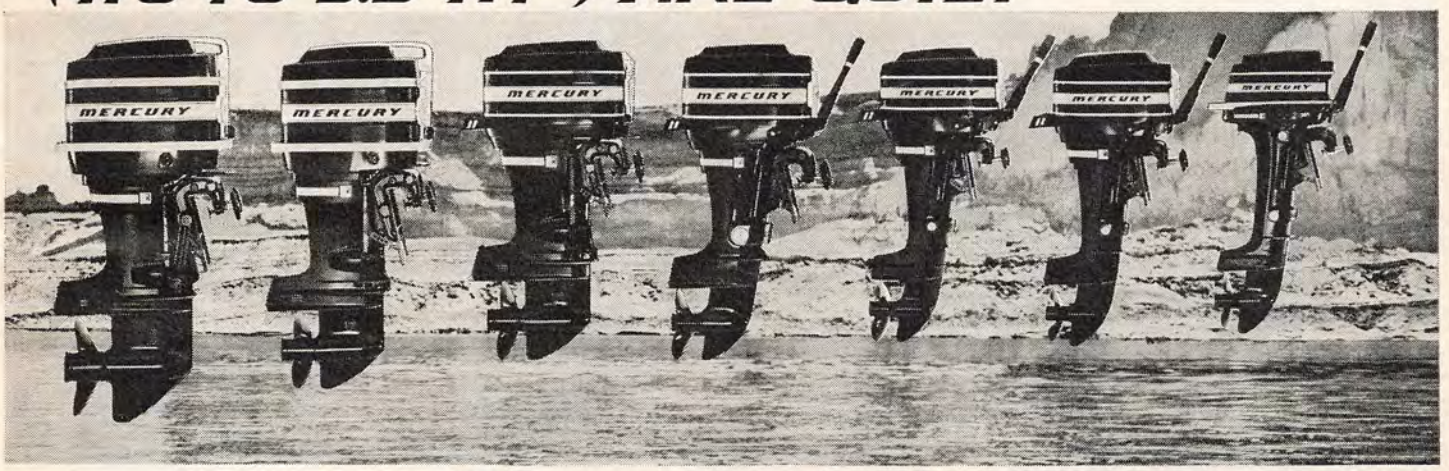
Also new for '66: now you can safely use a 50:1 gasoline-oil ratio with our new *Formula 50* Super Outboard Motor Oil. *Polar-Gap* spark plugs—developed by Kiekhaefer during World War II for costly military engines, now refined and produced exclusively for both six-cylinder Mercurys. *Polar-Gap* plugs cut fuel consumption, last more than twice as long as ordinary plugs, even on leaded fuel. Two new powerheads, three other models redesigned



OUTBOARD—NEW MERC 1100... 110 HP



(110 TO 3.9 HP) ARE QUIET



— at your Mercury dealer!

from top to prop—and much, much more.

Mercurys are designed by the industry's top engineers . . . then boat-tested under "customer environment" conditions around the clock and around the calendar at Mercury's Lake X—the world's finest marine proving grounds. In engineering, the final proof is the endurance record of the part itself. The result of this unique program is cumulative: each year's Mercurys benefit from the millions of test miles that went before. Result: Mercury '66—finest outboards ever built—with the widest range of horsepower ever offered in the outboard field: 3.9, 6, 9.8, 20, 35, 50, 65, 95, and 110 hp.

See your Mercury dealer! Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Toronto. Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation.

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY

FIRST IN MARINE PROPULSION

LEAN AND RUGGED MERCURY '66

LEAR JET

BY C. P. GILMORE
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI

HARD-NOSED GAMBLER IN THE PLANE GAME

Bill Lear's approach to business is to "quit thinking and try something." It usually works. With only a grammar school education, he's made fortunes in everything from jets to hi-fi —by laughing at scientists and doing things his way

WICHITA, KANSAS

■ It was a tough problem. The new hydraulic system wasn't developing enough pressure to start the plane's jet engine. A group of engineers around the table theorized about where the trouble might lie.

At one end of the polished walnut slab, a stocky, ruddy-faced, graying man, his chin crisscrossed by ancient, jagged scars, remnants of an air crash years earlier, was losing patience rapidly. "For crying out loud," he shouted, "let's cut out this mental masturbation and *try* something."

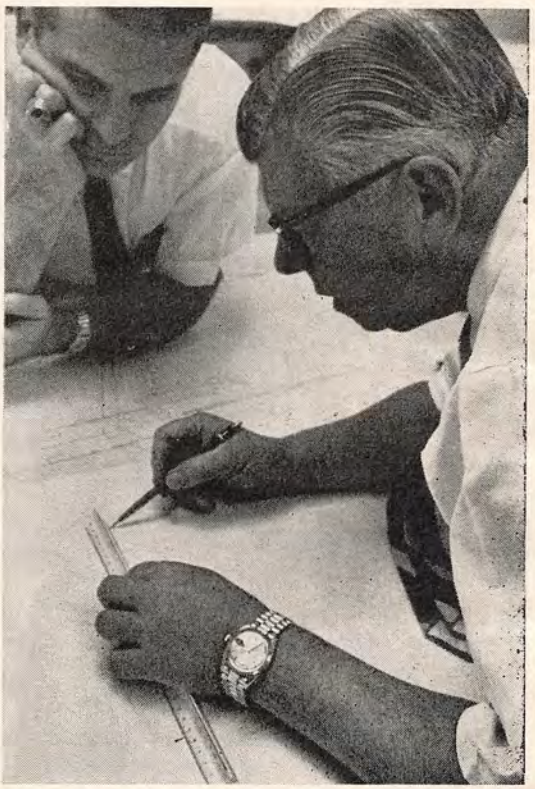
For most of his 63 years, William P. Lear, Sr., legendary aviation and electronics pioneer, inventor, tycoon, pilot, flamboyant extrovert, multimillionaire, has been trying things. Most of them have succeeded. Over the years Lear has revolutionized the flying business by inventing or vastly improving a wide range of flight instruments from autopilots to automatic direction finders. The old Majestic, first mass-produced radio for home use, was his idea. So was the first automobile radio. Lear holds more than 100 patents and is responsible for scores of basic innovations in electronics and aviation. He has been honored with virtually every significant award in the flying business.

With nothing but a grammar school education, boundless energy, and a fierce drive to succeed, Lear built a $100,000,000-a-year business, Lear, Inc., and accumulated vast wealth. Then, three years ago, at an age when most men are beginning to look to shuffleboard for their greatest thrills, he sold his company and threw his entire fortune, reputation, and prestige into a risky new business the experts said couldn't succeed: building jet airplanes.

The experts were wrong. Bill Lear has done it again. Today, Lear's new jet, produced at his Wichita plant, is the hottest thing in private aviation and he's well on his way toward building a new corporate empire.

Lear has made his several fortunes by being an all-around man. Despite his lack of formal education, he's an expert in every phase of business from finance to engineering and frequently comes up with solutions to problems

Lear is impatient at meetings and seldom lets anyone else make a decision. He likes to solve all problems himself, even minor ones.



Happiest when bent over a drawing board, Lear misses no chance to change or improve a part.

"When I started, everyone thought I was nuts," says Lear. Now, he's selling ten planes a month at $595,000 each

that have stumped experts. When the trouble with the hydraulic system came up recently, for example, Lear listened to the engineers around the table and figured they were off the track. While they were still theorizing, he decided that a smaller nozzle at one point in the system would cure the trouble. It did.

Lear's entire approach to every aspect of the jet airplane business is similarly offbeat. Most of the builders of plushy executive planes (actually small airliners) used by America's business leaders, are convinced that business men, with millions in company funds to spend, want luxury. Most planes on the market, consequently, are opulent enough for a maharaja. "This is the royal scow approach," says Lear, who grabs you by the elbow and holds you to emphasize his points. "Some of these guys think they want hot food, stand-up bar, sit-down toilet, lie-down couch, walk-around headroom, everything up to and including hot and cold running bidets in an airplane. Who the hell needs it? In my plane it takes one hour from Detroit to New York, two hours from New York to Miami. Well, let me tell you about these big, slow scows. After two hours, even wall-to-wall girls is no substitute for getting there."

By royal scow standards, Lear's sleek, eight-passenger jet is small—no walk-around room. ("You can't stand up in a Cadillac, either," snaps Lear. "An average-sized man sitting in my jet has 28 inches of headroom. Anybody with more than a 28-inch head should buy some other kind of airplane.") There are no options in equipment. It's available in one color, white. Where most plane makers let customers "design the panel"—that is, pick which instruments, radio and navigation equipment, and so on they want installed—Lear offers no choice at all. The plane comes with one integrated electronics system, made up largely of Lear developments.

But its small size and Spartan accommodations give it two outstanding advantages. First, cruising at 570 miles an hour (it's been flown at 630 in level flight) it easily outflies the competition and will outclimb an F-100 Super Sabre to 10,000 feet. And second, compared to the planes it competes with, it's cheap—$595,000 complete. Similar planes from other makers often are much more than $1,000,000.

When Lear announced three years ago that he would build a new jet airplane, aviation experts were scornful. The business-plane field was already crowded and competition tough, they pointed out. Almost the only firms marketing successful business planes were the old established airframe makers such as North American, Lockheed, and [*Continued on page* 24]

NEW! FROM MUTUAL OF OMAHA!

Three way protection that covers you both IN and OUT of the hospital

UP TO
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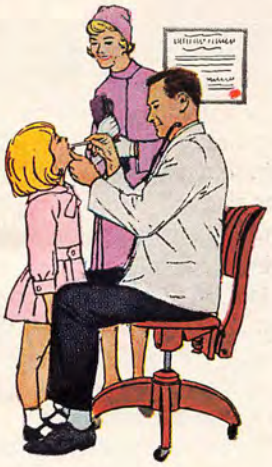
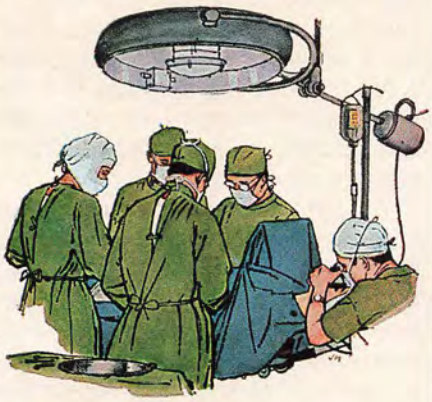
for doctor calls



Doctor Calls—Pays up to $500.00 on a scheduled basis for doctor calls at the office, in the hospital, or at home. Includes liberal surgical schedule. Pays *both* doctor calls *and* surgical benefits for the same sickness or accident! Doctor call benefits are payable up to the date of the operation . . . thereafter, Surgical benefits are payable. Covers every member of the family!

PLUS UP TO
$10,000.00
for major medical expenses



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PLUS UP TO
$500.00 a month
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Living Expense—Pays from $50.00 to $500.00 a month (depending on the plan selected) to help take care of your regular living expenses when the family breadwinner is disabled and unable to work. As explained in your policy, these *tax-free* benefits are payable for disabilities that start before retirement or age 65. Special benefits are payable for disabilities that start after retirement or age 65.

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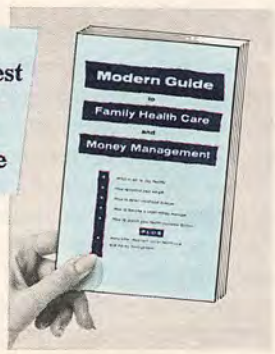

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65 OR OVER? Mutual of Omaha's new "Double 65" hospital income plan supplements your Medicare benefits. Pays up to $150.00 a week during hospitalization . . . pays *Double Benefits* after eight weeks. EXTRA TAX-FREE CASH to use for any purpose you choose! You can apply for this plan with no health questions asked! Now available in most states. *Mail post free reply card today for full details.*

Listen to Bob Considine, ABC Radio, weekdays! See Mutual of Omaha's "Wild Kingdom"—a family show in color on NBC-TV, Sundays.

[*Continued from page 2*]
brothels? It would be just another oasis with a weeping willow and a red rooster crowing to wake up the populace to the fact that prostitution like gambling and liquor is a great drawing card, if you have the only house for miles around.

No one is going to drive 500 miles to Beatty when they can get the same commodity just around the corner.

I for one don't believe that prohibition is any worse than what we have now. We still have organized crime. The government has no control over the illicit alcohol production and reaps no taxes from its producers. All we have is an easier access to liquor and a staggering bill of human misery, injury and death.

The complaints of the people of Beatty about the authorities trampling on their rights and their loss of personal freedom only illustrate the fact that man's only real freedom is self-control. When we lose self-control it is replaced by government control or legal control whether it be booze, broads, blackjack or driving the family car.

If we did legalize prostitution again it would soon come under the control of Washington like everything else in this creeping socialism and we would have to create a Bureau of Sexual Relations or maybe a new cabinet post. The next step would be for Jimmy Hoffa to organize all the prostitutes, and then they would go on strike for higher wages and we would be right back where we started from.

—*Wilbur N. Rhodes*
Kittery, Maine

Girl Going Places

Re the article in *It's A Man's World* (October) titled *Honest Johns.* My seven-year-old daughter noticed me smiling as I read, and asked what was so funny. I explained about the "pay toilets" and she quickly solved the problem with this statement: "If you don't have a dime, the best thing to do is make friends in a hurry with someone who has!"

—*M. Reed*
Hopkins, Minn.

Long Laster

The *Strange But True* feature in November True has an interesting paragraph about a humble tile setter who died in 1470 and whose body is still in good condition after 515 years.

Are you sure he's going to last until 1985?

—*Elwood Smith*
New York, N. Y.

We're more certain of that than of our arithmetic.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 13)

perately need a man to fill a void in their lives with worthwhile pursuits and examples of maleness they can admire. It's the only program in which volunteer men work with boys on an individual and personal basis—highly personal friendship between one man and one boy. The Big Brother has no legal or financial responsibility towards his Little Brother, only moral responsibility for one troubled human being to whom he gives his time and maleness. It's a matter of having fun with kids, giving them a hand, combining meetings with the boy along with social and recreational activities wherein man-talk and force of example come naturally.

What are the traits of a Big Brother? Those of "a good father—as simple and as complicated as that," is the way O'Brien puts it. Big Brother groups are local community organizations. There's always a shortage of good men. Leaders in communities without a Big Brother agency can start one with help of the national organization. Volunteers receive no pay but some fund raising is necessary to hire professional caseworkers and meet administrative expenses. Information about organizational steps and programs can be had from Big Brothers of America, Suburban Station Bldg., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

The rewards? "You leave footprints in the future," says Tom O'Brien.

CITY SHOOTING, ANYONE?

With land open to hunting growing scarcer by the year, sportsmen with a yen to shoot at flying birds now have an unexpected bonus served them in the form of public shooting centers which are mushrooming from New Hampshire to Texas to California. Privately owned but franchised by Winchester, these layouts offer safe shooting at clay birds on skeet trap fields at reasonable rates.

Recently we sent a lucky editor to examine the latest Winchester shooting center at Grand Bahama Island off the Florida coast, first of such to operate in a foreign country. When we finally got our man back into the office after "delays due to bad weather" he admitted to finding a shooting oasis in the middle of a gambling oasis. Also a plushy shopping deal in the free port of Freeport. You may not be able to eat a clay pigeon, but if you bust 'em all down that way and win a bet, there is always the casino to cut you down to size again.

HOLES IN THE HEAD

The new rage among women is pierced ears from which they hang junk jewelry that tinkles like cowbells when they toss their heads. New? Our own grandmother had pierced ears and she showed her daughters how to do it. The trick was to sterilize a needle in a match flame and push it through the ear lobe into a piece of cork. In due time there'd be a hole in the ear as good as a Ubangi could produce with bamboo splinters. There may have been some infections but few ears were lost. Well, a chance conversation with a physician friend started us to thinking. He said he'd never seen a 90-year-old patient without a big nose. There's a lot of cartilage in the nose and he said that cartilage keeps on growing throughout life. Most of the external ear is cartilage, too. So what happens if earrings weighing a pound or so keep pulling the ears down? Overgrowth, if you ask us. It's distressing to think that a fruggin' doll with heavy bangles in her lobes will have ears like a beagle when she's middle-aged. *Sic transit gloria auricle.*

WACKY NEW YEAR

Our friend, the Cantankerous Man, has given thought to the coming year and ways of improving it. He handed us the following list which we pass on without comment:

Auto seat belts for women to cover the mouth.

Ph.D. degrees for every high school graduate, to ease pressures on colleges.

Citation by the American Medical Association of a doctor who makes a house call, if provable.

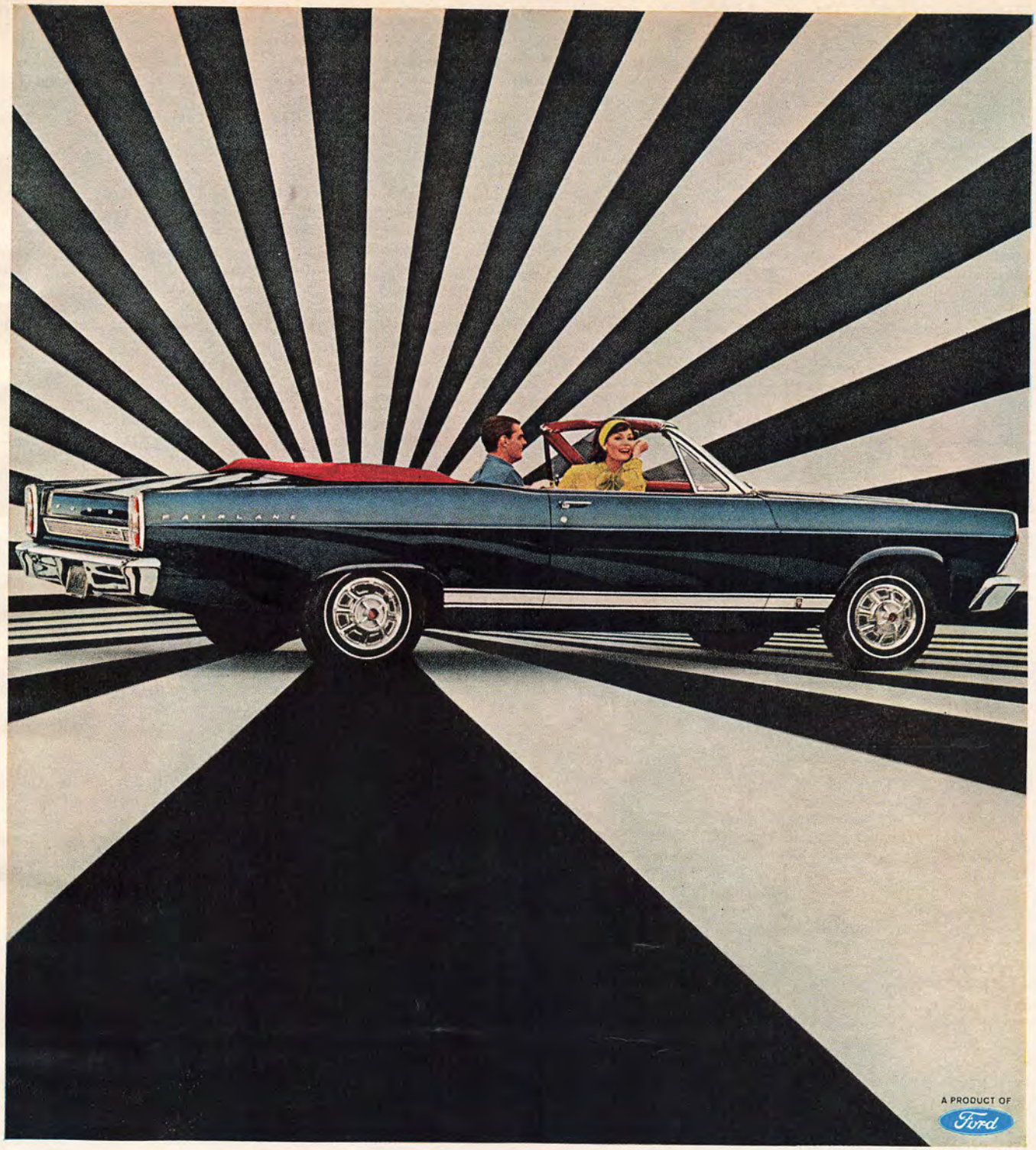
Outlawing of calories in alcoholic beverages.

TV comedies based on filming the Congressional Record.

Psychiatric counsel for people who can't brush after every meal.

Spray on stretch pants for women.

—THE EDITORS



1966 Fairlane GT

The Wizard of "Aah's"... new 1966 Fairlane

Now Fairlane swings out with a great new look, new models — including three of the newest convertibles on the road!

You get the idea when you take your first look at the '66 Fairlane GT convertible. Standard equipment includes bucket seats, sporty console, big 390 cubic-inch V-8, and more. GT has options like GT/A, which means Sport Shift Cruise-O-Matic, our new automatic transmission that you can also shift like a manual. Some car! New this year too are an XL convertible, a Squire wagon with Magic Doorgate (swings open like a door for people *and* swings down like a tailgate for cargo!). This year we re-invented Fairlane. Drive one today and see!

AMERICA'S
TOTAL PERFORMANCE CARS

FORD

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
FORD • THUNDERBIRD

[*Continued from page* 18]

Beech. Furthermore, Lear was going about it all wrong with his "hot rod" approach. "They said I'd never build it," Lear recalls, "that if I built it, it wouldn't fly; that if it flew, I couldn't sell it. Well I did, and it did, and I could."

In the early 1960's, market surveys by leading aircraft companies showed that 300 business jets would be sold by 1970. Lear predicted 3,000. "They don't ask the right questions when they make surveys," he says. "The trick is to discern a market—before there is any proof that one exists. If you had said in 1925 that we would build 9,000,000 automobiles a year by 1965, some statistician would have pointed out that they would fill up every road in the United States and, lined up end-to-end, would go across the country 11 times. Surveys are no good. I make my surveys in my mind."

On the basis of his mental surveys or some other undisclosed source, Lear predicted that his jet would be a runaway best seller. "We'll sell 'em like bananas—in bunches," he said. Today, the quip is turning into fact. One company recently ordered 10, another four, still others bought two and three each. "I think those qualify as bunches," says Lear. One of the company's recent sales was to Frank Sinatra who hasn't bought a bunch as yet but is seriously considering buying another.

Lear's habitual success doesn't just happen. He's a doer, not a theoretician. He has absolute faith that he will succeed at anything he does. He doesn't rely on faith to do the job, however. Lear, who at 63 looks a vigorous 50, works seven days a week ("even Christmas," says Mrs. Lear plaintively).

He spends his days moving from one department to another (frequently with his favorite dog, a small black poodle named Jet, trotting after him) checking every detail of the plane's manufacture and design, ordering changes, making improvements. "This plane is going to be just like the Volkswagen," he says. "Ten years from now it will look just the same. But it will fly faster, land slower, use less fuel, and be more reliable."

In an airplane, weight equals performance; a lighter plane (for a given power) can fly faster, carry more, go farther. Weight, consequently, is Lear's passion. Automatically, as he passes an engineer's desk, he grabs a part and hefts it to judge weight. "How much?" he asks.

"Three grandmothers."

"Get rid of one," he barks, and moves on.

"Grandmother" is Learese for pound. It started one day when an engineer was trying to get Lear to approve the design for a part and protested that it weighed only four pounds. "Don't you know," shouted Lear, "that I'd sell my grandmother to save just *one* pound?" The name stuck.

Lear has cut hundreds of pounds from his jet after the engineers had squeezed it down as far as they could. One afternoon recently he strode into the seat manufacturing division of the plant and asked to see the aluminum shell around which the pilot's seat is built. "Why couldn't we cut a square foot right out of the back here?" he asked, drawing a square on the aluminum. "This part doesn't support anything." The engineer working on the seat grinned sheepishly. "Another grandmother and a half," said Lear happily.

Lear hates paper work and rarely writes memos or letters. He prefers more direct methods. Not long ago he thought of a better way to connect a rod in a control system to give better action. In most companies, such an idea would go to engineering for evaluation, where the plan would be debated and finally approved. Specifications would be set and plans drawn. Eventually, prototypes would be made for testing. Months after the original idea, the change might be ordered, new drawings would be made, and the altered part would go into production.

But not at Lear Jet. When Lear thought of the change, he walked across to the area making the control rod, grabbed the nearest production worker and the part he wanted to modify, drew several lines directly on the part with his pencil, and explained how he wanted the new system put together. "Call me when you have it finished," he said and walked off. An hour later, Lear looked over the control mechanism, approved it, and sent it to the engineering department with instructions that all drawings be changed to conform. The next day, the new part was being installed in airplanes. "Patience," says Lear, "was never one of my virtues. When I make a change, I want every drawing in the plant to be changed within an hour."

He applies the same technique to almost any problem. When his first prototype jet was in its flight test program, Lear and his engineers decided to change the shape of the wing's leading edge to give better stall characteristics. In most aircraft plants, such a major overhaul would be a six-month job, starting with complete redesign and retooling. It would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Lear decided to make the change late one Friday afternoon and had templates made to indicate the new shape. He called one of Wichita's best auto body-and-fender men, told him to get his tools and come on out. Lear had the body man spread hard-drying fender compound on the leading edge, then file and grind it to the proper shape. It was finished early the next morning and cost $48 in labor. The airplane flew with the new wing before noon on Saturday. It proved the point, and subsequent production wings were changed to conform.

The day I first met Lear was a holiday. One of Lear's executives met me at Wichita airport and drove me to the plant on the other side of the field. We found Lear in the engineering department. Most lights were off; the scores of drawing boards, arranged in neat lines, were covered. Lear was alone in the vast room, hunched over a board, making changes on a drawing. He had flown a Lear Jet in from Los Angeles a few minutes earlier, and during the flight had thought of an improvement in the locking device to hold the pilot's seat in place. He explained the idea to me—it was a way to do the job with fewer, lighter parts—and finished the drawing. Then he scrawled "See me about this. WPL," and put the cover back on the board. We went downstairs where he gathered several executives who were working despite the holiday and got reports on what had happened while he was away. Lear stopped by the electronics department, personally checked out an automatic direction finder that had failed on his flight and that he had had removed from the airplane. Before the day was over, he went through a half-dozen other departments, gave an interview to a reporter from an aviation magazine, and glanced through a stack of papers on his desk. It was 8 o'clock when Mrs. Lear met us at the plant and we went out for dinner.

Later that night, as Lear's car turned into the driveway of his home, we were surrounded by a pack of leaping, barking dogs. Lear jumped from the car with a bag of meat scraps he had brought home from the restaurant. Laughing and talking to his five dogs, he began throwing scraps of meat.

Lear lives in a well-to-do, tree-shaded suburb of Wichita. His home, large and pleasant, but definitely not in the mansion category, could be owned by any moderately successful doctor or small businessman. There is one servant, a combination cook and housekeeper. Mrs. Lear serves dinner—even company meals—herself. A roomy patio graces the back of the house, but there is no olympic-sized swimming pool or other sign of unusual wealth.

Lear, in fact, definitely seems to prefer a relatively simple life. When he and his family were living in Europe a few years ago, he got fed up with the baronial splendor of the mansion outside of Geneva he had rented. He bought a piece of property and had a modest American-type house, which he named Le Ranch, built on it.

When the dogs had been fed after our homecoming, Lear went into the den, poured himself a nightcap, and indulged in what may be his only hobby, organ playing. He decided to take up organ about a year ago. He bought an organ and an instruction book. Today, despite the fact that he's never taken a lesson, he plays as though he's been at it for years.

Lear's day started the next morning at 7:30 when he took his place at the head of the breakfast table. Within a minute or two, his bacon and poached eggs were in front of him—Lear is served first in his household, other men next, women last—and he had glanced through the paper. As he dug into an egg, he reached for the phone beside his plate. The first of several calls was a 20-minute chat with the manager of a factory he recently opened in Detroit to build stereo tape playback units for automobiles.

After breakfast we climbed into his Cadillac and Lear started the engine. Lear always drives, I found later. Even when we were met at the airport in other cities, he always drove, no matter who owned the car.

At the plant, Lear strode directly from his car to the electronics department to

see how work was progressing on the direction finder he had tested the night before, then headed for his office. As he took off his jacket, he yelled to his secretary to get the president of the electronics company that made the direction finder on the phone. "Put it on my private line," he said and walked into the executive washroom. "I don't waste a minute," he grinned as he closed the booth door and began his conversation.

When Lear returned from the washroom, two executives had spread a flock of proposed ads out on a large conference table for his approval. An official of one of the country's largest brokerage firms was on the phone waiting to talk. He glanced at the ads for 30 seconds. "Don't we have some more pictures?" he growled, and picked up the phone as an ad man scurried out to get more photographs. Lear stood, simultaneously talking on the phone, scratching out lines of copy on one of the ads, and writing in new copy. By the time he cradled the phone he had rewritten the copy, shortening it severely, and picked a new picture. "An ad isn't a brochure," he lectured his ad people. "Anybody who's got time to read all those words has got too much time. I'm not interested in the bastard.

"I'm no artist," he told me as his assistants left with the approved ad, "but I can see what stinks. What it amounts to is that I write the ads and work on the layout, too."

Lear, similarly, handles details of sales, finance, purchasing, production, electronics, engines, interiors and a dozen other areas involved in making and selling airplanes. Throughout the next hour, a steady stream of employees crowded through the office to talk with the boss about details in these areas and others. He held a dozen phone conversations, one haggling with a San Francisco surplus dealer over the price of some electric motors. He sounded as though he had taken his training in a Cairo bazaar.

Lear runs a one-man show and seldom lets anyone else make a decision. "I tell them," he snaps, "that if they put up half the money, they can make half the decisions." Despite his tendency to dominate his surroundings, however, Lear exudes charm. He's totally guileless and straightforward. When pleased, he shows it. But he can be completely intolerant, too, and doesn't mind, as one put it, "bloodying his employees in front of witnesses." An engineer came by Lear's office one day to discuss a problem for which he had no solution. Normally, Lear likes nothing better than solving problems that have stumped his engineers. But this day, he didn't want to be bothered. "If I've got to go up there and solve it myself," Lear shouted, "then what the hell do I need you for?"

An executive sitting in the office attempted to ease the situation. "Don't get excited, Bill," he said.

"Who's excited?" Lear yelled in a voice that could be heard in neighboring states and brought secretaries out of their chairs throughout the plant.

"What's the problem, Bill?" asked a passing employee attracted by the noise.

"The problem," answered Lear in his window-rattling tones, "is that there is an overabundance of idiocy around here."

Engineers, unable to put up with Lear's temper and his insistence on approving every detail, have left in droves. "When you work for Bill Lear," snapped one, "you work for 50 cents a day and all you can take."

"All he's got around him now," growls another, "is a bunch of 'yes' men."

Whether that judgment is correct or not, there's no arguing with the fact that Lear isn't the easiest man in the world to get along with. Blunt as a battering ram and roughly as insistent, he has made his share of enemies. Most of his business rivals refuse to comment on him, even privately. "Well, the sonofabitch is unique," growled one, who refused to be quoted by name or comment further.

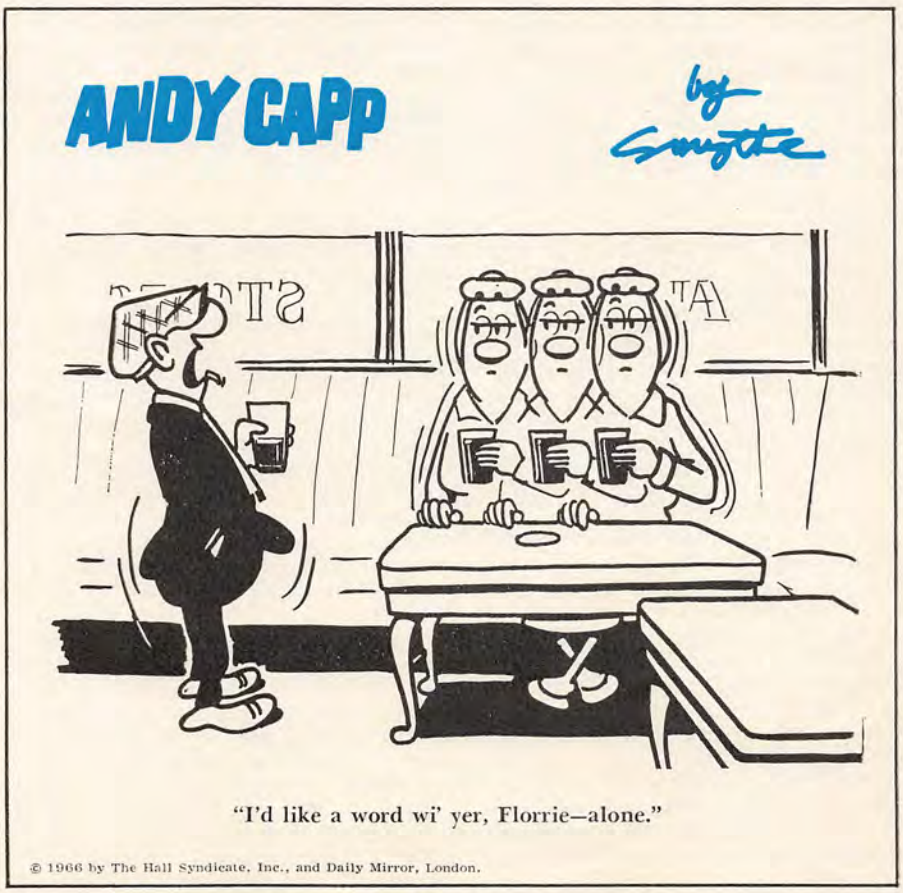
Even Lear's top executives have their troubles. Back when Lear was still chairman of the board of Lear, Inc., the $100,000,000-a-year electronics company he sold to start Lear Jet, he decided he needed some freedom from everyday managerial duties to work on projects that particularly interested him. So he installed as president an executive named Richard Mock. It wasn't a totally happy situation. "He was always bursting out of his lab with some new idea he wanted to get into production right away," complained a frustrated Mock. "No sooner would we get some new item into the works than he'd want to improve it. Or else he'd start pulling engineers from their jobs to help him work out something else. I spent lots of my time trying to keep him from sidetracking the company."

Lear seems to have a talent for making people mad. Back in the late 1950's, he took off for Europe to set up several new plants and to establish the Lear line of electronics equipment there. While he was away from home base, one division of his company developed a new aircraft instrument called the LTRA-7, a combination transmitter, receiver and navigation device. Lear got back, tried it out, decided it was no good, and cancelled the whole program. Since the production line was already set up, the company took a bad financial licking. "The only thing wrong with the LTRA-7," said one bitter engineer, "was that Bill Lear didn't invent it. He couldn't stand the idea of us doing something successful without him."

In earlier years, Lear split his time between his plant, then on Long Island, and New York's Stork Club. There, at his regular table (which he called his "night office") he became known for the clutch of beautiful show girls who usually surrounded him. Lear has been married four times. His present wife, whom he married 24 years ago, is Moya Olsen, daughter of comedian Ole Olsen of Olsen and Johnson fame. He has three children by earlier marriages; he and Moya have four. In his younger days, Lear enjoyed the reputation of a roué and still likes to play the part. "This guy's writing the story of my love life," he told people while I was with him. "Only trouble is that they can't find any asbestos paper to print it on."

Despite such statements, Lear seems to have simmered down into a moderately doting family man. He frequently takes his wife and children still living at home (most are grown now) along on his many trips. He is obviously proud of his children and likes to work into the conversation that Bill, Jr., is a test pilot.

Lear's offbeat, flamboyant style isn't new; in fact, it's his lifelong trademark.



"I'd like a word wi' yer, Florrie—alone."

© 1966 by The Hall Syndicate, Inc., and Daily Mirror, London.

A half century ago, he played hookey from school in Chicago to ride around on his bike and search for stalled motorists. Lear would offer to help. "Most troubles were in the electrical system in those days," he recalls. "Usually, the carbons in the distributor would break down. I would carry a piece of battery carbon in my pocket. When I found a stalled car, I'd take it out, saw off a piece to fit, and get them going." Lear learned an important lesson from these encounters. "Invariably, they'd pat me on the head and say 'Thank you' and away they'd go. Then I got smart. When the engine was running, I'd say 'Just a minute, I want to adjust that a little more.' Then I'd take the carbon out and start to walk away. I'd insist on getting paid before I put it back in." From that point on, Lear put a price on every job.

His first full-time employment came at the age of 13. He got a job as an auto mechanic at $6 a week, but soon became fascinated with flying and radio, the two fields that were to remain lifelong interests. Eventually, he quit his paid job to take an unpaid one as a mechanic at Chicago's Grant Park Airport.

Lear's flying career didn't begin auspiciously. On his first hop, the antiquated biplane he was flying flipped when landing and pitched Lear out on his head.

Lear, however, was also becoming something of an expert in the fledgling field of radio. "I worked as a radio engineer," he says. "In those days, that was a radio repairman 50 miles from home." He soon found himself hired by a company that built battery eliminators, rectifying circuits that would allow radios to operate on house current. The dynamic loudspeaker, essentially the same device found in radios today, was just coming into use, replacing the gooseneck horn speakers then common. Lear suggested to the company that it should build a new kind of radio using the dynamic speaker. The company followed his suggestion and came out with the Majestic. Millions were sold and radio became common in American homes.

A short time later, Lear figured out a way to build radio coils a fraction of the size they had been before and formed the Radio Coil and Wire Company to turn them out. As a by-product, he built a compact, for its day, radio to run on an automobile battery, and installed it in a car. He took the idea to Paul Galvin, president of a small Chicago firm. After expressing doubt as to whether radios in cars would ever be practical, Galvin decided to manufacture a trial batch of the units. A short time later, the company's name was changed to Motorola.

Lear, now known as radio's "boy wonder," quickly tired of the automobile radio business and sold out his interest in Motorola. "I wanted to be in some business that would justify my flying airplanes," he recalls. "So I moved out to Curtis Reynolds Airport in Chicago and started making aircraft radios. Then around Christmas, 1933, I and my little crew of six or seven people left for New York. On January 1, 1934, we set up business there. And by Friday, April 13, I was busted."

"The most amazing thing about Bill Lear," says one of his old friends, veteran aviation writer Devon Francis, "is that he has absolute confidence that he will succeed in whatever he does. So when he went broke, he didn't sit around worrying about it. He just decided to get some money. He said to himself, 'What does someone need?' " What he came up with was an idea for building a multiband radio in a simpler way than had been done before. He took the idea to RCA and sold it for $250,000. "It didn't surprise him in the least when RCA bought it," says Francis. "After all, that's what he thought it up for."

Perhaps Lear's biggest triumph was the F-5 autopilot, which he designed and built in 1949 for U.S. jet fighters. Prior to the F-5, autopilots were too big for fighters, although they were widely used in bombers. Fighter pilots, consequently, frequently arrived at the target area exhausted from hours of precision flying and navigating. In addition, many planes and pilots were lost in World War II when weather closed in and pilots were unable to find their way back home.

Lear's device, hardly bigger than a bread box, not only could fly the plane to its destination, but could lock onto ground signals and land a returning plane in zero-zero weather. For his trouble, he got a big government contract to produce the units and also won the 1950 Collier Trophy, an award held in previous years by such aviation greats as Orville Wright, Glenn Curtis and General Hap Arnold.

The FAA, incidentally, has never approved any blind landing system, including Lear's, for use on U.S. airliners. Military pilots have been using the Lear blind landing system for 15 years. In the early 1960's, Air France equipped its Caravelles with Lear autopilots and has made more than 1200 hands-off landings in zero-visibility weather with passengers aboard. "The FAA," says Lear with characteristic bluntness, "is a scourge on the progress of aviation."

By the late 1950's, Lear, Inc. had grown to one of the major aircraft electronics manufacturers in the country, and Lear moved to Europe to start production there and drum up business for Lear products. It was there that he first learned of the P-16, a Swiss-designed ground-support jet. Two prototypes had crashed and the project was abandoned. Lear, however, was convinced that the plane was basically sound, and the trouble had been in malfunctioning systems. He hired the same firm of engineers to do the basic aerodynamic work on a business jet and set about developing for this purpose a slight modification of the P-16.

Although Lear was anxious to swing into production, the board of directors of Lear, Inc. was strongly against getting into what aircraft makers call "the tin-bending business." Lear, with the blessing of the board, sold out his 23-percent ownership and charged into the jet business alone. (Lear's stock was bought by the Siegler Company, and the two companies shortly after merged into the Lear-Siegler Corporation, still a giant in the aircraft electronics business.) He set up a plant in Switzerland, but quickly became frustrated by Europe's refusal to move at the Lear pace and by difficulties in getting American-made parts. In early 1963, he packed up the entire plant and shipped it to Wichita. "We didn't know what to take," he says, "so we took everything." With the benefit of the Lear top-speed treatment, the first plane rolled off the assembly line in October.

Generally, aircraft companies hand-make the first model of a new plane, and don't build the expensive jigs and tooling for mass production until tests have confirmed the adequacy of the design. Lear was so confident that he built the jigs first. Then he launched into production before FAA certification, another risky procedure. Had major changes been necessary, he could have been ruined. But changes weren't necessary and the gamble paid off. Lear was selling planes several years earlier than would have been possible with conventional construction techniques. "With this approach, you're either very right or very wrong," says Lear. "I was right."

The most serious crisis came in June, 1964. An FAA inspector, test flying the airplane, set the controls improperly and cracked up Lear's first plane on takeoff. The two pilots crawled out safely, but the plane was totally destroyed by fire. "We didn't have another plane instrumented," says Lear, "so we lost valuable time." Had he not already been in production, and thus had another plane ready to be fitted out with instruments, the delay could have been fatal.

Even with the second plane already built, it was a tight squeeze for a while. Since Lear, despite his reputation in electronics, had never built airplanes before, and since the design he had chosen was offbeat, banks refused to lend him money. He poured his entire personal fortune—some $11,000,000—into the project, borrowed against family trusts, and even hocked his personal airplane. Finally, he worked out a financing plan to keep operating.

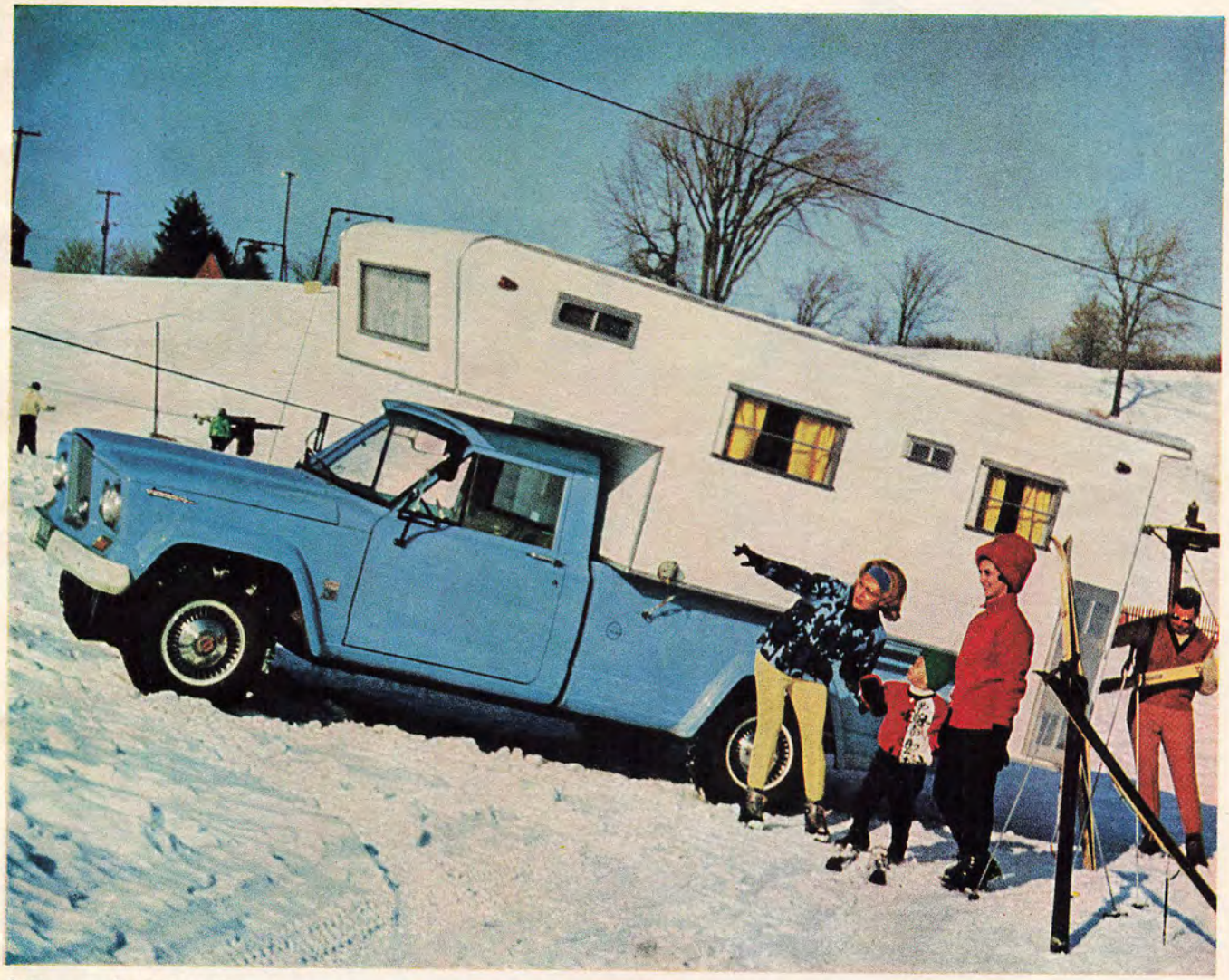
Despite the financial problems, Lear performed the impossible. He stunned his competitors and critics by winning FAA certification an incredible 18 months after he set up shop in Wichita.

Today, with Lear Jet production moderately well in hand, Lear has begun to look around for other things to occupy his time. A few months ago he decided to build stereo tape playback units for automobiles and set up a factory in Detroit. "With the Lear Jet coming along OK," he said, "I had to find something to do on the second shift." Mrs. Lear smiled. "The real trouble," she said, "was that he was getting to the point where he had a little spare time."

Whatever the reason, the amazing Lear confidence came into view again recently when he ordered the plant into production on 100,000 of the new tape units without having received a single order for them. "Tape playback in automobiles is going to be the next big thing," says Lear. "I'm going to be in the position of a man with a boat full of life jackets following a ship he knows is going to sink. He won't

[*Continued on page* 100]

Families go right where the fun is with 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive



'Jeep' Gladiator has twice the traction of ordinary campers. Plus hot new V-8 or 6 power and Turbo Hydra-Matic.

Put the camper of your choice on the back of a 'Jeep' Gladiator with 4-wheel drive and you'll leave other campers far behind. It has twice the bite in mud or snow. Becomes your own private ski lodge right on the slopes; takes you way back in the woods; or up to that secret mountain lake.

And a 'Jeep' Gladiator combines 4-wheel drive with passenger-car performance and comfort. You've got a choice of a hot new 250 hp 'Vigilante' V-8 with all the power you'll ever need; or if you prefer, you can have a new Hi-Torque 6 that takes an economical approach to family fun. What's more: there's Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission (with new dual-range transfer case), power steering, power brakes—all the options you'd expect.

So why settle for an ordinary camper truck when you can have one of the "Unstoppables"—'Jeep' Gladiator with 4-wheel drive.

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

'Jeep' Gladiator

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer!

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Two Sure Ones

This time of year you get your choice: Gift decanter or regular bottle. Both contain the same great whiskey. Both in festive holiday wrap (at no extra cost). No matter which you choose, one thing's sure: You can't go wrong giving America's most popular whiskey.

Seagram's 7 Crown. The Sure One.

THE SECRET WORLD OF LBJ

Here's the deal on the all-important, mostly anonymous men the President relies on above any others in times of crisis and calm. A veteran Washington correspondent pierces the White House inner circle in this revealing new book

BY CHARLES ROBERTS

There is a large logbook which records that, on any given day in any given year, hundreds of persons have appointments in the White House in Washington, D.C.

Yet only a fraction of these people see the man who occupies that house, the President of the United States.

The rest see men and women who operate in modest offices in the west and east wings of that famous structure—many of them virtually unknown to the American people.

It was John F. Kennedy who said he wanted to be President because he felt that would put him at the "center of power."

The Presidency is indeed the "center of power." Everything that stems from the office is molded in the image and desire of the President.

But collectively, outside the President, the "center of power" is his staff.

Few men are more qualified to write a study of the Presidential staff than Charles Roberts of Newsweek.

Chuck Roberts has been covering Presidents for over a decade. It was my privilege to work with him during my more than three years as press secretary to two Presidents. He is one of the most penetrating reporters I have known. He was with President Kennedy day and night during his thousand days in office and in Dallas with him when he was assassinated. He rode back to Washington with the new President—one of only two newsmen present on the Presidential plane during this tragic trip.

I am confident that this book will illuminate the operations of the Presidential staff—a relatively new institution which has vital significance for the American people.

—Pierre Salinger

At the White House it started out like most overseas crises—with the sudden *crump-crump* of a teletype machine under the harsh fluorescent lights in the basement Situation Room. The message, relayed from the Pentagon to the White House in uncoded English,

Condensed from *L.B.J.'s Inner Circle*, copyright © 1965 by Charles Roberts, published by Delacorte Press.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

"They are extensions of the President's eyes, ears and will"

was labeled "urgent"—and it was. Datelined Saigon and signed by General William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. Forces in South Viet Nam, it reported that Viet Cong guerillas had opened a savage attack on an American landing strip and barracks at Pleiku, 240 miles north of Saigon. Casualties were already "substantial," and the list was mounting.

It was shortly after 3 p.m., February 6, 1965, when Arthur McCafferty, an ex-CIA man standing the communications watch, ripped Westmoreland's message off the machine and handed it to Bromley K. Smith, a rugged, graying 53-year-old former Foreign Service officer now serving as executive secretary of the National Security Council. Smith had planned to spend that Saturday night at home, but as he read the cable he realized it was now a futile hope.

Bounding up the stairs two at a time, Smith carried the dispatch directly to the Cabinet Room, where, by coincidence, President Johnson was already conferring with some of his top security officials. As the President pushed back in his high-backed black-leather chair to read the message, both the State Department's Operations Center, or "flap house," and the Pentagon's National Military Command Center, or "war room," moved silently into the White House. Thus, before the last shot had been fired in the bloody, lopsided battle of Pleiku, Lyndon B. Johnson began weighing the most fateful move of his first 16 months as President: the escalation of the war in Viet Nam.

His action that night—the order that sent U.S. bombers roaring over a remote North Vietnamese village named Dong Hoi—was far from impulsive. As a matter of fact, he had made the momentous *decision* to bomb North Viet Nam nearly four months earlier. That decision was made, it can now be revealed, in October, 1964, at the height of the Presidential election campaign.

President Johnson, who had sought unsuccessfully to keep Viet Nam out of the campaign, decided then that South Viet Nam—and the U.S.—were losing that

KEY CARDS IN THE JOHNSON DECK

- K♥ Jack J. Valenti
- A♣ Douglass Cater
- K♠ Robert McNamara
- J♦ McGeorge Bundy
- K♣ Harry C. McPherson
- K♦ Bill D. Moyers
- J♥ Lee C. White
- J♠ Henry Fowler
- A♦ Dean Rusk
- J♣ W. Marvin Watson
- A♥ Hubert H. Humphrey

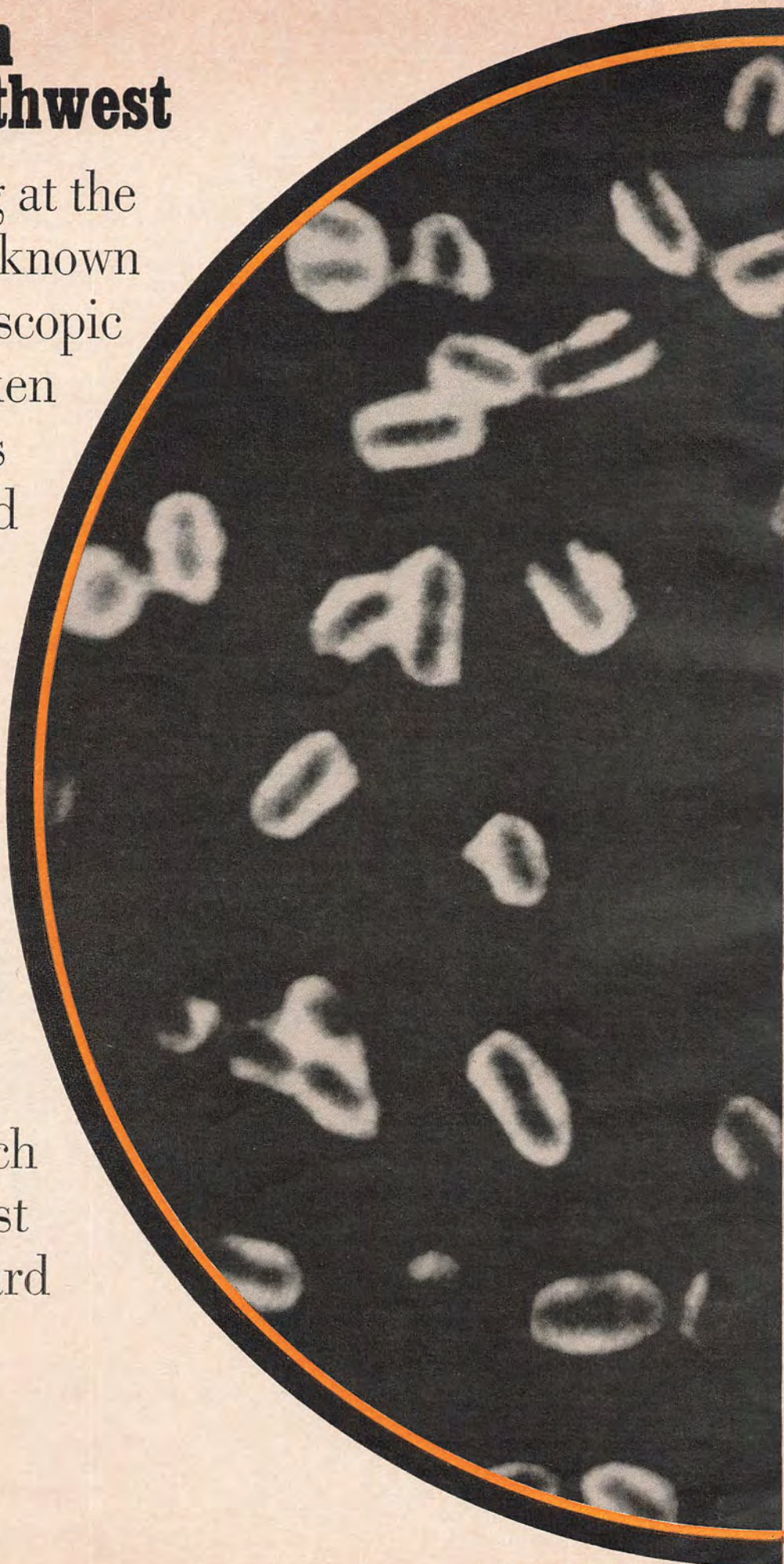
frustrating 10-year-old war. The situation in October was worse than it had been a year ago. President Kennedy's strategy of fighting a limited but tougher antiguerilla war simply was not working. The Kennedy-announced goal of total U.S. withdrawal by the "end of 1965" had become totally unrealistic—unless the U.S. intended to withdraw in defeat. Something *had* to be done.

What President Johnson decided to do that October was to change the rules of the war. (He still denies that he escalated, insisting that he only used a new "tactic" after Pleiku, but the distinction is semantic.) Under the old rules, as Johnson saw them, it was proper for North Viet Nam to send bombs into South Viet Nam by truck, bullock cart and boat, to be exploded against innocent men, women and children, both native and American, but it was improper for South Viet Nam (or the U.S.) to "return" them by any means, against any targets. Under the new, Johnson rules, South Viet Nam and the U.S. would be allowed to carry bombs back to North Viet Nam by a more efficient means—the airplane. Under the old rules, the U.S. was a muscle-bound giant, fighting at a crippling disadvantage. Under the new, it could hit back "at the people who were hurting us the most."

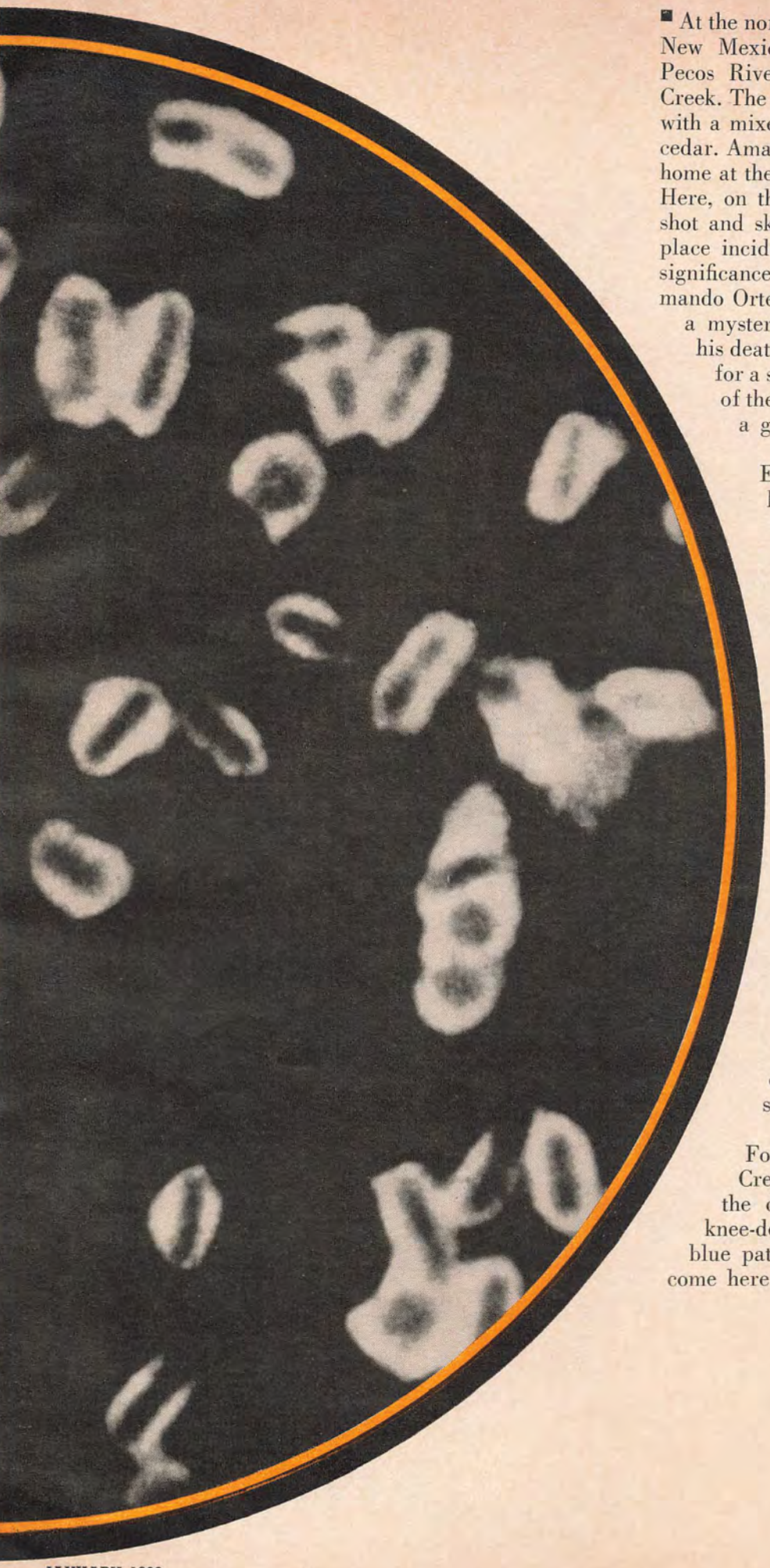
In October, as in February, the President had ample evidence, in the form of intelligence reports, war prisoners' statements, [*Continued on page* 101]

Black Death In The Southwest

You are looking at the deadliest killer known to man, a microscopic evil that has taken millions of lives and has changed the course of history. For a young man named Bryan Miller, this bubonic plague organism was his adversary in a duel that could leave much of the Southwest a mass graveyard



BY TONY HILLERMAN



■ At the northern fringe of the village of Pecos, New Mexico, a ridgeline rises between the Pecos River and the narrow valley of Cow Creek. The ridge is cut by arroyos and covered with a mixed stand of pinon pine, juniper and cedar. Amado Ortega often came here from his home at the edge of the village to hunt rabbits. Here, on the 21st or 22nd of June, 1961, he shot and skinned a bobcat. It was a commonplace incident, one which would have had no significance except for the moment—if Armando Ortega had not been a man marked for a mysterious death within the week. After his death, all of Ortega's routine movements for a series of days, including the shooting of the bobcat, would become vital clues in a great medical detective story.

Every area in which Ortega was known to have been in those days was to be circled in black on a map and given a code number. Where he skinned the bobcat was Area I. Fourteen miles east of this site, Area II was to be marked off on the slope of El Barro Peak, which rises to an altitude of more than 8,000 feet above Tecolete Canyon. The pinon grows taller here, since rainfall increases with elevation, and El Barro also bears a scattering of aspen, spruce and ponderosa pine. Amado Ortega had come here on or about June 19th—two days before the bobcat hunt—and worked through the day felling timber for the sawmill which sometimes employed him. He may have noticed, as others did later, that cottontail rabbits, chipmunks and other small rodents were unusually scarce on the mountain.

Four miles northeast of Pecos, Cow Creek is lined with Yellow pine. Below the dirt road, Cow Creek meadow is knee-deep in grass and spotted with bright-blue patches of wild iris. Mr. Ortega had come here to train [*Continued on page* 66]

I know the secret of the flying saucers

says

Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe,
USMC (Ret.)

**Antigravity–
a mysterious force
if there ever
was one–is what enables
spaceships from
other planets to operate
in the Earth's
atmosphere**

Editor's Note: Major Keyhoe has been writing about Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO's) in this magazine and elsewhere for over 15 years. From the outset he has insisted that flying saucers are real and interplanetary, and many authorities have come to agree with him. Now he claims that control over gravity itself is the only explanation for the astounding maneuvers which saucers are said to make. Some physicists dismiss this theory as fundamentally erroneous. But, as you will read, there are others who find Major Keyhoe's latest chapter in "The Great Flying Saucer Story" important and plausible.

■ One night last February, over the North Pacific, a Flying Tiger Airlines crew had a startling aerial encounter. What they saw is a clue to a fantastic technical mystery. In its solution lies a prize so great that six government agencies are searching for it right now. The answer may not be far off. What they are searching for is the secret of gravity control.

About midnight on February 15, the Flying Tiger plane, carrying a military group from the U.S. to Japan, was four hours out of Anchorage. Suddenly the cockpit radar picked up three fast-moving objects. The plane captain and his crew looked out at the side and saw three huge oval-shaped ships, glowing red in the night.

An Air Force captain who was a passenger on the plane was called forward to confirm the sighting. His signed report is in the files of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena.

According to the captain's report, the unknown machines slowed down to the airliner's speed and flew in close formation. Five miles away, by radar range, they leveled off to pace the plane. The Air Force captain computed their length as much more than 700 feet. It was plain that the giant Unidentified Flying Objects had an unknown type of propulsion. No jets, no exhausts were visible. For 30 minutes, still in formation, they continued to pace the plane. Then, swiftly accelerating to 1,200 knots, they climbed out of sight in seconds.

This startlingly swift acceleration is a maneuver that could not be duplicated by any ship now made on Earth. What makes it possible for UFO's? According to many scientists and engineers, there is only one possible answer. The answer is *antigravity:* artificial gravity fields and control of gravity power.

Control of gravity is something that men have been dreaming about for centuries. Now it appears that we are on the threshhold of achieving it. Its value, to the country that first attains it, is incalculable. Our government, hoping for a technical breakthrough, has set up 46 different research projects on various aspects of gravity control. The Air Force is running 33 of these projects and the others are divided among five other agencies.

Included in the 46 government projects are experiments and research at two Air Force Laboratories (Flight Dynamics and General Physics Research), Radio Corporation of America, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and several technical engineering centers. In addition, official projects are being carried out at Barkley and Dexter Laboratories, Fitchburg, Massachusetts; Israel Institute of Technology, Haifa; Stevens Institute of Technology; the universities of California, Denver, Harvard, Indiana, Manchester (England), Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Purdue, Stockholm (Sweden), Syracuse, Texas, and two New York schools—Queens College and Yeshiva Graduate School of Science.

And, of course, some government agencies have projects so secret that they are not publicly registered and cannot be revealed without permission.

Private industry is also looking at the question of gravity control with new seriousness. A large number of giant corporations, including Bell Aerospace, General Electric, Hughes Aircraft, Boeing, Douglas and many others, have set up gravity projects.

If you add up all the known gravity programs being run by the government

ILLUSTRATED BY P. CAMERON

and private industry, you get somewhere between 65 and 70 projects. This means there is a heavy concentration of scientific and engineering brains working on the problem.

One leading scientist who is convinced that UFO's are spaceships using gravity control is Dr. Hermann Oberth. Doctor Oberth, a recognized authority, was co-designer of the V-2 rocket and later a U.S. special consultant at Huntsville, Alabama, one of the installations where important antigravity research is now under way.

"With ordinary propulsion," Doctor Oberth told me in 1961, "such violent accelerations and maneuvers would endanger the ship. Also, the force would crush any creatures aboard against the rear or sides of the machine. But with an artificial gravity field the force applies simultaneously to the passengers and the spaceship. Even in swift changes of speed and direction, the ship is not strained and the passengers feel nothing."

Today, Doctor Oberth is willing to go further. He is now of the opinion "that energy, inertia and gravitational fields are only aspects of one and the same thing" and that it will prove impossible to separate them from each other. What he has in mind, he says, is "not yet known fields of force" which can be used to accelerate material objects in a way similar to the force of gravity.

Another noted authority who agrees that UFO's are using artificial G fields is William P. Lear, Sr., [see "Hard-nosed Gambler in the Plane Game" in this issue] multimillionaire inventor, pilot, designer of air and space equipment and builder of jet aircraft. Lear, who once sighted a UFO from his executive plane, predicts that future U.S. vehicles will also use artificial gravity. "The people on board would probably not feel any more effect," Lear says, "than they do from the tremendous speed of the Earth as it rotates and orbits the sun."

Several years ago, Glenn Martin's vice-president for advanced design, G. S. Trimble, predicted that by 1985 practically all airliners would be using artificial gravity, flying at almost unbelievable speeds. At about the same time, future airliner speeds of 10,000 mph. or more were pictured by Dr. Walter Dornberger, then Bell Aircraft's chief guided-missile scientist and now president of Bell Aerospace.

Grover Loening, pioneer aircraft builder and consultant to the Air Force, said it even more strongly. "I firmly believe that before long man will acquire the ability to build an electromagnetic contragravity mechanism that works," he stated.

A top official of Bethlehem Steel, Jesse V. Honeycutt, has indicated some of the results we can expect if Loening is right. "Serious research is being concentrated in an attempt to solve the mystery of gravity and bring about a control of its power. . . . It would bring about a greater revolution in power, transportation and many other fields than the discovery of atomic power," he stated.

Antigravity? It seems inconceivable. Yet, the search goes on and many responsible men believe the answer will be found. And, to my mind, it is the only possible explanation for the performance of the UFO's.

The stakes are so high that no clue can be overlooked. The Air Force Technical Intelligence, hunting for overlooked leads, is carefully checking hundreds of verified UFO reports. Hopefully, some of them will help us find out how these strange vehicles operate.

Four days before Christmas, 1964, a round, metallic craft about 125 feet in diameter was observed to make a brief landing in a field near Staunton, Virginia. Two Du Pont scientists later took Geiger counters to the site.

"It was 'hot'—highly radioactive," Du Pont engineer Lawrence Cook reported. "We checked for 45 minutes—it was definitely 'hot.' "

In Puerto Rico, near dusk on December 26, 1964, Ramey Air Force Base radar spotted two large discs. As A4D jets streaked up to pursue them, the discs accelerated to terrific speed. Making instant right-angle turns—impossible for any known aircraft—they vanished over the Atlantic.

On March 21, 1965, Capt. Yoshiaki Inada, piloting a Toa Airlines Convair on a domestic Japanese flight, was chased by a "mysterious, elliptical luminous object." Flying close to the plane, the UFO blanked out his radio and "violently interfered" with his automatic direction finding equipment.

Puzzling earlier cases also are being rechecked. On July 1, 1954, an AF F-94—a two-man jet—was scrambled to chase a UFO near Walesville, New York. When the pilot tried to close in, a sudden, unbearable heat filled the cockpit. Half-dazed, the pilot and radar officer bailed out. The jet crashed in the street, killing two children and their parents.

These odd phenomena, high radiation, mysterious heat and electrical interference may be side effects of gravity control devices.

Like most people, you probably took gravity for granted before space flights began. Now you know, for example, that one "G" is the Earth's normal gravitational pull. This is what holds you to the seat of your chair—and more important, keeps you from being tossed into the air by the Earth's rotation. You feel two or three G's in a roller coaster or a stunting plane—a mere hint of what our astronauts have to endure during blast-off and acceleration.

But gravity causes a lot of trouble and expense we seldom think about. Aircraft and rocket builders have to provide heavy engines, huge weights of fuel, just to offset gravity. In [*Continued on page 94*]

HAPPINESS IS A DRY MARTINI

A collection of contemporary comments
by America's favorite nighttime comic,

JOHNNY CARSON

Drawings by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

HAPPINESS IS *learning your daughter's boyfriend has had his electric guitar repossessed.*

HAPPINESS IS *going to a stag party and recognizing the girl who jumps out of the cake as your new neighbor.*

HAPPINESS IS *getting up at 2 a.m. to feed the baby and finding two bottles—one for the baby and one for you.*

HAPPINESS IS *having the machine that replaced you figure out that the man who bought the machine should be fired.*

From the book *Happiness is a Dry Martini*. Text copyright © 1965 by Cory-Richard Music, Inc. Illustrations copyright © 1965 by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc.

MY FORTY POUNDS OF FUR AND FURY

Don't think I went out and deliberately bought an ocelot. I may be crazy but I'm not *that* crazy. One peaceful Sunday afternoon three years ago, the phone rang and a gentleman who introduced himself as Marine Sergeant William Hobbs explained he had a pet ocelot he wanted to *give* away. "She's just a big, old pussycat," explained the sergeant. "Wouldn't hurt a fly. But we move around so much I'm afraid we can't keep her with us any longer."

Ocelots are only about twice the size of a domestic cat and to someone who for 15 years owned Rani, an adult African cheetah, this was like asking Jock Whitney if he wanted a Shetland pony. I politely declined the sergeant's offer but later mentioned the matter to my wife. Our beloved Rani had died a few years before and she thought it would be nice to have a small, gentle sort of cat purring at her feet during the long winter evenings. So I called the sergeant back and told him I'd changed my mind and would take her. He seemed strangely delighted.

"We're in Media, about 30 miles from you," he explained. "Just ask anyone where the marine sergeant with four fingers on his right hand lives. My wife will explain to you about Tiba's care and feeding. I'd get her to speak to you now but she's holding the back door against the police. Ever since poor Tiba happened to chew up that boy scout yesterday, the natives have been in a very excited frame of mind."

I began to wonder if I'd been wrong about ocelots and did a little hasty checking. Ocelots average about 40 pounds and are about 50 inches long, including the tail. They are found in Central and South America and occasionally turn up in the American Southwest. Once they ranged as far north as Arkansas and were as common as coyotes. No cowboy was considered well dressed unless he had an ocelot hide as a saddle blanket and a fringe of ocelot pelt on his chaps. There are still more around Texas, New Mexico and Arizona than you'd think, as no cat is so expert at hiding.

They have become almost completely nocturnal and have developed a discriminating taste for chickens, being smart enough to raid chicken houses only on rainy, windy nights when no one's likely to be around. They're usually too shrewd to be caught in traps, so ranchers have tried hunting them with hounds. As an ocelot can run as fast as a fox, mixes its trail and lives in the thickest cactus patches it can find, hounds don't get many and the ones that do usually don't try it a second time as ocelots are even tougher than a wildcat.

An ocelot's [*Continued on page* 86]

Undaunted by snow, the ocelot goes on a pheasant hunt with Mannix.

Curious Tiba examined everything when she first arrived.

Managing to look innocent while planning an outrage like ripping a hole in the roof, Tiba plays it cool with Danny Mannix.

Putting the cat out means mayhem
when she's a pet ocelot
who thinks that she is a leopard.
What's an ocelot?
Brace yourself, and meet Tiba

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

With only a drunk for a companion and the threat of a gangland execution if he failed, the federal man set out to get Florida's biggest bootlegger by

SETTING A 100-PROOF TRAP

BY ROBERT A. LISTON

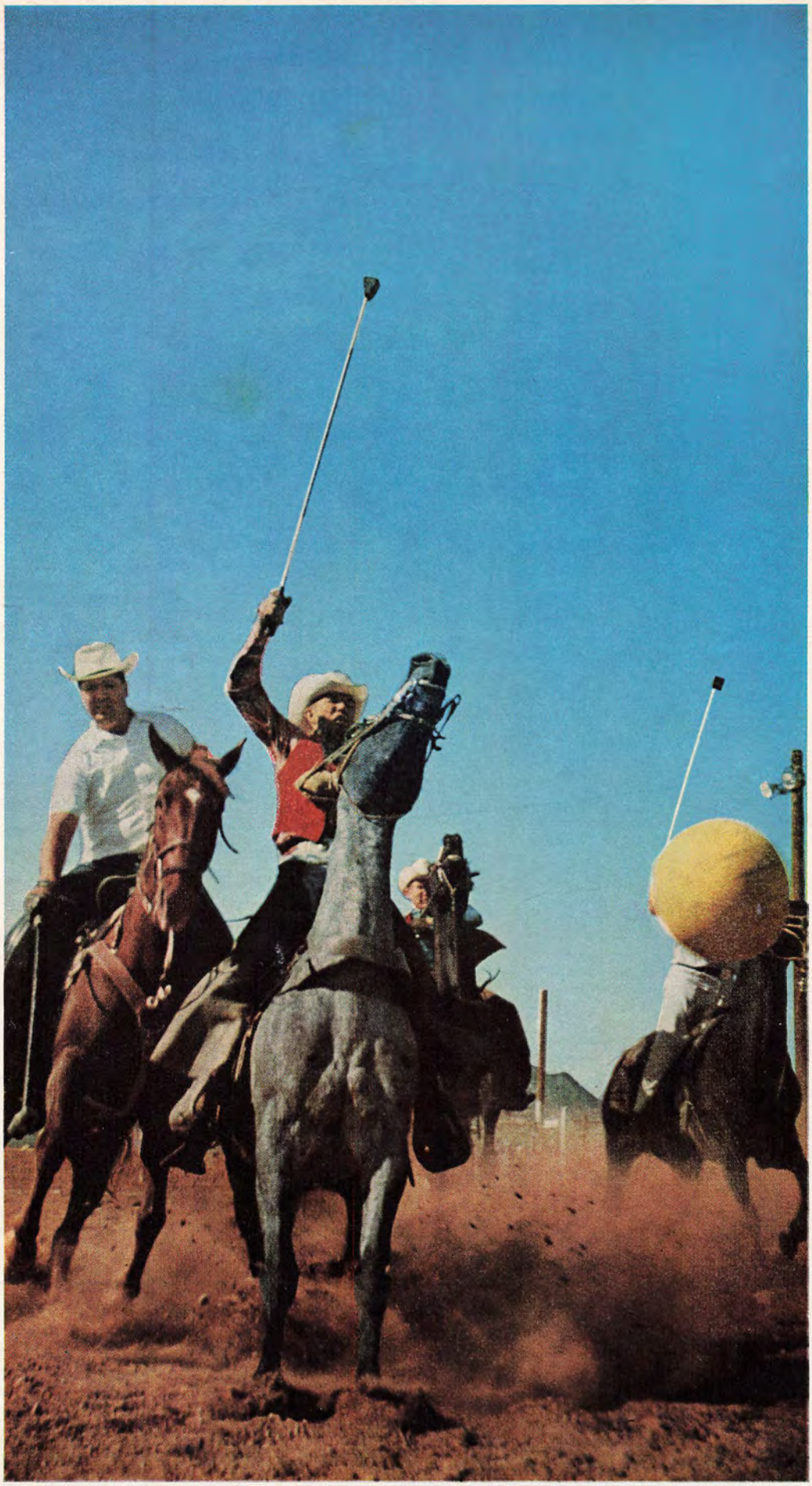
ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

■ The late-rising moon cast its baleful light over the moss-draped cypresses of northern Florida as a panel truck, headlights out, roared along a back road, pitching like a rapids-shooting canoe.

After bucking around a turn, the truck abruptly slowed and swung into a barely discernible track through a dense wood. In a moment, as branches slapped and scraped, it was swallowed up.

Inside the truck were two men. The passenger was Jack Forman, tall, lanky; by vocation a paid informer for the U.S. Treasury Department; by reputation a drunk. Behind the wheel was Jim Earl West, a short, stout man in his middle 30's. West was angry. He cursed Florida, its trees, swamps and impossible roads. He cursed the moon and the truck. He had a few choice words for the United States government, bootleggers and the idiocy that had led him to sign up as a federal alcohol tax agent. Most of all he leveled his wrath at the fates which had put him on this undercover assignment, beside this half-crocked informer, on this godforsaken night of April, 1958. [*Continued on page 74*]

"All right, Parmenter," West said in his best cop's voice. "Put your coat on and let's go."



As the ball bounds across the zone boundary, horses and men brake to a clod-throwing halt.

COWBOY POLO

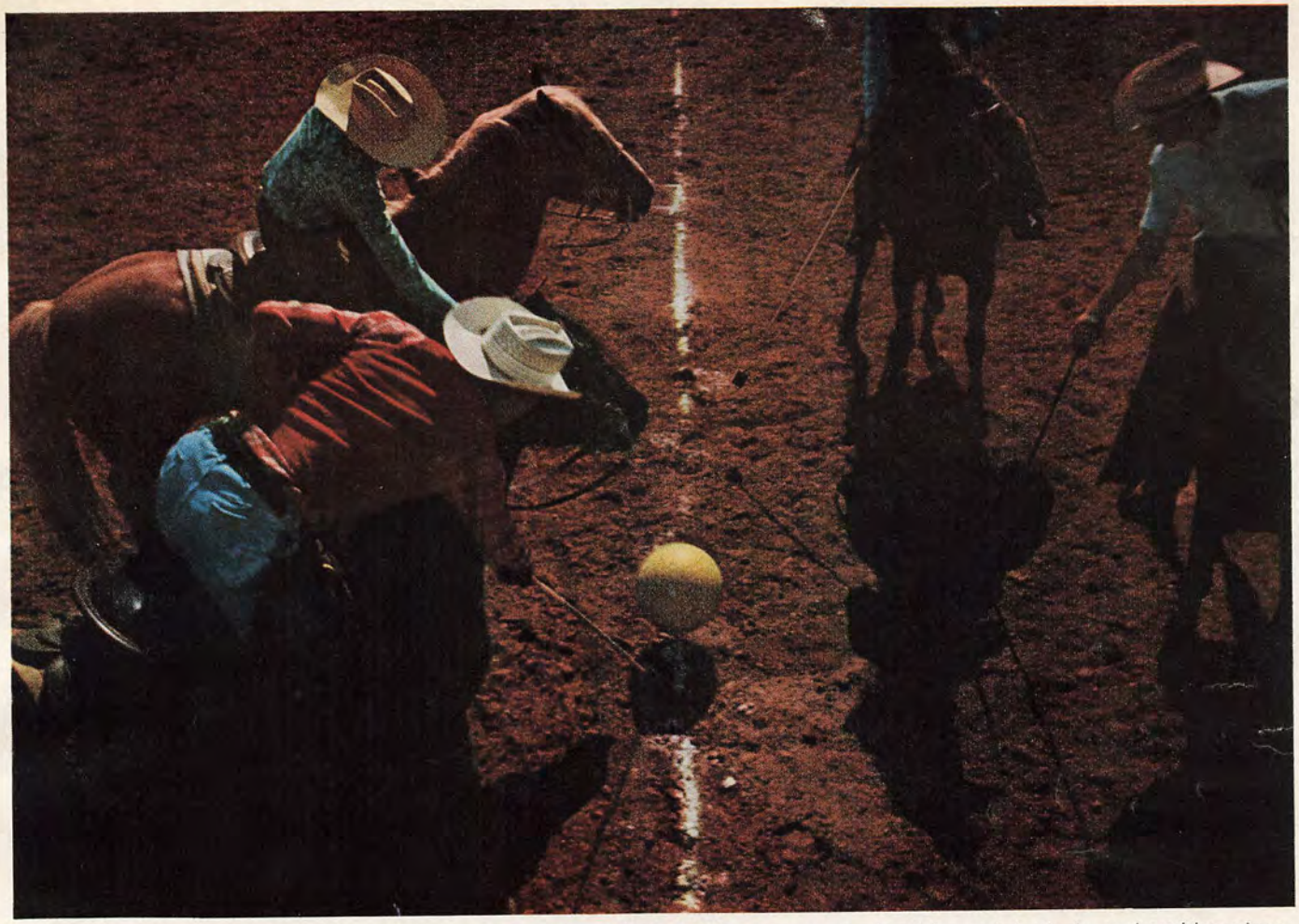
is a fast-moving, man-to-man, horse-to-horse contest. It is a strictly American variation of the game the British Army learned in India.

The field is 260 feet long and is divided into five sections. Each team has five players in contrast to regular polo which has four men on a team. In cowboy polo horse and man are not permitted to cross the line bounding their section. This rule hardly slows the sure-footed quarter horses used in this game. They charge right up to the line at full speed and then slam on the brakes.

The cowboy players drive a rubber ball about the size of a soccer ball from zone to zone toward the opponents' goal. In regular polo the ball is much smaller and is made of willow root.

If a rider falls, and they often do, his team loses the ball. The horses almost never lose their footing.

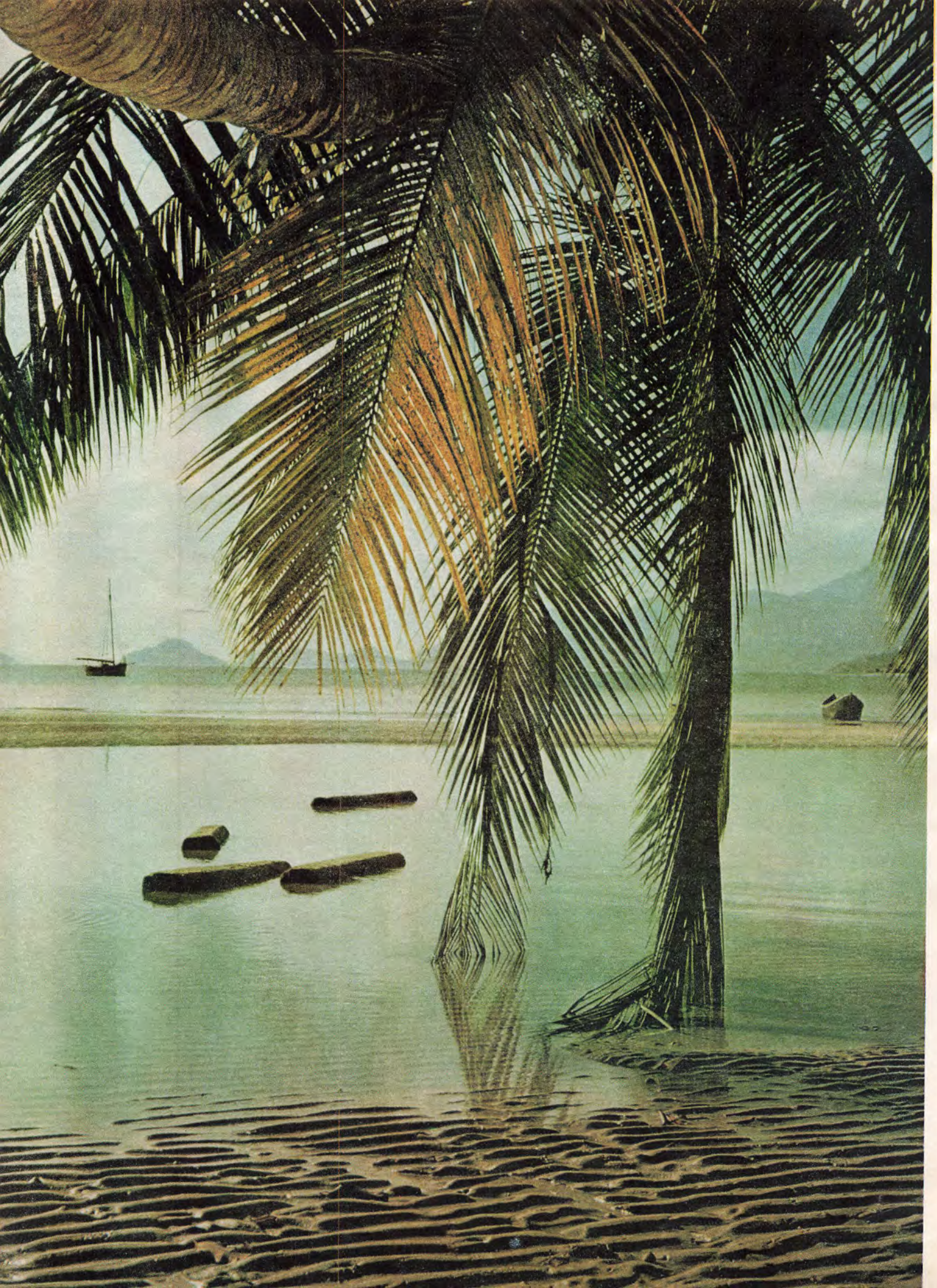
The contests are sometimes bruising. Along the zone borders, particularly, the battle gets very hot, with four men fighting for possession of the ball. The mallet heads are made of rubber or plastic instead of wood but are still hard enough to inflict plenty of black eyes, cuts, bruises, and a few broken noses.



Four eager players charge, with mallets ready to swing. Their quarter horses are bred for quick starts and sudden stops.

A hard-riding cowboy slams the ball backhand toward the opponents' goal.

Any big corral makes an adequate field.



BY JOE GORES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PARADISE—*for $3 a day*

Discovered: the Seychelle Islands in the Indian Ocean, an easy-swinging, sexy Eden where a man can live like a king—and choose his own queen

MAHÉ, SEYCHELLES

■ My snorkel broke water but I kept my head down and my eyes fixed on the dim washtub shape 30 feet below. The hawksbill turtle paused to peer under a coral head. I slid down to sight along my spear at the back of his wrinkled neck. The rubbers twanged: he reared and exploded for deep water, so I lay back against his pull and kicked for the surface.

Hawksbills aren't edible but they produce the finest tortoiseshell in the world, and this shell would bring at least 75 rupees (about $16) from the curio carvers. In a few hours now we'd be recounting the day's adventures to the girls over a tall, cold beer at The Pirate's Arms . . . .

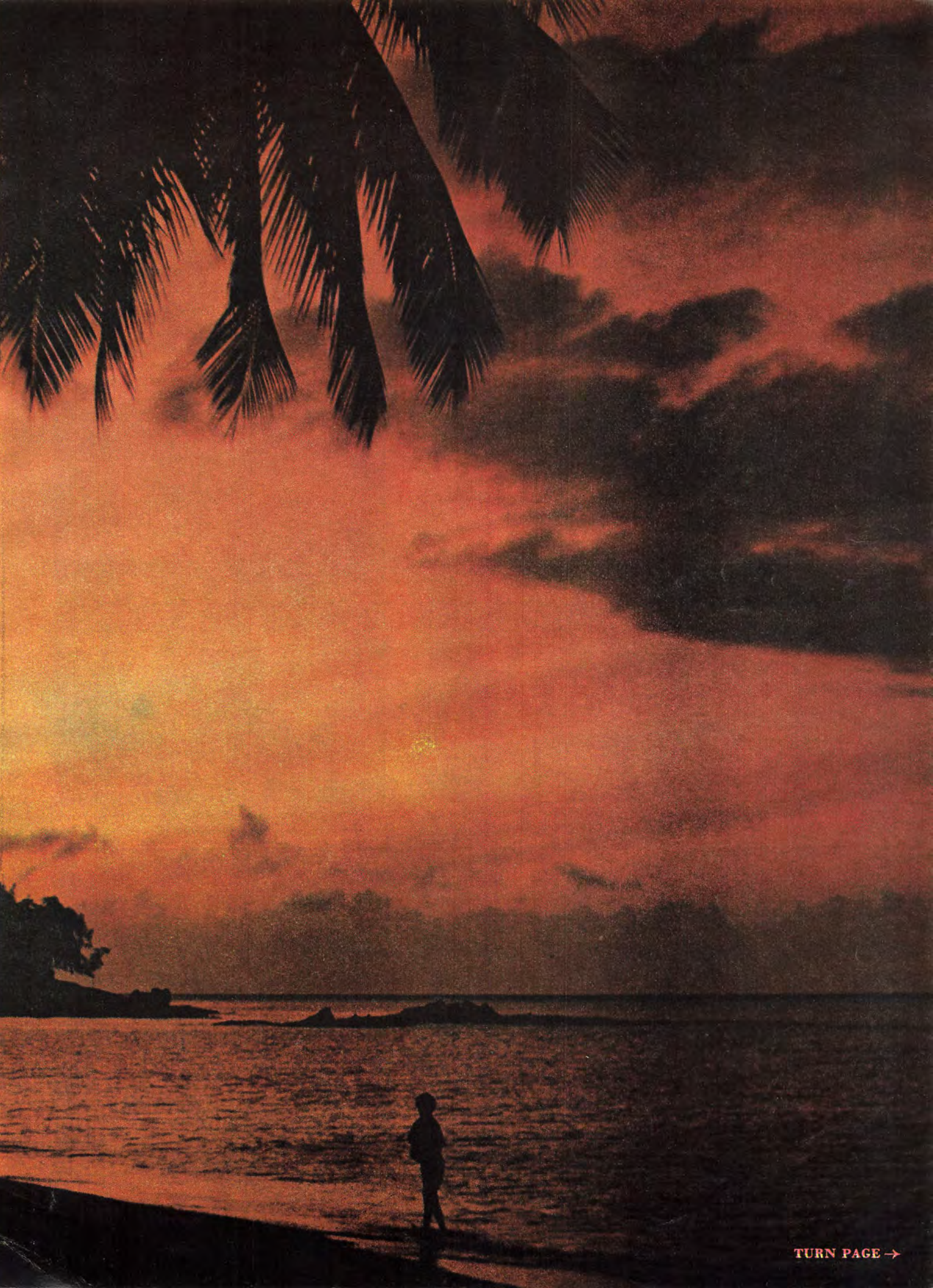
Lost in the vast Indian Ocean, a thousand miles east of Mombasa, East Africa, are the Seychelle (pronounced SAY-SHELL) Islands. There are over 90 of these tiny granite or coral outcroppings. The largest, Mahé, is only 55 miles square. Although Britain has used the Seychelles as a place of exile for political troublemakers, from King Prempeh of Ashanti to Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus, they are far from being Devil's Islands. For me, they have a magnetic attraction that is unmatched. In fact . . .

The islands' racial mixture—French, English, African, Chinese—produces striking women.

This windblown Seychelloise girl enjoys a trip aboard an inter-island schooner which runs between Mahe and Praslin.

Author (left) and his companion bring back a hawksbill turtle which they've just caught. Curio carvers will buy the shell to make items for the tourist trade.

...the Seychelle Islands are one of the few
places left on earth where a
man can set his own terms for living...

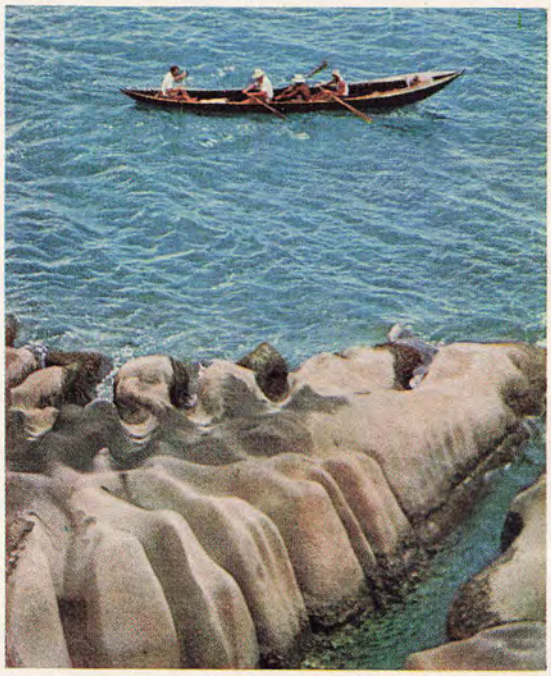


TURN PAGE →

Leaves which can be used as umbrellas are common in legendary Valley of the Giants.

This is the male reproductive organ of world's strangest tree, the coco-de-mer, which grows on the island of Praslin. The trees have an 800-year life span.

Native's pirogues—tippy, narrow-hulled canoes—are the only boats which can bring visitors ashore at Aride, the fabled island of the birds.



Centuries of pounding seas on the unique granite of Mahe produce these curious knuckles of rock.

A few miles outside of the town of Victoria, the author enjoys his private beach. Granite outcroppings under water are fringed with coral and provide excellent spearfishing. Game fishing waters off Mahe are the best in the world—and the least fished.

. . . Until the old Arab owner of our hotel in pre-revolution Zanzibar showed me the ancient sailing chart, I had never heard of the Seychelles.

"What are these islands of the Rukh?" I asked, pointing at the map.

"Remember Sinbad's second voyage, when he was marooned and encountered a bird called the *roc*, or *rukh?* A bird so huge that its egg was 50 paces around and its talons strong enough to lift an elephant? According to the old charts and sailing directions, this might have occurred in the islands which people now call the Seychelles."

Staring at the crude work of that forgotten cartographer, I knew that I had to see those islands. True, since my Pacific island-hopping days I had acquired a chic blonde traveling companion; but Suzie was one of those rare American gals who prefer adventure to security. So I began plotting ways to raise the loot for our trip to those far peaks of Eden once known as the Islands of the Roc. . . .

At Victoria, the sleepy capital where we cleared through the harbor authorities, I found a lovely gal from the Seychelles Tourist Bureau engaged in dispensing information.

"What are my chances of renting a house on Mahé?" I asked. "Not here in Victoria, but a few miles out?"

"Where do you stay now?"

"We don't have accommodations, yet. Perhaps—"

"Ah—then you go to Raymonde's!" She called over a tall striking Frenchwoman. "They wish to go to your hotel to stay."

"*Mais oui. Enchanté.*"

I tried to protest that the *Seychelles Annual* had listed Raymonde's Beach Hotel as a luxury resort, and that I didn't want anything expensive, but our luggage was whisked away by a grinning husky while Raymonde led us to the lighter. At her hotel a few miles from town, we found bungalow-style accommodations with private shower and a veranda opening directly onto Mahé's finest beach. Three meals and two teas a day were included.

"It's great, Raymonde, but—er—how much?"

"*Le tarif?* Sixteen *rupees* each per day."

I translated Seychelles *rupees* into more familiar East African shillings, converted these to dollars, and arrived at $3.36 per day apiece.

"*Magnifique,*" I breathed.

An hour later I was working a fine coral patch a quarter of a mile off Beau Vallon beach and a bare five fathoms deep. These waters are virtually untouched, for the English prefer "goggling"—merely floating with face mask and using a snorkel—to actual skin diving and spearfishing.

That night we ran into a Texas accent in the bar, and over fine imported European beer—at 40 cents a pint—found that an Air Force lieutenant and his wife also had their digs at Raymonde's.

"I'm second-in-command at the satellite tracking station the U.S. government built here in 1963," he explained. "The captain and I are the only military types; the other 200 Americans are civilians on contract with Pan Am. They live in House Trailer City up by the station—all prefabs shipped out from the States. No women are allowed, so quite a few of them have rented houses to use as weekend-party pads."

"How do you like it here?"

"Are you kidding? We're on a tropical vacation with pay."

After living in East Africa where the local politicos like to wipe their feet on the Stars and Stripes, it was pleasant to see *pro*-American slogans scrawled on walls and roads. When the British made noises about granting independence, in fact, the Seychellois Assembly suggested they be sold to America instead. And when the U.S. Ambassador to Kenya made this country's first state visit to the Seychelles, the local paper trumpeted: "We welcome the Ambassador and hope his arrival will mark closer ties between great and mighty U.S.A. and tiny little Seychelles. LONG LIVE AMERICA! LONG LIVE SEYCHELLES! GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

Many theories have been advanced to account for these unique granite peaks so far from any land mass, including a revival of the old Atlantis legend—a sunken continent supposedly connecting Africa, India, Indonesia and Australia. Some prehistoric land bridge with Africa certainly is suggested by the logbook entry on an English ship which called here "for water and cooker-nuts" in 1609: the freshwater streams were infested with crocodiles. Early settlers killed them off, but skeletal remains prove they were the common African *Crocodylus niloticus*—separated from the African continent by 1,000 miles!

Whatever your theory, Mahé's mornings are cool and her mountains ideal for hiking with a gal, a cold lunch and a bottle of wine. There are marvelous vistas of reef and coral shallows, no poisonous snakes, no dangerous animals, no hurricanes and no yellow fever or malaria. The island itself is 17 miles long; although it is slightly more than 4° off the equator, its average temperature is between 77° and 84°F.

The Seychellois people are an exotic blend of French, African, English, Chinese and Indian, spiced with visiting ship's crews, exiles and amorous visitors. When slavery was abolished in 1835 a plantation economy developed. The new citizens preferred fishing to farming, with lots of time off to make their local liquor, a spicy coconut ferment somewhat like Fijian *kava,* which sells for two cents a bottle. Now plantation-grown copra accounts for 75 percent of the island's total exports, and the plantation owners have a reputation as self-reliant individualists.

One of them was drinking with me one evening when he nodded at the rising moon. "She's full tonight. Bang-on for hunting."

I showed my ignorance. "Hunting what?"

"Flying foxes. Bats, old boy! Fruit-eating bats like ruddy pterodactyls." [*Continued on page* 96]

PAYDAY FOR A RUNAWAY TIGER

It all happened in the days when Wobblies were going to win the world for the workingman, when Jack London was the big hero in the Northwest and when boxing was the top sport. Then along came the Manila Tiger. He couldn't stay long, but while he was around, he was the best fighter in town

BY BOB WARK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

■ Whenever anyone talks about "the good old days," I think of 1912. That was a good year for me. I was only 14 but I had already had 11 professional fights and I was a promoter as well. I was living on Mercer Island, near Seattle in Puget Sound, and I put on a card every two weeks, summer and winter. I fought on my own cards and I fought in Seattle as well. It was a fine life for a kid of 14 and I was making good money too.

But what I remember most about that year is the time the Manila Tiger showed up at my house late one summer night. The Manila Tiger was from Frisco and he was a real fighter.

The house was quiet. My mother and dad were in bed and I was sitting in the living room reading *Boxing and Sporting World*. Suddenly I heard a tapping on the window behind me. I turned and saw a wide, handsome, brown-skinned face with a broken nose and a slightly cauliflowered ear looking at me through the glass. I knew immediately that the face belonged to a fighter.

I opened the front door and looked at him.

"You Bob Wark?" the guy asked. I was.

"You run a fight club up here?" he wanted to know. I did.

"I'm the Manila Tiger," he said.

"The Manila Tiger! Come on in."

He was big, the biggest Filipino I had ever seen. "You had any dinner?" I asked.

"No, I had no dinner and I had no breakfast."

I took him into the kitchen. I opened the cooler and took out a bottle of red wine, poured a water glass to the brim and handed it to the Tiger. Then I started fixing him some food. I got out six eggs and a big slice of ham and cut up some cooked potatoes and put them in a frying pan. Then I cut up tomatoes and lettuce with oil and vinegar and laid out cheese and olives and celery and cold lamb, warmed up dinner biscuits and raspberry jam. I put a bottle of the red wine on the table.

"You want some coffee?" I asked.

"No, the wine is fine." Then he said, "I need a fight. Can you put me on a card?"

"Hell, yes. Our next show is Friday, a week from today. I'll put you in, for sure."

"Good," he said. "I'll give you the regular cut."

"Damn right you will," I told him. "Did you ever meet Jack London in Frisco?"

"Sure, I met London. He worked with me a couple of times in the Oakland gym. He can fight pretty good, that guy."

"He's over here," I told him.

"You mean on this island?" The Tiger was incredulous.

"Yeah, he's staying with a writer named Ford who

The Soldier fell with a crash and the referee began counting.

The Tiger went through a tough training routine. He was all ready for his fight with Soldier Dawson—and then the law came to town....

was to be a sparmate for Philadelphia Jack O'Brien."

The Tiger was anxious to look up London but he was even more anxious to get some sleep. I had a camp in the woods about a half mile from my house and I took him up there. It was a dark trail.

When we got to the camp I unlocked the door and lit the lamp. There was a large bunk with blankets and a stove and cooking utensils and I had brought along a sack of food and a gallon of milk. The Tiger was very happy with everything and we shook hands and I went back home.

The next morning at 7 o'clock, I went over to Ford's beach cottage and pounded on the door. Ford's girl friend came to the door and I said I wanted to see Jack London. She took me to London's room.

Jack opened his eyes, still sleepy. "What the hell are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

"A fighter came in from Frisco last night," I said. "A big-time fighter. He had dinner at my house and he's staying at my camp."

"What big-time fighter?" London asked.

"The Manila Tiger."

"The Manila Tiger! For Christ's sake, what's he doing up here?"

"He didn't say. He said he knows you."

"He's a hell of a fighter," London said. "He's the biggest Filipino to ever come out of the Islands."

At the camp, Jack and the Tiger were happy to see

We knew how to solve that problem. Lots of people would be happy to do Jack London a favor, particularly if the favor was cooling off a cop

each other, shaking hands and hitting each other on the back.

"The kid says he's going to get me some fights," the Tiger said.

"The kid'll get you the fights," London said. "Everyone else is closed down for the summer, but the kid is showing to packed houses. And the sonofabitch is so money hungry that he fights on his own cards."

"By God, that's the system," the Tiger said, "You fight the promoter and if you don't fall on your head, you don't fight no more. I hope he won't ever want to fight me. But I guess there always comes a time for the first tumble."

I turned to Jack. "How about you and the Tiger? Boy, I could sell out with that one."

"You sonofabitch," Jack said, "I came up here for a vacation and I don't figure on going back in a box." Jack turned to the Tiger. "What the hell are you doing up here?"

"That's something we ain't going to talk about."

"Okay, whatever you say."

I got a bucket of water from the well and the Tiger washed and made his breakfast. Then London and the Tiger and me went for a walk across the island and Jack and the Tiger talked and I listened.

Finally, while we were sitting on a log on the beach, Jack said to me, "The Tiger here needs a fight real bad. How about you calling [*Continued on page* 77]

HELL IN THE HIGHLANDS

First Cavalry Division men are becoming veterans of a new kind of war. Waits are long, battles brief and no one knows when the VC will fight instead of flee

AN KHE, SOUTH VIET NAM

■ "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil," the chaplain intoned, as the sun slid below the mountains. The chaplain's cassock, like the T-shirts of the soldiers standing before him, was dyed jungle green. In the morning, the First Cavalry Division would be going into battle again.

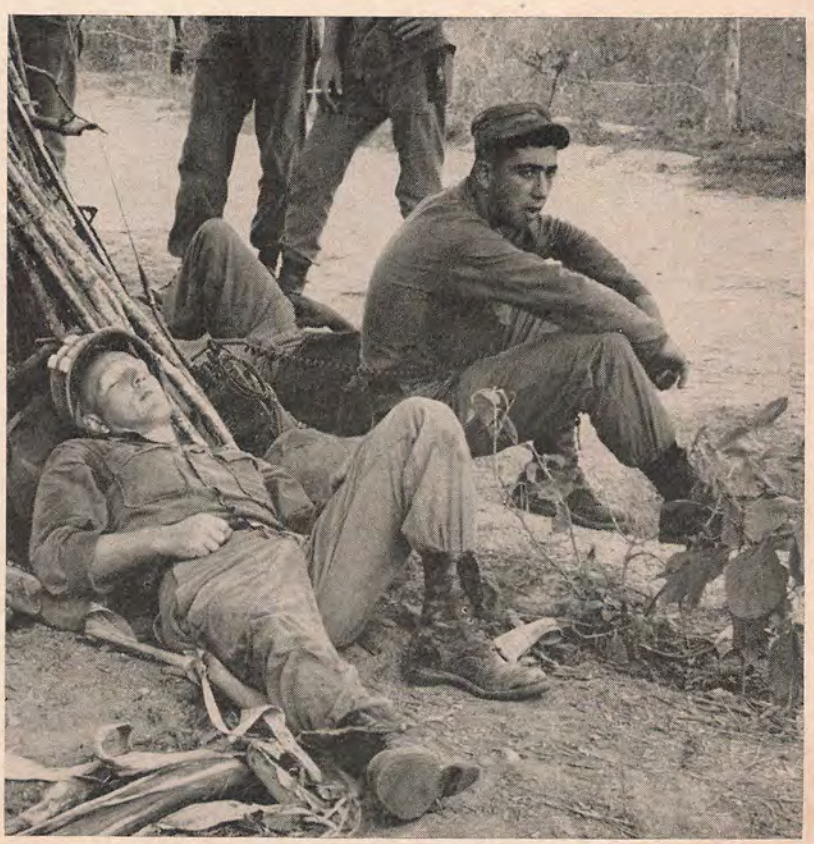
Spread out in dry rice fields in the mountain pass, more than 400 helicopters and 10,000 troops stood waiting. Company commanders were getting their final instructions from battalion commanders in big headquarters tents, by the harsh light of gasoline lanterns. Clouds of malarial mosquitoes surrounded the tents.

A blazing full moon rose, casting a ghostly light over the dust still churning from Route 19 as convoys of Army trucks rolled along.

The war for South Viet Nam's mountain valleys was on in earnest. The valleys point like daggers at strategic Route 19. With the Viet Cong in control of them—as they had been for months—the only overland artery from the South China Sea to the Laotian frontier is useless. With the valleys in friendly hands, the Viet Cong stranglehold on central Viet Nam is broken and the vital rice crops of the uplands are denied to the communist enemy. Those are the stakes of the war in the central highlands.

The hardest part of any battle is the long

Mortar crew of A Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, gets set up after dawn helicopter flight to area recently teeming with Viet Cong.



Weary GI's rest after searching out enemy in valley hamlet. Resistance was sporadic, but soldiers ran into booby traps and sniper fire.

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Troops warily hike through marked minefields in continuing campaign to wrest the vital central highlands from enemy control.

Capt. Kenneth Schreiber cools off a tired foot as he gives orders to platoon leaders.

While young and old villagers look on, medics carry out a wounded woman. She was shot when hiding in the kind of spider hole often used by snipers.

wait before the action begins. In Viet Nam, the waiting sometimes prefaces blood and death, but more often it leads to thirst, exhaustion, dust in the lungs and more waiting. The pattern had been especially true in this important campaign for the mountainous middle of South Viet Nam.

It started late last August when the U.S. 101st Airborne Division charged up Route 19 from the sea to seize the highlands town of An Khe, anchor for the mountain war. The 101st had expected a pitched battle and found instead empty space. Now the First Cavalry Division, which took over from the 101st, was running into similar experiences as it fanned out from An Khe. Always there were more valleys, and most of the time the Viet Cong was gone despite the mobility of the Cavalry's helicopter armada. But with each new sortie there was the knowledge that this could be it—the time a very deadly enemy would fight as it had fiercely fought against other units.

For the 23- and 24-year-old draftees who make up much of the First Cav's strength, the waiting this autumn evening was especially hard. For all of them, combat is a new and terrible unknown. But the waiting in Viet Nam even depresses veterans like Sfc Lloyd Vaughn of Breckinridge, Texas. "This is my third war," Vaughn said as he sipped from a paper cup of scalding hot coffee, "but I still get as scared now as I did in the first one before going into battle."

There was the smell of danger and excitement this evening all along the winding length of Route 19, a two-lane, blacktop road, which 11 years before had seen the destruction of an entire French regiment at the hands of the communist guerrillas.

Every man in the First Cavalry Division who would be jumping off in the morning had heard that seven crack battalions of the 325th People's Army of Viet Nam were well supplied with .50-caliber antiaircraft guns, the kind that can rip helicopter assaults to shreds.

No one doubted that the enemy was watching and waiting.

Capt. Larry Bennett of Norfolk, Virginia, had seen the signs. Bennett, a company commander, had come across a Viet Cong catapult trap designed to snare helicopters. The device was fitted with an eight-foot spear.

"We know there are VC all around our positions," he said. "They leave bundles of sticks, cigarette wrappers and other markers pointing right at our gun positions. Sometimes they notch tree branches so that a machine gun in the notch will fire right into one of our bunkers.

"One night," continued the captain, "we spotted a guy just outside our picket lines and yelled for him to stop. He started running and our sentry opened fire. He shot the guy's toe off. Turned out to be an elderly man who had his wife with him, and we felt pretty bad about it. But a few days later, after he'd been evacuated, treated and questioned, we got back word that he was a Viet Cong spy. You just never know in this kind of war."

The night grew later and a chilly mist began to settle over the valleys.

The waiting troops had left their bedrolls and heavy gear back at base camps, bringing with them only light combat packs, their M-16 "armalite" rifles, and the two canteens each of water that would have to hold them through the 115-degree heat of the following day.

Some of the men were lying against their packs and trying to sleep a little. Others were too chilly, nervous and uncomfortable to sleep.

Pfc Daniel Hill, Jr., 23, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was one of those having trouble sleeping. "I felt pretty good when we arrived in Viet Nam and found we wouldn't have to fight right away. But now I guess the time has come."

Ken McConnell, of Baldwin Park, California, another 23-year-old Pfc, worried about going into battle dirty. "Oh, what I'd give right now to take a bath—a civilian bath," he said.

He was echoing a familiar plaint. None of the men had any way of really cleaning up. The build-up of American forces in the Vietnamese interior had come so quickly that there were many shortages of necessities.

Soap was scarce, and the average First Cavalry GI smelled of sweat and dirt. Mud-encrusted fatigue uniforms were almost in rags, and no reissues were available. No one yet had jungle boots, and the moisture and heat of the mountains were rotting the leather boots of the division to pieces.

Black clouds swept over the moon and as the deep night closed in company officers and noncoms bawled out orders to their troops. Columns of sleepy, swearing men began moving toward the dark silhouettes of parked helicopters.

"My folks think I work in finance. Boy, if they could see me now," one machine gunner remarked. "All around the mulberry bush the third squad chased the VC," another GI sang, as his squad was shifted in confusion from one helicopter to another.

"All right, at ease, soldier," a sergeant yelled. "Save that wit. You'll need all your energy for Victor Charlie (the Viet Cong) in the morning."

It was finally almost silent in the assembly areas, apart from the barking of a few dogs. Every once in a while a helicopter would start up and change position, as if nervous about its job in the morning. Fireflies could be seen twinkling in the rustling stalks of young rice.

Shortly after 3 a.m., there were new sounds of activity. A "mule"—the Army's little four-wheeled motor cart that can carry huge loads up and down steep hills—chugged up to one company of men dozing in front of some [*Continued on page* 73]

From a mysterious chunk of stone, gouged from a bewildering land, Australian diggers may produce a single gem so valuable they can retire for life. But there's no more hellish prospecting than

THE QUEST FOR FIERY OPALS

TURN PAGE→

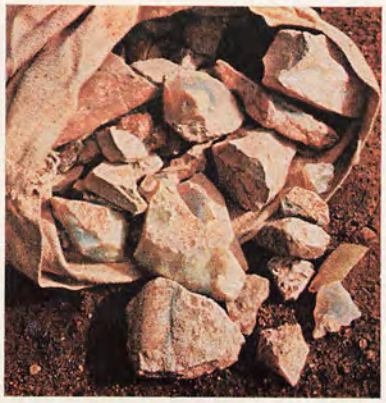
THE QUEST FOR FIERY OPALS

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SID LATHAM

Happy old-timer with a fragile find.

Andamooka bears a bleak skyline.

Young miner, who runs tiny airport as a sideline, sorts a month's digs.



Fresh-gouged opals before cutting.

Diamond wheel shaves opal square.

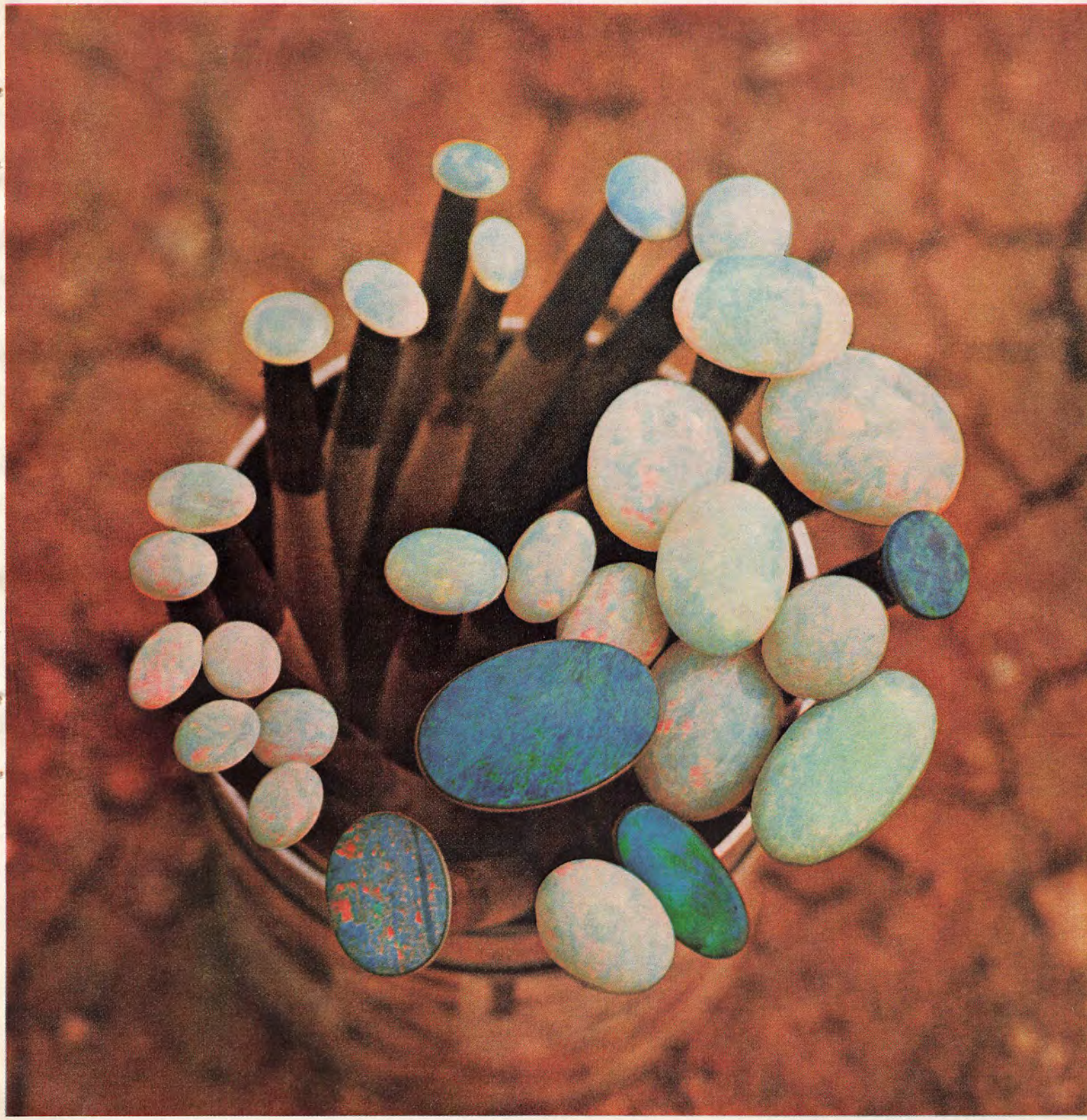
■ Andamooka, Australia—a damp hell underground and dusty oven above—is one of the last places on earth a loner can dig out a fortune. This low-slung shantytown, some two miles square, is the site of one of the world's biggest opal lodes. Here, in the southwestern Outback, the priceless 203-carat Andamooka (largest known opal) was gouged out along with millions of dollars worth of smaller stones.

Yet there is no mass migration to join the score of men who regularly mine at Andamooka. For weather and geology impose long-shot odds on everything but misery. Miners must swelter in 120°-daytime heat and shiver through many 30° nights before their dreams come true—if ever. When the winds blow over the arid moonscape, men need flashlights to see through swirling red dust. They can't wash the grit off for fear of using up their yearly 12-gallon allotment of water. In addition, after a miner pays $2.24 for a 100-foot square claim and begins to pothole down through the hard-packed clay, there is no sure way to hit the meandering target, ironically called "The Level."

Andamooka's opals are embedded in this narrow two-foot to one-inch wide vein of mud-caked rock which is anything but level. The vein weaves crazily from the surface to a depth of 50 feet. If a digger happens onto The Level, he burrows along on his back, rabbit-warren style, gently prizing out rocks and licking off each one. If saliva reveals a dull gleam of color, the miner quietly and carefully brings the stone up. Quietly because talk produces tax collectors; carefully because the opal is the most fragile of precious gems.

This very brittleness, though, is one secret of the opal's beauty. A hardened "jelly" of silica, the opal is crisscrossed by tiny cracks that make it flash, but leave it so delicate high-speed wheels can only square or round off its natural shape—not cut facets on it as with crystalline gems.

Still opals are in such demand the lucky prospector can get cash for opaline rock as soon as he worms out of his tunnel. (One newcomer, for example, sold a find to a large opal firm for $6,720—in 10 minutes.) The opals are then cut and polished to reveal all their color—white is the most common, black the rarest and most valuable. Today the finest opals sometimes bring more than diamonds of equal weight—a rich reason to continue the tantalizing quest for the fiery gems.



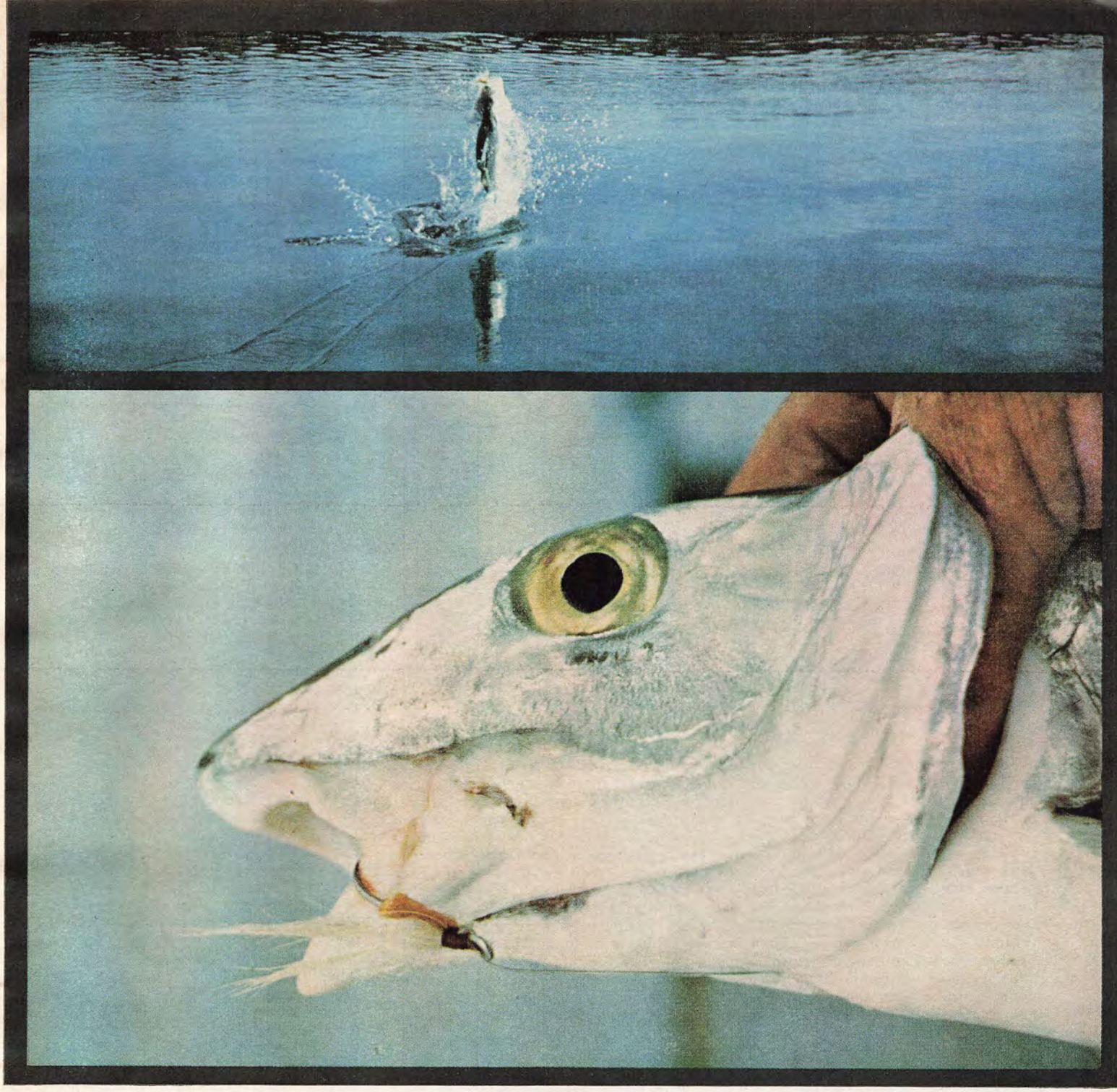
Atop their polishing sticks these lustrous opals of Andamooka Enterprises Ltd., major firm in area, will soon sell for thousands.

Weedy passage into Spanish Creek (above) eventually led to spectacular tarpon fishing (below) that proved almost unending.

Catch snook, tarpon and bonefish all in one area? It's easy down in British Honduras, the country that raises...

BIG FISH FOR EAGER TOURISTS

BY PETER BARRETT,
TRUE's *Outdoors Editor*



Leaping snook (above) were abundant in the rivers, while out on the ocean flats bonefish (below) would take a twitching fly.

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

■ We sat in the deep, fragrant shade of a vine-hung tree, wolfing sandwiches and cold beer and watching the tarpon rolling in Spanish Creek.

"Any place this hard to reach has got to be dammed good," Emmett Gowen said, with a completely convinced tone to his voice.

It had taken two hours, with the twin 40-horsepower Evinrudes almost wide open, to ascend the brawling upper Belize River and narrow, twisting Black Creek to the weed-choked lagoon called Crooked Tree. Then an hour of poling and churning through muck so interwoven with vegetation it looked as solid as turf. At times Roy decided to jump out into the slop and push the boat past a bad spot. But at last we'd made it to this wild place in B.H., as the locals call British Honduras.

"Tarpon in here as long as this boat," remarked Roy, eyeing the 14-footer. "Tarpon with black flesh and scales as big as saucers." Young, bouncy Roy and a quiet, middle-aged fellow whom Emmett always addressed as "Mr. Collins" were B.H. men we'd picked up from the river bank en route. They were along to pilot us past the bad submerged rocks and find the tricky passage into Spanish Creek.

Just then a big tarpon rolled not 20 feet out from the boat. *Hot damn,* [*Continued on page* 90]

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The southernmost people of the world are the Yahgan Indians of bleak Tierra del Fuego. For years these seminaked canoe-nomads had to fish and hunt in the coldest seawater that humans have habitually endured anywhere. But Yahgan men found this no problem: they let the women do the swimming. A Yahgan husband crouched in the bow of the family canoe to spear seals and fish, while in the stern his wife paddled. At day's end, the wife paddled in to the beach, bow-on, so that her husband and children could step ashore. She then paddled out to a floating giant-kelp strand, moored the canoe and swam back to land in water that ranged from 40° to 50°. This procedure was necessary because Yahgan canoes were fragile shells of sewn Antarctic beech bark, lasting no more than a year, that couldn't stand hauling out or rough bumps. When rocks loomed ahead, the wife went overboard and swam forward, towing the canoe for safe passage. That wives got not even a pat on the head for this was accepted as normal. The central fact of domestic life among the Yahgans was that the women were taught to swim, the men were not. By not learning to swim, the men avoided the frigid dunkings to which the women seemed physically better adapted, and efficiently fulfilled their role as hunters and providers. *By F. E. Sandelius, Topeka, Kansas.*

Ladies' Day at the Turkish bath in larger American cities was a weekly institution that used to send titillating thoughts through the minds of our grandfathers, who could only imagine what one must look like. It also used to send titillating thoughts, five centuries ago, through the mind of a Turkish sultan, who did something about it. In a Constantinople bath, Mahmoud II made a private arrangement. On Ladies' Day, he sat concealed behind a latticed window looking down into the hall. The women entered, wearing the customary loose chemises supplied as bath garments—which had been gimmicked by having stitches removed and seams glued. In the humid heat, the glue dissolved, the chemises fell off . . . and the sultan was pleasantly entertained.

Cockfighting held an oddly honored place for centuries among English and Scottish schoolboy sports, for schoolmasters not only allowed it but supervised it. In 12th-century England, Shrove Tuesday had already become an annual field day. Pupils brought their best roosters to school and fought them during the forenoon under the eye of the teacher—who took for himself any chicken that ran away, and also pocketed a fee, the "cockpenny," from each boy; in the afternoon, they went out and played an ancient form of football. In Scotland contests were more frequent. As late as 1790, one poor rural teacher complained he had to depend on cockfight fees for a sizable part of his meager pay. School cockfighting was the junior branch of what amounted to Britain's national sport until it became illegal in 1847. *By Thomas Merchant, Peoria, Ill.*

The guillotine, perfected in 1792 to meet revolutionary France's need for mechanized beheadings, surprisingly became a success socially as well as lethally. While the real guillotine did its gruesome work, little guillotines appeared everywhere in a wave of patriotic fervor. Middle-class Parisian women wore gold and silver guillotines as pins, brooches or combs. Carved-ivory miniatures were admired as parlor ornaments. Toy guillotines provided fun for the kiddies. These playthings were actual working models scaled down to doll-beheading size. Most grisly of replicas, however, were those that became a fad in the houses of aristocrats, who were themselves guillotine-prone. To wind up a dinner party, the hostess would produce a little manikin made to represent Danton, Robespierre or some other radical leader, and with a toy guillotine disdainfully cut off his head. From the neck gushed red "blood"—actually, a tinted perfume—in which the ladies then dipped their lace handkerchiefs. When at last something between 2,000 and 4,000 heads had fallen in Paris, revulsion set in among the French citizenry against the gory instrument. Guillotine mementoes were destroyed or discarded, so that today practically none remains. *By William G. Hurley, Providence, R. I.*

The perfect gentleman of today dates back in ancestry 500 years to the "ideal knight," a figure acclaimed then in the epochal book of tales about King Arthur's Round Table entitled *Morte d'Arthur* by Sir Thomas Malory. Malory's ideal knight had the chivalrous virtues—including piety, valor, loyalty, courtesy, gentleness toward women—that are taught hopefully nowadays to every schoolboy as good behavior. Seldom divulged in classrooms, however, is the ironic fact that Malory himself as an English knight set a glaringly bad example. Old records show that Sir Thomas was arrested in 1451, hauled before the king, and confronted with a list of crimes. He had, it was charged, extorted money by threat from several persons, raided a monastery and looted its treasury, and had twice broken into the house of one Hugh Smyth and raped his wife Joan. Pleading not guilty, Malory was remanded to a sheriff's care, a year later was rearrested as a political rebel, and at his death in 1471 still was in jail—where he'd had leisure to write his book about virtuous knighthood.

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FLY HEAVY!

No more baggage blues. New domestic airline regulations let passengers carry more and pay less

Checking in on the luggage from left: Three-piece Silhouette set by Samsonite includes three-suiter case, $47.50, 24" companion bag, $34.50, and Jetpak, specialiy-designed case to fit under seat, $25. Shown open is a men's overnight bag, by Leeds Travelwear, $21.95. Belted, three-piece "zipper" set is by Harrison Leather Goods, available at Abercrombie & Fitch. The 29" bag is $58, the 26" bag, $50, the 24" one, $45. B-4 type zippered flight bag, $49.95, and coordinated Duo-Pak carry-on bag, $13, both by Leeds. Executive attache case in top grain cowhide with Corbin's Sesamee combination lock—features removable file and writing desk—is by the Leather Specialty Co., $45. Sponsor Trac-Master bowling bag (top right), with oversize twin zippers, is by Brunswick, $25. Other travel companions, in front from left: battery-powered portable mono tape recorder with "capstan" drive and self-contained carrying case, by General Electric,

BY RON BUTLER,
Men's Wear Editor
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

■ **Good news for travel addicts. Weight is no longer a factor in baggage allowances on almost all domestic flights, and here on these pages is a hefty sampling of the kind of luggage and personal possessions you can now tote along free of charge on your next jaunt around the country.**

According to a new Civil Aeronautics Board ruling—the first major change in free baggage allowances in nearly 30 years—passengers can now check two pieces of luggage without charge: one large piece not exceeding 62 inches in total dimension, and one medium-size piece not exceeding 55 inches. (Total dimension of a bag is determined by adding length, width and height.)

And you needn't go racing for a tape measure. Almost all luggage now available, except for trunks and some lady's giant Pullman bags, does not exceed the 62-inch maximum.

In addition, the new C.A.B. regulation allows for free carry-on luggage provided the pieces, if measured together, do not exceed a total of 45 inches and can be stored under the passenger's seat. Some **[Continued on page 66]**

$39.95. Chess set, designed by sculptor William McMahon, in lacquered wood box with folding top, by BroMahon Co., under $95. Automatic, portable, battery-operated "Sound Camera" tape recorder, Model F-88, by Concord, less than $80. Trac-master bowling ball, by Brunswick Corp., $29.95. Orbatron Olympic Dumbells: three lbs., white set of two, $5; eight lbs. red set of two, $8. by Diversified Products. Shown in open suitcase: fisherman's knit, all wool, high crew neck sweater, by Robert Bruce, about $16. Skyway wash and wear Dacron shirts by Manhattan, $8.95. Coachman saddle-stitch belt is by Miller Belts, Ltd., $5. Tiger Sweat aftershave lotion, by General Cosmetics, $3.50. Contour ties, by Damon, $5. Walnut cigar humidor, shown next to bowling bag, by Decatur Products, about $25. For local store outlets (specify item) write: Men's Wear Editor, True Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y., 10036.

FLY HEAVY!

[*Continued from page* 65]

bags, such as Samsonite's Jetpak shown in our opening photo, are already available especially for this purpose.

There are other dollar-saving benefits as well for the man who wants to fly heavy instead of skimpy. The excess-baggage rate has also been sharply reduced. Instead of paying up to 85 cents for every pound over the old 40-pound limit, you now pay only a piece price. The charge is $2 for each extra piece of luggage on a $25 ticket and goes up to $6 per piece on a ticket costing $200 or more.

The changes were spearheaded 18 months ago when American Airlines petitioned the C.A.B. for new baggage regulations based on more realistic, present-day air travel needs. Most airlines had switched to all jet fleets, at least on major runs, and with jets it's space not weight that comes at a premium. In fact, engineers have determined that if each passenger on one of today's jetliners checked aboard with two suitcases full of gold bricks and one full of lead fishing sinkers, the plane would still fly nicely.

Other airlines echoed American's request, and the new ruling was put into effect so smoothly six months ago that it raised only one question. Why wasn't it done sooner? The old 40-pound weight limit, adopted in 1938, was based roughly on the carrying power of DC-3 aircraft in general use at that time. When asked how the weight limit was determined in the first place, an Air Transport Association spokesman in Washington sheepishly admitted that 40 pounds was the amount of baggage stagecoach passengers could carry on Old West wagon routes.

What now? For one thing, the excuse is gone that enabled even impeccable dressers to show up at the airport carrying a piece of tattered canvas that sometimes split open, strewing laundry all over the terminal.

The trend now is away from the lightweight and flimsy. And the luggage industry, already blessed last year with repeal of federal excise taxes, is obliging with new styles of rough, tough and dependable bags.

By eliminating the need for baggage calorie counting, the new system also means swifter and more efficient check-in and luggage handling. Curbside check-in stations at many airports have become a reality. One airline, Braniff International, already has announced permanent baggage checks for its charge-card customers. The traveler is given a reusable plastic baggage check, and changes only the erasable flight number for each destination, thus completing his own check-in.

A few problems still remain in the overall conversion of the new baggage system. Some smaller prop-aircraft airlines are still bound to weight limitations. Although many have raised the free-baggage allowance from 40 to 50 pounds, the per-pound excess baggage charges still remain. This can cause a sudden pain in the pocketbook to passengers whose destination requires a combined jet and local prop flight. But even then, all things considered, the passenger who wants to pack everything he needs, is way ahead.

Pound-wise, just for the record, the new space instead of weight allowance on major airlines could mean as much as three or four times the old 40-pound limit, providing you chose to stuff your bags full of bowling balls, heavy metal chess sets, and barbells for traveling weight lifters. And providing, of course, you can lift them. **—Ron Butler**

BLACK DEATH IN THE SOUTHWEST

[*Continued from page* 33]

a colt for his seven children to ride. While it was not possible to establish the exact date of his visit, a circle was marked around this serene little mountain pasture and it became Area III.

There is no doubt when Amado Ortega was in Area IV. The date was June 23rd. He came in the morning, driving a small flock of sheep to graze on the buffalo grass which grows on the low hill where the Pecos National Monument is located. This is the site of the Cicuye Indian Pueblo, deserted since the year before George Washington began his first term as President of the United States. The landscape here is dominated by the roofless ruins of the Church of Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles de Porciuncula. Its mud-mortared stone walls rise 50 feet above the melted adobe outlines of the old pueblo and brood over its own decayed "convento." The site was surrounded with a barbed-wire fence, but sheep are not respecters of wire. They may have wandered under the fence and Ortega may have followed them. Perhaps he ate his lunch in the deep shade of the roofless transept, since June is the hottest month of the high country summer and elsewhere in Area IV shade is scarce.

When one sits in this shade with the worn stone against his back and the past spread before him, it is easy—almost natural—to think of death. The massive old church is dead, and the ruined pueblo in the sunlight outside. Violent death was once familiar here. To the Cicuye people it came almost every year off the great buffalo plains to the east in the form of Comanche raiding parties. To the Franciscan friars and monks, it came in 1680 in the form of a knotted calendar cord delivered by a Taos Indian runner. The cord told the Cicuye warrior clans that the date had been set for the pueblos to rise against the Spanish. When the last knot was untied, the priests were slain here, where the wind now pushes the tumbleweeds across the abandoned floor.

But young men are less likely to think of death, and Amado Ortega was just 38, and in such robust health that he had never visited a doctor. Amado Ortega would have had no reason to sense danger in the unusual silence. He would have had no reason for nervousness even if he had happened to know that in 1788 the Indians who had inhabited Cicuye for a thousand years had sickened and died by the hundreds, and that only 17 had escaped alive.

It is quite likely that there was nothing dangerous in the vicinity of the Cicuye ruins when Ortega was there with his sheep. It seems probable that this young man had been touched by death before June 23rd. It may have happened in one of the other three areas circled on the map, or perhaps Ortega had been many other places in the week of June 20th. No one would guess how important it would be to know exactly where Ortega had been, until the middle of July. Then it would be too late to ask him.

Amado Ortega died the night of June 29th in St. Vincent Hospital at Santa Fe. He died in a peculiar fashion, leaving a puzzled medical staff and a chest X ray described, with a vigor of language unusual in the medical profession, as "quite bizarre."

The story of his death, written while he was dying, reflects the bafflement of his doctors.

"This 38-year-old white male became very ill suddenly about five days ago. He noticed a feeling of a lump in the left chest. This hurt him to breathe, and hurt him to move his arms about. He tried to go back to work but felt ill and noticed pains in his knees. The day before yesterday he became very short of breath and was admitted to the hospital yesterday afternoon at which time he was started on digitalis (a powerful heart stimulant). Blood cultures were taken and he was placed in oxygen. His health has been very good up till now. He has worked in a sawmill. There is no history of diabetes in the family, or of tuberculosis."

A heart examination had revealed no clues. But the attending physicians noticed, and recorded, a strange symptom. Even though the dying man was under an oxygen tent, the doctors saw signs that his blood was starved for oxygen. They reported that his fingernail beds and lips had turned a dark-blue color.

To be exact, they were the color of the Black Death. Had a physician of the 14th century seen these signs he would have evacuated the city. Amado Ortega was dying of bubonic plague in its wildly infectious pneumonic form.

Almost two weeks passed before the cause of death was found. Examinations of the victim's blood did not reveal the

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"I decided I've punished you enough!"

fatal microorganism. Medical scientists then took tissue from his lungs, and placed this in a broth solution in which bacteria thrives. The next day a bacteriologist examined a drop of this broth through a powerful light-refracting microscope. He saw a cluster of tiny rods, dark at each end—microscopic members of the plant kingdom which science calls *Pastuerella pestis*. While *Pastuerella pestis* is one of the smallest of the family of bacilli, no organism has had a more terrible impact on the history of Western Civilization. And none, with the possible exception of cholera, has ever killed more humans.

Amado Ortega had died exactly as uncounted millions had died before him. A few of these plague bacilli had invaded his blood stream, probably through the bite of an infected flea. They had multiplied at an incredible pace, producing a poisonous toxin, causing a mild headache and chills, and then increasing fever and delerium as the toxin began destroying the walls of blood vessels, wrecking the tissue in glands and vital organs and leaking blood into the lungs. Early in his illness, doses of streptomycin and other modern antibiotic drugs would have given him a 90 percent chance of survival. Now it was too late. By killing the plague bacilli after it has multiplied through the body, the drugs would release a fatal flood of plague toxin. But at this stage, the bloody cough of the plague victim, the cough which sprays plague bacilli into the air to be inhaled by others, will not last long. Even in the Dark Ages, the physicians knew that those touched by the Black Death rarely had more than 120 hours to live.

The Scandinavians believed at that time that bubonic plague was the goddess Hel, an invisible hag who came with a broom and swept the countryside clean of life. Early Christian theologians saw it as the Wrath of God. It visited Europe during the Golden Age of Greece and again during the Crusades. It struck its most terrible blow in the middle years of the 14th century, when spice ships from the Orient brought *Pastuerella pestis* to the thriving Italian port of Genoa. The three ships docked in January, 1348. Historians estimate that within five years the population of Europe had been reduced as much as a third. A survey of its victims ordered by Pope Clement VI tallied more than 42,800,000 dead. Earlier, Norse sailors had found a wool ship from the British Isles drifting in the fog off Bergen harbor, manned by a crew of dead men. They boarded it, and wondered why only a few flea-bitten bilge rats remained alive, and then died themselves. But not before they brought the Black Death ashore, to sweep like a scythe up the Scandinavian peninsula and wipe out the Greenland settlements and the bands of wanderers who had been following Lief Erickson's path to explore the North American continent.

Whether or not *Pastuerella pestis* thus delayed European colonization of America until the time of Christopher Columbus, as some historians believe, it did shake European society to its roots. Plague epidemics flared and ebbed for five centuries. The toll included 90 percent of the citizens of London, all but 87,000 of the 210,000 residents of Vienna, and an estimated 99 percent of the inhabitants of Lorraine, Germany. Smolensk, which had been a thriving Southwest Russia trading center, was left a ghost city. Early chronicles report only five of its citizens survived.

Its last great outbreak had spread from Bombay across India, killing 9 million before it was checked in 1918. This same deadly pestilence was now abroad in northern New Mexico.

Within minutes after the laboratory bacteriologist identified the dreaded shape of *Pastuerella pestis* on his microscope slide, the news of the discovery reached a 35-year-old wildlife biologist named Bryan E. Miller. Miller had just returned to his Santa Fe office from a mosquito control project in the Rio Grande Valley when his telephone rang. The caller was Dr. Stanley Leland, director of the New Mexico Department of Public Health. He wasted no time on preliminaries.

"Bryan, we've got a bubonic plague fatality on our hands."

"Where?" Miller asked.

"From Pecos," Leland said.

"Where did he pick it up?"

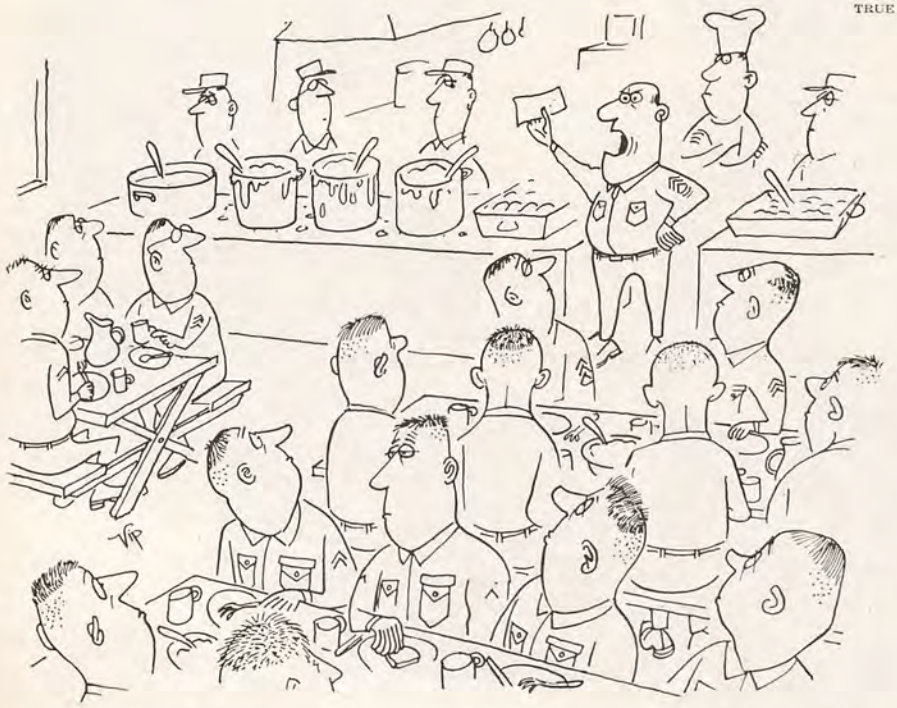
"You'll have to find the answer to that question," Leland said. "And in that country around Pecos I don't think it's going to be easy."

As Leland reported what was known about Amado Ortega and his death, Miller agreed the hunt he faced was not likely to be easy. The fact that it was now July 13th, two weeks since the death of Ortega and probably almost three weeks since his infection, meant it would likely be difficult to learn exactly where the victim had been in the period before he felt the first feverish symptoms of the disease. And it would be crucially important—perhaps literally a matter of life or death—to retrace Ortega's steps. Somewhere along them lay a reservoir of *Pastuerella pestis,* an infected colony of rodents which men in Miller's profession call a "plague foci."

To Miller, bubonic plague was an old and respected adversary. A World War II Navy veteran, he had taken a degree in wildlife biology at the University of Wyoming and had done graduate work there and at the University of California. But if his education had made him a biologist his profession, as chief of the Vector Control Service of the New Mexico health department, made him a hunter of the animals and insects which transmit disease to men. His quarries were the flies which spread intestinal ailments, the mosquitos which spread malaria or sleeping sickness and the wild rodents which help transmit diseases like Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, tularemia and bubonic plague.

Bubonic plague was first detected in New Mexico in 1938 when it caused a die-off of prairie rodents. Such epidemics among animals, called "epizootics," are now known to be a common factor in the life cycles of wildlife throughout the West. The first human case went into the records in 1949, quickly followed by four others. Miller, then a field man for the U.S. Public Health Service, was sent to New Mexico in 1950 and spent two years checking known "plague foci" points and searching for new ones. He found such spots of infection in 22 of the state's 32 counties.

The plague had then ebbed in New Mexico, as it has done in its mysterious fashion down through recorded history. Isolated cases cropped up in California, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and Utah but in New Mexico *Pastuerella pestis* seemed dormant until 1959. Then a 12-year-old girl living at Sandia Park in the mountains above Albuquerque was stricken



"All right, who's the comic who sent this 'compliments to the chef' note?"

ESCAPE TO RICHES
A TRUE Report on a Man Who Has it Made

HE LURED FISH AND FORTUNE

BY RICHARD S. SMITH

■ When Elwood "Buck" Perry was five years old, his father gave him a fishing rod. That same day he caught his first fish and says he hasn't really enjoyed doing anything else since. Today, thanks to a lure he developed several years ago, he fishes constantly and friends insist that the only time he's without a rod and reel is when he's asleep.

Back in 1950, Buck was teaching mechanical engineering at North Carolina State College and was probably the first teacher in history to play hooky more often than his students. The classroom was a big drag because his mind was always on fishing. What bothered him most was that, like most fishermen, he frequently got skunked. The big question of why fish bite one day and not the next began to obsess him. And having an analytical mind, he decided to research the whole thing scientifically.

Perry's father, a conservation agent, had at his disposal a stocked pond which Buck appropriated for experimenting. With a secondhand diving suit, he studied the fish on a fish eye level and discovered that bass over three pounds usually school up in a deep hole, or sanctuary, near a sandy bar. The bar serves as a migration route for the lunkers to move into the shallows to feed, after which they return to their hole. If a fisherman happens on the right spot at the right time, he may pull a few out. But to Buck this seemed too slapdash somehow. He wanted a sure thing—fish.

The answer seemed simple at first. Get a lure down deep where the big fish are and *make* them strike it even when they weren't hungry. Subsequent underwater observations taught Buck that fish strike out of pure meanness if a lure disturbs the bottom of their sanctuary. What he needed was a lure that would *stay* down and bump the bottom. He figured the only way he'd get one was to design it himself.

After months of testing, engineer Buck produced a metal lure that looked like a cross between a spoon and a plug, so Buck named it the "spoonplug." Standing on the shore of his father's pond, he cast out into the sanctuary and caught one fish after another, but he felt the real test had to be conducted in a public lake.

For this test, Buck designed several sizes of spoonplugs. By trolling them rapidly, he could make each lure "walk"

T. J. Schnitter

along the bottom at different depths. To make sure the plug did all the work, he went to a lake he had never fished before. Starting out about 20 feet from shore, he trolled his smallest lure at a depth of six feet. He found that he could tell by the vibration of his rod tip when he was passing over a bar.

On the first pass around the lake, nothing happened. The fish, therefore, were out deeper. Moving out another 20 feet, he hooked up the second in his spoonplug series. This time, as he was passing over a sandy bar, with his lure bumping bottom at 15 feet, he hooked a five-pound largemouth. After landing the fish, he went back to the same spot and caught 28 bass in 28 casts, all weighing over five pounds.

Convinced that he had a saleable product, Buck resigned his teaching job, much to his wife's dismay, and devoted full time to making spoonplugs in his garage. When he had enough in stock, he contacted jobbers and retailers, but they all turned him down. "Too ugly," they said. "No eye appeal." Buck tried the hard sell approach by taking some dealers fishing, but they still wouldn't buy. Even after catching eight lunker bass in half an hour, one dealer's excuse was, "We don't fish that way around here."

In disgust, Buck gave up and returned to teaching, but he didn't stop fishing. He got his limit consistently and took great delight in amazing other fishermen with his catches. Once, on a Virginia lake, Buck located a school of lunkers near some worm fishermen. Suddenly they noticed Buck's rod bent double and watched in awe while he reeled in a seven-pound bass. Then they almost fell out of their boat when he held the fish aloft, examined it contemptuously, and threw it back in the lake. With each succeeding cast he brought in another lunker, held it in the air, sneered, and tossed it back. After 10 straight bass, he hoisted anchor, and left the worm fishermen gazing at his back—goggle-eyed.

Buck's break came in 1957 in Minnesota. In a week's time he caught and released hundreds of walleyes, pike and bass. The Chamber of Commerce found out and asked him to leave Minnesota "in the interest of good sportsmanship." A fishing editor wrote a column about it and in a few weeks Buck was swamped with mail. Thousands of orders came in for spoonplugs, but he had only a few hundred in stock.

Again, he quit teaching and went into plug production. He also prepared a detailed booklet, with drawings, describing how to use his system on game fish. Within months, Buck was able to expand and employ some local help. Then he began touring the country and fishing with outdoor editors in so-called "fished out" lakes.

The writers all praised his system because Buck let them catch the fish. In one day of fishing in a notoriously fished out body of dirty water near Chicago, the editors landed boatloads of huge bass. Their articles resulted in the sale of 40,000 spoonplugs in one sporting goods store alone.

Today, at 49, Buck's got it made. His garage in Hickory, North Carolina, is now a modern factory. A crew of women manufacture spoonplugs while he leisurely tours the country demonstrating his foolproof system.

Buck won't reveal profits, but admits that "we try to move about 100,000 lures a year and usually sell many more." At an average price of a dollar apiece, he's reeling in more gelt than most college professors. As a result he's now living in a large house and keeps two late model automobiles in his garage—one for his wife and one for fishing jaunts. But more important to Buck is the chance he now has to spend most of his time doing what he likes best—making money at it is almost embarrassing.

with the plague and died enroute to a hospital. The following year two airmen stationed at Walker Air Force Base near Rosewell went rabbit hunting and found Black Death instead. Good luck, instant diagnosis and antibiotic drugs had saved both men. In these cases Miller had been able to exactly trace the whereabouts of the victims during the period of potential infection. This made the task of finding the source of the bacilli relatively simple. The name of Amado Ortega's home village and the date of his death were enough to tell Miller he would badly need this sort of luck again.

Even if the biologist had not been aware of the gruesome history of the plague, the site of the latest case and the season of the year combined to lend urgency to the hunt. Pecos, a village of 600 people, is built at the mouth of Pecos Canyon, the most popular gateway to the Pecos Wilderness Area. Upstream are hundreds of thousands of acres of mountains, virgin forests, lakes and trout streams. Uncounted thousands of fishermen, campers and picnickers funnel through the village each summer. Only six miles away to the west is Glorieta Baptist Assembly, which draws more thousands of summer visitors from throughout the South and West for religious training sessions. If the plague was causing a massive die-off of rodents in an area exposed to these visitors and their families the effects could be disastrous. Children love to chase chipmunks, Golden Mantle squirrels and other small mountain animals. Sick animals are easily caught, and they would be captured at the time when the fleas they carry were loaded with plague bacilli.

Exactly this had happened in an earlier case. A child had caught a dying prairie dog and, almost literally, was bitten to death by an infected flea. If the children of tourists were so infected they would likely be scattered at their homes across the land before the usual two-to-five-day incubation period of *Pastuerella pestis* ended and the first symptoms of the disease appeared. They would probably not be seen by northern New Mexico doctors, now alert to the presence of the plague. It is unlikely that a doctor who has not been alerted will guess right when he sees the early symptoms. They resemble those of a multitude of common and minor ailments.

But if a second guess is required it will probably come too late. *Pastuerella pestis* multiplies by division of its single cell into two parts, doubling its number each 20 minutes. At this rate, one rod becomes 128 billion rods in 12 hours. As these rods die, they produce their deadly toxin. Thus in the later stages of infection, killing the bacilli with drugs kills the victim with bacilli toxin.

Miller's mosquito control project could get along without him. He loaded 75 rodent traps into his car and hurried to Pecos with Eddie Rodriguez, a health department sanitarian, to hunt the cold trail of Amado Ortega. In his pocket he carried a package of antibiotic tablets, "just in case." Miller scoffs at any suggestion that his job involves hazards. A year earlier, a newspaper columnist learned that Miller and another biologist had checked the effectiveness of a sleeping sickness control project by touring the infected area with sleeves rolled up and inspecting the mosquitos which landed on their arms. Miller indignantly denied any heroics, arguing that the procedure was routine in his profession because it is a fast, reliable way to survey the insect population and determine if the public is safe. But one man had died of bubonic plague, and another would soon. Now, if Miller's hunt was successful, he would be trapping and handling plague-infected animals and he carried the plague antidote as "a simple precaution."

"But before you can trap," says Miller, "you have to talk." Since the man who could have told them everything was dead, Miller and Rodriguez interviewed his widow, the parish priest, friends, coworkers, everyone who might have some knowledge which would help retrace Ortega's movements of the week before his illness. From this pattern of questions, patiently repeated, the shape of Amado Ortega and his way of life began to emerge. He was a reticent man, who often rose early, saddled his horse and rode away, telling no one where he was going and never mentioning where he had been. When jobs could be found he took them, cutting timber for the sawmill or herding sheep for neighbors. When there were no jobs, he hunted in the mountains, returning at night with small game for the pot or fur pelts for the market.

While the questioning continued in the village, at the lumber camps and at the mountain cabins, Miller's traps were collecting samples of wildlife on the hillsides and canyons around the Ortega home. Examination of the animals taken told nothing, except that the animals were healthy. The answers to the questions told little more—only enough for Miller to mark out four areas where Oretga was known to have been. Day-long gaps left in the map of the victim's movements meant he might have been brushed by death almost anywhere in the vast territory New Mexicans call The Pecos Country. If Miller was lucky he would find the plague foci in one of the four mapped areas. If he wasn't, he would find it only by careful, methodical, process-of-elimination trapping of the entire district.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Miller set out his trap lines first in the two areas where Ortega's movements were best established—on El Barro Peak and around the Cicuye ruins. He and his assistant worked, as plague hunters always do, from dawn until after dark, pressed by the knowledge that the bacilli might even now be spreading in a chain reaction. This had happened in San Francisco in 1900, killing 113 of the 121 persons infected. It happened again in Oakland, California, in 1919, when a victim, infected with pneumonic plague by a squirrel flea, spread the bacilli with his cough before he died.

When you talk to Miller, you notice instantly that his eyes are blue because they contrast so vividly with a face burned a deep and permanent brown by years of sun and wind. When you watch him work, you notice that his eyes are trained, seeing the tiniest track of the mountain rodents and missing none of the almost invisible signs which animal life leaves behind it. Now Miller was hunting the traces of death, as well as life, because the broom of the Black Death still sometimes sweeps as clean as it did in medieval Scandinavia. He was finding almost nothing. There were none of the shriveled remains of fur and bone the plague would have left. Diligent trapping around the ruins produced only 11 live rodents and only a few more were caught on El Barro. All seemed healthy, and laboratory examinations proved them plague-free.

While Miller was narrowing the hunt, the second victim, a 38-year-old research geologist named Dr. Robert Johnson, was boarding an airliner at Santa Fe Municipal Airport for a return flight to his home in Massachusetts. On the web of skin between the thumb and first finger of his left hand he had noticed a tiny sore spot, the sort of sore Dr. Johnson might have shrugged off, with terrible irony, as just a flea bite. The date was July 22nd. Dr. Johnson had six days to live.

Had Dr. Johnson delayed his departure long enough for the inevitable fever to develop he might have been saved, since Santa Fe doctors at the moment were extremely plague-conscious. Massachusetts doctors had never in history had reason to be.

At his home near Boston, Johnson began suffering from a headache and a slight fever on July 27th. He complained of nausea later in the day and a physician called to examine him found his fever had risen to 102 degrees. The next morning he felt better. Then his fever rose again. By night his lungs were failing and he began coughing blood. An ambulance rushed him to a hospital. There his blood pressure dropped dramatically and he lost consciousness. X rays showed the same bizarre wreckage of lungs that had puzzled Amado Ortega's doctors and, as Doctor Johnson died, his physicians, too, noted the dark-blue discolorations of the Black Death. The plague had claimed its second victim exactly 30 days after it claimed its first.

The news that the plague had struck again rocked Miller. What disturbed him most was the information which accompanied the report. Doctor Johnson had

been working on an erosion research project just a few miles west of Santa Fe, a community of some 34,000 people, a community which at the moment was unusually vulnerable to a plague epidemic.

Miller left the hunt in the Pecos country and hurried to Santa Fe—only 18 air miles over the Sangre de Cristo Mountain range to the northwest but an hour's drive around the mountain by road. Here he was joined by important reinforcements. Frank Prince, chief of the San Francisco Field Station of the U. S. Public Health Service and a veteran plague hunter, arrived by plane. With him were Dr. Bruce Hudson and Biologist Al Kinney, both Health Service plague experts. The newcomers knew the details of the two deaths. Miller had only to report on the local situation. He told Prince that Doctor Johnson might have been infected just west of the city. Prince had an immediate question:

"How's the rat situation in Santa Fe?"

"No rats in Santa Fe," Miller said, "but we have something that may be worse. The town's full of prairie dogs. Colonies began moving into Santa Fe last year and now some of the residential districts are infested with them."

There was no need to explain the implications of this to his fellow biologists. Prairie dogs are notoriously susceptible to bubonic plague and their fleas are known to have spread the Black Death to humans. A few years earlier biologists in Colorado had a million of these animals wiped out when the plague swept through their colonies in the Middle Park country of the Rockies. This summer around Santa Fe prairie dogs were at the peak of one of their cycles of population explosion. Their underground towns thrived in the field adjoining Santa Fe's Second Street, beside the Little League baseball diamond in Ashbaugh Park, and all around the city. They had invaded lawns and garages in the Casa Alegre residential district, had been run over by cars and captured by children. If the bacilli which had killed Doctor Johnson reached the colonies of these animals west of the city, the disease would surely and rapidly spread into Santa Fe.

The Miller-Prince team moved immediately to a deserted ranch headquarters which Johnson had used as a base camp while studying the movement of soil particles in eroding arroyos. They found three empty residences, a barn and corral, two outdoor toilets and a storage shed. There were indications that Johnson had used one of the houses as his living quarters and evidence that rodents ranged freely in all of the buildings. The dried remains of several deer mice were found in one of the houses, dead for several months. Miller also found a large amount of bleached rabbit droppings and other sign that cottontails had been plentiful in the area the previous summer. Now neither rabbits, nor tracks, nor fresh pellets were to be found. Something had wiped out the rabbit population, and Miller knew rabbits are likely victims of *Pastuerella pestis*.

But as the search continued, hope that the source of the plague could be isolated here began to fade. Bones of last year's rabbits were found where they had been dragged into the nests of wood rats. Yet when the plague strikes, wood rats are normally the first to die. The fact that they were still plentiful—and in robust health—indicated a different disease had killed the rabbits. This conclusion was reinforced when Miller and Prince found that the area's kangaroo rats had been wiped out with the cottontails. This long-tailed rodent is resistant to bubonic plague.

While the traps were doing their work, interrogation of friends of the geologist turned up some interesting information. One remembered that Johnson had mentioned making a trip into the Pecos Wilderness Area. He might have entered this trackless 165,000 acre expanse from its Penasco Valley back door. But he was equally likely to have gone through the village of Pecos.

Miller and his associates turned their attention back to the Pecos country. The ranch and its environs were circled on the map, labeled Area V, and left for more intensive investigation later. Before the plague hunters could return, there would be an Area VI, but it would be miles away.

In the Pecos country, a detachment from Walter Reed Hospital in Washington joined the hunt. A makeshift laboratory was set up at the Pecos Fish Hatchery two miles upstream from the village to make preliminary examinations of the animals being snared in the spreading network of traps. The rainy season was now in full force in the high country, causing complications. By the end of June, thunderheads begin piling above the mountain peaks. At first they produce only the rumble of thunder, a bombardment of lightning and the state's annual forest fire season. But in late July and August, the clouds tower high into the stratosphere, form caps of ice crystals, and deluge the high slopes with torrential rain and hail. The rain made the back trails impassable for vehicles, swept away animal sign and made trapping difficult. The plague team was ready for a change in luck.

This came on the afternoon of August 5th. The telephone rang in the Pecos office of Dr. Leslie M. FitzGerald, the only physician serving the mountain country. Arnold Benson, president of the Pecos Power and Light Company, was calling from Cowles on the border of the Pecos Wilderness Area to report that one of his construction workers had suddenly become ill. The worker, Ignacio Padilla, was being rushed to the doctor's office—a distance of some 20 miles via the dirt road which winds out of the mountains down Pecos Canyon.

Doctor FitzGerald said in a subsequent report that "in view of the two previous plague cases in the past month in this same area, the thought of bubonic plague seemed to keep entering my mind even before the arrival of the patient." When

TRUE

"Heaven knows, you couldn't ask for much more in a court-appointed lawyer."

Padilla was brought in at 5:15 p.m., Doctor FitzGerald immediately looked for plague symptoms and immediately found them. On each side of the patient's groin typical examples of plague "bubos" had formed, already hard and discolored and the size of small walnuts. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, a physician brave enough to approach such a sufferer would have attempted to burn off these bubos with a hot iron. FitzGerald instead gave Mr. Padilla a massive gram and a half shot of streptomycin and four grams of sulfadiazine. He continued the treatment with these two drugs for 48 hours. By then, Mr. Padilla's fever had subsided, the swellings had disappeared, and laboratory examination of blood samples had disclosed that Doctor FitzGerald had guessed right and saved a life.

FitzGerald's fast action had also given the plague hunters their first break—a man who had been touched by *Pastuerella pestis* and was still alive to talk about it. Miller and his associates cross-examined Padilla. Exactly where had he been every hour of the past several days? He had been only at home and at work on Grass Mountain. Had he been bitten by any fleas? Not that he remembered. Had he seen any sick animals? No, but he remembered seeing two dead rodents of some sort. In fact, he had picked them up and dropped them in a hole dug for the base of a power line pole. They were now buried under the pole. Exactly where was this pole located? An X went on the map at the site. Here trapping operations would be immediately concentrated. The X was in easy range of Amado Ortega's horseback hunting trips. Doctor Johnson's path into the Pecos Wilderness Area might also have crossed it.

Grass Mountain rises to two miles above sea level in a massive ascending ridge between the canyons of Rio Valdez and the Pecos River. From the mountain, which takes its name from the broad meadows where elk herds feed, one can see open country only down the Pecos Valley to the south. In all other directions there are only timbered mountains. Its only vehicle access is a jeep trail which dead-ends at the boundary of the wilderness area. Along this trail are summer cabins, and the cabins were filled with vacationing couples and their children. Above the trail, Ignacio Padilla had been erecting utility poles. Miller and Prince set up a field laboratory here. They laid out their network of traps along animal runs, prayed that the thunderstorms building over the peaks around them would drift the other way, and combed the high meadows for the clues that *Pastuerella pestis* leaves—the bodies of its victims. They found almost nothing; only a deer mouse which proved to have died of an injury and a wisp of hair which might have been the remains of a predator's meal.

The rains kept their distance and the traps produced chipmunks, shrews, wood rats, whitefooted mice, deer mice, voles and Golden Mantle squirrels. All were infested with fleas, but all were apparently healthy.

The biologists performed field autopsies on the rodents they caught, saving fleas, spleens and blood samples and carefully recording the site where each was snared. If laboratory results were negative, each animal processed would at least slightly narrow the circle of the hunt, telling not where the plague was, but where it wasn't. The methodical work continued, and as it continued the fear grew that Miller's X on the map merely marked a bad guess, that the plague which struck Padilla and Ortega had struck elsewhere and might, by now, be striking others.

Then Miller removed the spleen from a Golden Mantle squirrel and noticed something which caught his interest. On the tiny internal organs, his trained eye detected an irregular pattern of dark spotting—the sort of darkening which might be caused by blood leaking into the tissue. He called Prince to the worktable.

"Take a look at this."

"It might be caused by tularemia," Prince said slowly, examining the spleen.

"It might be that, or it might be three or four other things," Miller said.

"And," said Prince, "it might be our bubonic plague."

"Looks like it," Miller agreed. "Let's get it to the laboratory and find out."

A similar pattern of dark splotches under the skin of dying men had for centuries been one of the trademarks of the Black Death. The plague hunters suspected that the Pecos country reservoir of bubonic plague had been found.

More than 70 additional ground squirrels were trapped while laboratory personnel tested culture produced from the spleen. Most of these, too, had this telltale spotting of internal organs. Word came back quickly from the laboratory. Culture injected into laboratory mice had killed the mice overnight. The mice had died of bubonic plague. There was no doubt now that the Grass Mountain ground squirrel clan was the host of the Black Death. The plague hunters breathed a silent sigh of relief.

The plague team's task now involved continued trapping to wipe out the infected population and the planting of baited DDT dusting boxes across the mountainside to eliminate the fleas and break the infection cycle in the event diseased animals were missed. But the X remained on Miller's plague map, marking now a spot of suspicion to be routinely inspected year after year.

Trapping continued in all other areas and throughout the Pecos country, with no other traces of *Pastuerella pestis* found. But west of Santa Fe, the plague hunters found colored rocks in the arroyo bottoms where Doctor Johnson had worked. They learned he used these paint-coded gravels to trace erosion movement in flash floods. The trappers used the same stones to trace Doctor Johnson, and finally found an infected family of white-footed mice, a family to be wiped out and an area to be decontaminated and watched.

The rainy season had ended now and the immense calm of autumn settled over the mountains. The aspens turned yellow on the high slopes and the snow came, ending trapping and sending the tiny rodents which die of bubonic plague, and sometimes carry it dormant in their bodies, into the winter-long sleep of hibernation.

When summer came again, the plague seemed to have vanished from the Sangre de Cristo mountains as mysteriously as it had come, thanks to the efforts of Miller and his associates. The New England Journal of Medicine published a technical report on the 1961 outbreak, reporting that bacilli of the Black Death had been found in 15 Western states and reminding physicians that bubonic plague "is still present, still as virulent as ever, and a threat with grave implications if it bursts its bounds. . . ." The year passed quietly, but when 1963 came a Navajo shepherd shot a rabbit in Arizona, and fed it to his sheep dogs, and died five days later of bubonic plague in a hospital at Gallup—200 miles west of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

Then, in the middle of 1965 the plague struck five more times in New Mexico. The victims, one of whom died, were Navajo children who had played near some flea-infested burrows of prairie dogs. Before the end of the year a boy of five in Viola, California, contracted—and recovered from—the plague after playing with chipmunks and squirrels in his backyard.

Throughout the West, Miller and men of his profession watch the old plague foci, exterminate rodents in newly infected areas and constantly scout for evidence to help science erase the odd killing cycle of *Pastuerella pestis.*

And in the schoolyard at Pecos, and elsewhere where the younger children play the older games, the voices at recess still sing *Ring Around the Rosy* almost as the children sang it in the Middle Ages, when the game was new.

The words in the 14th century were only a little different:

"Ring around the roses,
Pockets full of posies,
Ka-choo! Ka-choo!
We all fall down."

Today the children do not know that a ring of rosemary blossoms and a pocket full of the aromatic petals was another of the desperate, hopeless prescriptions for warding off the Black Death. Now they substitute the words, "Ashes, Ashes," for the bloody cough of bubonic plague in the third line, and the macabre cynicism is missing when they sing, "We all fall down."

But the Black Death is still in the mountains. **—Tony Hillerman**

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

HELL IN THE HIGHLANDS

[*Continued from page* 56]

helicopters. Out stepped a mess sergeant and breakfast was served—hot cakes and syrup with salty sausages and coffee.

Elsewhere, last-minute checks of equipment were underway. Artillery units were particularly concerned, making sure that their 105-mm howitzers were well secured inside the big Chinook helicopters. Then at 6 a.m., as the first red glare of day brightened the eastern mountains, GI's throughout the area could be seen tossing their paper plates and cups into trash wagons, wiping their mouths, buckling on web belts, packs and grenades. Turbine engines of the Chinooks and smaller UH-1 helicopters howled. It was morning. The assault was on. Another day of war was beginning in Viet Nam.

The streams of helicopters moved in columns up the valley floor, skimming along only 20 feet or so above the ground as they moved towards advanced landing zones. Although herds of cattle stampeded away from the helicopters, there were no signs of people below. But they were there somewhere for bullets wanged through the aluminum skins of several of the helicopters. Undeterred, the choppers kept going.

Finally, the columns of helicopters wheeled into landing zones and settled down on the dusty valley floor. In seconds, thousands of men had disembarked and howitzers were set up ready to fire. There had been no enemy resistance.

Then the action shifted to the skies. "Look, it's the B-52's," someone yelled. "Hope they hit what they're supposed to and not us."

At 20,000 feet the morning sun glinted from the swept wings of the huge, eight-jet bombers that had flown halfway across the Pacific Ocean from Guam during the night. They soared overhead in flights of three, moved over the mountain peaks just ahead and curved away.

And then the whole line of mountain peaks lifted up in billowing orange flame and gray smoke that soared thousands of feet in the air. The sticks of 750-pound bombs were landing right on the suspected Viet Cong mountain positions. Five or six seconds later the shock wave and sound blast of hundreds of mammoth explosions reached the valley floor, and soldiers who had just left helicopters stood gaping at the awesome fireworks display.

From the thatched huts of a little hamlet where C Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Cav had landed, 50 women and children ran screaming. The shattering noise of the bombing had thrown the villagers into hysterics, and some clutched desperately at the GI's.

But there were no men in the outpouring. This was a Viet Cong hamlet, and the men had all gone off into the mountains, either to fight or to escape capture.

C Company began digging in and setting up its mortars, preparing for a fight. The women and children were gathered up and told to wait along a rice paddy dike.

Next to the huts and under the scrubby trees, hundreds of Viet Cong spider holes pocked the hard ground. Each hole was dug to a depth of about five feet, angled inward, and was partly covered with palm leaf camouflage. The hard ground between the holes was studded with thousands of dagger-sharp bamboo stakes, imbedded so as to drive through the foot or ankle of a running man.

Five GI's already were moaning, their ankles pierced by the devilish, fire-hardened stakes. Angry fellow soldiers charged through the hamlet firing bursts from their M-16s into each of the spider holes. The soldiers were worried about more than spikes. In the past 24 hours a dozen GI's had been shot by snipers concealed in holes just like these, and it wasn't the time to take chances.

But the Viet Cong were not there now. On trees and the sides of huts the words, *My Do Bo* ("The Americans are landing") had been chalked everywhere by fleeing guerrillas as a warning for others to leave.

All but one of the holes was empty. That hole contained a woman. She was alive and wailing when the GI's pulled her out of the hole. The blood pouring from the hole in her chest was all over the face of the baby she had been nursing when she was hit.

Second Lt. Paul Buonaccorsi from New York City, summoned a medic, Pfc John Nowicki of Brooklyn, to help the woman. Nowicki cradled the sobbing woman as he gave her an injection of morphine and put a pressure dressing over her wound. Sweat poured down the young soldier's face as he found himself in war trying to save a woman's life.

"I don't think it went through her lung. I think she has a chance," Nowicki said.

A few miles away, Capt. Ed Boyt of Dexter, Missouri, now was moving C Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, through another mountain passage, ironically named by the GI's, "Happy Valley."

Blue painted signs reading, "Down with U.S. aggressors," adorned most of the huts and buildings in Happy Valley. Next to some of the signs GI's already had chalked up signs of their own. "Go, U.S. Army," their version read, but no one got much fun out of them. A good many Americans had been wounded in accidents and by snipers and mines, and some Vietnamese civilians had been killed. And this time, again, without real battle.

Yet the First Cavalry had advanced once more in the VC mountain stronghold. Military experts were calling the continuing penetration of the highlands along Route 19 one of the most favorable developments of the war.

Now it was late morning and sweating, tired soldiers were peeling off the tops of C-ration cans and taking swigs of warm foul-smelling water from their canteens.

"Okay, let's settle down," Captain Boyt radioed his platoon leaders. "We might be in this hamlet a while. Get everything in place, including the Claymore directional mines and machine guns. There's a war on, in case you'd forgotten."

No one had forgotten. The bursts of battle were over. Soon the helicopters would be lined up and the waiting and the wonder in this strange war would begin again. **—Malcolm W. Browne**

TRUE

"I call it a watch band!"

SETTING A 100-PROOF TRAP

[*Continued from page* 41]

trying to buy a piddling 40 gallons of moonshine to trap some two-bit crook.

But West forgot his bitterness a few minutes later when the truck reached a clearing. Pulling up amid a collection of wooden barrels and cans, he looked around a few moments, then whispered, "All right, Forman, make it good."

The informer climbed out, weaved to the front of the truck and balanced delicately, hands on hips. "Hey, Jake," he called. "It's me, Forman."

Leaves rustled and a man appeared from behind a tree. He wore overalls and gripped a shotgun. Slowly he paced up to Forman, looked full at him and nodded. "Who's that?" he asked, waving the gun at West.

"That there's Wesley. He wants some 'shine."

Jake, fingering the trigger, sauntered over to the undercover man and shoved his face up close. "I never seen you here before."

West could feel his skin prickle, and for just an instant he wondered whether this job was going to flop before he really got started. But he stared back at Jake and in his own breed of Tennessee drawl offered, "I never been here before."

Then West went on the offensive. Leaning forward so his nose forced Jake back, he said, "I'm lookin' for 'shine. You want to sell it, fine. If not, I'm goin' where they do."

At that moment Forman leaped to intervene. "Jake," he said, "this here boy's all right. He and me was laid off at the shipyard. He wants to make a few bucks selling whisky."

Jake shrugged. "How much you want?"

"Forty, fifty gallon."

"You got money?"

"I got money."

The bills were counted, and 10 five-gallon tins of moonshine went into the back of the truck. West turned it around and bumped back through the woods.

He had made only a small buy, yet if his luck held, that shotgun-toting moonshiner would lead him to the big boss—William Raiford Parmenter. Fat, 40, smart and ruthless, Parmenter had been kingpin of the north Florida bootleg operation since God knows when. In the last three years alone, his outfit had produced a minimum of 400,000 gallons of illegal whisky. It was shipped south and sold to a distributor who peddled this "white lightning" for a buck and a half a quart. The operation was grossing roughly a million dollars a year—and Uncle Sam was losing close to that amount in liquor taxes.

Federal agents had used direct action to try stopping Parmenter. His stills were smashed and his trucks nabbed, but he kept the liquor flowing—by buying from two-bit moonshiners like Jake Harlan while his own stills were built anew elsewhere. Yet for all their work, the agents had never got a shred of evidence on the boss. He was too cagey to be caught near a still or close to a drop of 'shine. It was time for another approach—an undercover agent.

Jim West was tagged for the role. West was an ex-Chattanooga police lieutenant turned "revenoor." In previous undercover assignments he had had no trouble acting his part—and even enjoyed the kicks of living dangerously. But going after Parmenter was as appealing as playing target for a firing squad. Moonshiners shoot revenue agents for pure joy. Since World War II, they had murdered 26 federal and state agents, nine government witnesses and 14 informers. West knew Parmenter would add him to the list without hesitation.

Later, as the assignment shaped up, he had liked it even less. First there was his cover. He was supposed to have been laid off from a Jacksonville shipyard. To back the story, a personnel record for him had been phonied up at the yard. That was fine—as long as a Parmenter man didn't check too closely.

Then there was Forman. What was to keep this drunk from blabbing—and getting both himself and West killed off?

In the panel truck, now bucketing down the highway, Forman subsided into the corner of his seat with a whistling snore. And West, who had a wife, three kids and a fondness for living, was uneasy.

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An issue packed full of solid, meaty reading entertainment

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Yet, though West was aware of the obvious risks he had taken on, he had no idea that an event which had occurred three years before and 300 miles away would greatly magnify his danger.

In Palm Beach, at about 1 a.m. on June 15, 1955, two men had broken into the waterfront home of Judge C. E. Chillingworth, 58, and his wife Marjorie, 55. The two invaders—George "Bobby" Lincoln, a hulking bruiser of a man with a scarred, pockmarked face, and Floyd "Lucky" Holzapfel, University of Oklahoma graduate, once a college debater, now a sadistic ex-con—forced the Chillingworths into a speedboat, took them four miles out to sea and drowned them.

When Jim West began his undercover assignment, the disappearance of the Chillingworths was still a mystery. No one but the murderers, and the man who had hired them, knew that the judge had been killed—or that he had been threatening to expose Palm Beach's racketeers and bootleggers. One of those bootleggers was Parmenter's southern distributor. Agent West was about to walk into a pit housing several kinds of snakes, all deadly.

This night in 1958, long after the murders, West had taken his first step with the buy of illegal brew. It sloshed behind him as he pulled up at a Jacksonville corner to drop off Forman. Then West drove on to the home of Warren J. McConnell, assistant agent-in-charge of the local Alcohol Tax Office. In McConnell's garage the two men unloaded the moonshine and dumped all but enough for evidence.

For weeks after that, West's progress was zero. Parmenter was too cautious to get involved with someone he didn't know. Besides, he was a big operator. Why should he want to deal with a two-bit customer? That left West making small buys from one-still moonshiners, while hoping for a lead to Parmenter.

By the end of May, 1958, after two months of just becoming a familiar character around the moonshine circuit, West learned that a man named Wade Nolan had a large stash of whisky to sell. West's eyes brightened. Twenty years before, agents had got Nolan for operating a still. That was the only time. Too smart to be caught again, he was known as the "swamp fox" in tribute to his wiliness.

West, eager for evidence on at least a medium-sized bootlegger, told Forman to get ready for an assignment.

Forman shook his head. "Can't."

"Why not?"

"Nolan ain't gonna mess with a small fry like you. He's not goin' near his stash unless he sells at least 300 gallons. You gonna buy that much?"

West thought a minute. There were angles. "Parmenter needs whisky, doesn't he? His stills are all busted up, and he's buying where he can, right?"

Forman nodded.

"Okay, let's go over to Parmenter's house. You tell him Nolan's got this big stash. Tell him you and me can only take 50 to 75 gallons. Ask him if he wants the rest."

The informer backed away as though he was being handed a rattlesnake. "Parmenter—he wouldn't buy that story."

"He might say yes."

Forman dripped distress. "Okay, but lemme have a drink."

West waited in the truck while Forman went into Parmenter's rambling suburban home, where he lived with his wife and son. A few minutes later both men came out on the front porch and talked. From their glances, West figured he was being discussed and he began to get prickly.

Moments later, the informer came back. "Parmenter said okay. But he wants me to go with him. We'll meet you at the Paxton Shopping Center at 1 a.m."

West was waiting in the shopping-center lot when Parmenter pulled up with Forman in a new Lincoln. He followed them out of town, where they were joined by a man driving a 1952 green Hudson. The three cars went

several miles southwest of Jacksonville to Nolan's house. The men got out, but West, trying to appear disinterested, lingered beside the truck a moment before coming up to the others. There, quite casually, he said hello to Parmenter.

West also met the driver of the Hudson, Lew Gene Harvey, a skinny friendly kid about 20. Soon Nolan rolled in with the whisky. Parmenter paid for 250 gallons, then hopped into his Lincoln and scooted back to the main road. West bought 75 gallons and left.

During the next few weeks the agent slowly enlarged his beachhead with Parmenter, creating opportunities to go to his house, to talk, to wait around. He didn't ask questions. He didn't snoop.

West also cultivated Harvey as the boy returned from whisky runs. Sooner or later, West figured, Harvey would lead him to the distributor in the south. A chance opened up when the driver told him a can had spilled as he went through Vero Beach. "Fortunately," the kid said, "there wasn't no cops around who could smell."

"What time was it?"

"About 11 in the morning."

West shook his head at Harvey's luck —and his own. Thanks to a faulty can, he now knew time and route of the runs south.

When he learned the date of Harvey's next trip, West had agents waiting at Vero Beach. Following West's instructions, they chased and blocked off the Hudson, so that the kid had to jump out and run. They trailed him awhile to make the pursuit look good, and let him get away. Then they hid the Hudson.

The day after, West made a point of visiting Parmenter. "I'm worried about that boy Harvey," the fat man said. "A man called and said he never showed up."

"A man"—that was as close as Parmenter had ever come to identifying the distributor in the south.

The next day West was again handy to Parmenter's house.

The operator was now really upset. He paced the floor and sweated great stains on his shirt. "A man called and said the boy lost the load. The man put him on the bus. He's due in at 10 o'clock." Parmenter looked at West. "I'm afraid the feds will follow him and spot me. But they won't know you. Will you pick him up?"

Indeed West would.

That night Harvey related to his boss the story of his big trouble. As Parmenter listened, his eyes bored into the kid like drill bits.

After Harvey left, Parmenter's mouth turned down. "That boy's lying," he said. "He stole that load and sold it."

West seemed surprised. "How you know?"

"A man called. He checked with some people. No car and no whisky been seized in a month. That boy's lying." Parmenter, looking like an obese Buddha, sat back in his chair deep in thought, then he brightened. "I like you, Wesley. I want you to go to work for me. You make the next run."

"Sure, Bill," West said with proper willingness, "anything you say. Only I don't know the way so good. Let Harvey go with me one time."

"Okay. And maybe you can get out of him what he did with my liquor and car."

West's trip with Harvey was uneventful. Using a 1952 Chrysler, they picked up a 25-gallon load in St. George, Georgia, and drove straight to West Palm Beach. Stopping near the bay, Harvey stepped into a phone booth and dialed a number. "The merchandise is here," he said. That was all.

Soon a wiry Negro appeared, got into the Chrysler, and drove off without them.

Harvey guided West to a nearby hotel, where they got a night's sleep. In the morning they walked three blocks to a car parked across from an ice-cream parlor. There were two men in front. West and Harvey got in back.

The passenger turned and eyed the agent point-blank. West almost gasped, for this pockmarked countenance was perhaps the evilest face he had ever seen. A gun bulged ominously under an armpit.

"I'm the man down here and don't forget it," he said in a flat drawl. "I been in jail once, and I don't aim to go again. I want you to know we got ways of handling people here."

There was silence as the import of the statement sank through. Then West was handed a sack of money for Parmenter, and he and the kid climbed out. As Harvey was leading him to the unloaded Chrysler, around the corner, West asked, "Who's that?"

"Him?" said Harvey. "He's George Lincoln, but everybody calls him Bobby."

"Bobby Lincoln." The agent savored the name. So this was Parmenter's distributor in the south.

Parmenter asked West twice more to make runs, but each time the supply of whisky failed. Then West was called to North Carolina as a witness at trials of moonshiners he had previously caught there. A second week was lost testifying in Atlanta.

When he returned to the Alcohol Tax Office in Jacksonville, the agent-in-charge, C. D. Norman, had news for him. "The word is around that Parmenter knows you're a federal agent."

Somebody had talked. Somebody had done a job checking out that shipyard cover. Whatever had happened, West knew that a perfectly good case had blown up in his face.

Suddenly he was alive again with an idea. "Wait a minute," he said. "There's still a chance—let me talk to Parmenter at his house. He isn't going to have me knocked off there."

"Want to bet?" Norman asked quietly.

West hesitated. "Okay, if I'm not back in two hours, take him."

West's first move was to pick up Forman. He needed someone—even this drunk—to back him up. Miraculously, the informer was half sober, and—when he heard the agent's idea—dumbfounded.

"You're crazy," Forman said. "You're in trouble, big trouble."

West was impatient. "I haven't got time to argue. Get it through your pickled head—if I'm in trouble, so are you." He pushed the informer out the door. "Just go along with what I say."

It was late afternoon on this muggy July day when West parked in front of Parmenter's house and started up the walk. Forman ambled beside him.

Parmenter, naked to the waist, met them at the door, surprise and anger on his face.

West spoke first—and in his best cop's voice: "All right, Parmenter. Put your coat on and let's go."

The bootlegger's jaw dropped—and Forman reeled as if about to pass out. West stood solid for a moment, then broke into a wide grin. "What's all this nonsense about my being a federal man?"

Parmenter was still shaken, but he waved the two into his house. "I got my information straight," he said. "I hired a detective to check. You lied to me, Wesley—you're a revenoor."

West was as earnest as a bum in a

TRUE

"Oh, nothing much. Fred and I decided to stay at my place and just look at good old Guy Lombardo."

breadline. "Man, you are batty. When did I lie?"

Parmenter had been waiting for the question. He pounced. "You lied about the shipyard, Wesley. You said you'd been there a year. You only been there a few months."

West laughed and waved his hand in disdain. Actually, he was begging time to think. The question was, how thorough was Parmenter's detective? "Bill," he said, still chuckling, "you mean to tell me that's why you think I'm a federal man? Sure, I only been at the yard a few months—this time. But I worked there before and was laid off. Altogether I been there more'n a year. Did your detective tell you that?"

Parmenter's pig eyes bored into him, then blinked. West knew he'd won. Parmenter had no answer to that argument, so the agent let him have another. "Bill, see that car?" West pointed to his '57 Ford—which belonged to Uncle Sam. "I just traded my truck for it. That's the best car I ever owned, and I aim to keep it. You're not going to stop me with this revenoor nonsense."

Now West moved in with his biggest armament. "There's one thing more. If I was a federal man, you wouldn't be here. I'd have enough on you to . . . . "

Parmenter's massive flesh quivered. "I'd get natural life." His tone was heavy. "I been thinking about that. You did come back. You wouldn't have if you was a revenoor." He looked squarely at West. "If you are one, Wesley, I'd have to kill you."

To West the tension was starting to ease—but the bootlegger wasn't quite through. "Hold out your hand," he ordered roughly.

The menace in the tone startled West. "Why?"

"I figure if it shakes, you're a federal man."

West didn't dare think. He thrust his hand, spread-fingered, in front of Parmenter's nose.

The big operator eyed the hand carefully. Then the pig eyes brightened. "I knew you wasn't no revenoor."

For one moment West was sick in the gut, and in the next he was laughing uproariously. Forman had delivered the most brilliant line of his whole sodden life: "Bill, don't ask me to do that. You know I shakes all the time."

West hung around Jacksonville another couple of months gaining backup evidence on Parmenter and enough to convict a number of secondary backwoods distillers. On September 11, he briefed 45 federal and state alcohol tax agents. For hours he talked about the moonshiners, where they lived, where their stills were, who would fight and who would run—the whole mine of information he had accumulated in months of risking an underworld firing squad.

The next night, 17 teams of agents swooped down in the biggest simultaneous raids in Florida history. Still after still was smashed, and moonshiners who had thought they were known only to Parmenter and that new fella Wesley were herded into cars.

West missed the active fun. He was kept in Jacksonville to identify the more than 60 suspects who were brought in. One of them was Bobby Lincoln, the distributor in the south.

About 1:30 a.m. Parmenter arrived, under federal escort. He saw West and grinned, as to a fellow malefactor. Then he spotted the gun at the agent's belt, and the grin faded.

"What say, Bill?" West greeted him, a big smile on his own face.

Parmenter turned red, his eyes narrowing to slits. But he played it straight. "How come you know my name so good?"

All the bootleggers were shortly released on bail, including Gene Harvey. As the curly-haired boy prepared to leave, West said to him, "Some of these guys think you informed on them. You didn't, but there isn't any way to convince them."

"I know."

"You stay out of trouble. Don't let them talk you into making another run."

The kid nodded solemnly. "I just got married. I got a lot to live for."

Not long afterward, Harvey received a call from Lucky Holzapfel, whom the kid knew as an associate of Parmenter's southern distributor, Bobby Lincoln.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Holzapfel asked him to come down to West Palm Beach for a conference. Ignoring West's advice, Harvey agreed. Holzapfel picked him up in Jacksonville. When they arrived at Palm Beach, Lincoln joined them and the three drove out to the damp, dismal everglade country behind the town. They got out near a creek. It was time for the talk.

Lincoln accused Harvey of tipping off the federal men. Harvey denied the charge. Lincoln insisted. Harvey swore he had nothing to do with the arrests. The two shouted at each other. But Holzapfel, the former debater, won the argument. He flipped out a gun, held it against Harvey's head, and pulled the trigger.

The body was weighted with a concrete block and tossed into the creek. Two months later the body came to the surface—and West had the uncomfortable knowledge he was the only man alive who could link Parmenter and Lincoln together.

The agent was now back with his family in Atlanta, but the news from Florida was hardly relaxing. "We hear you are as good as dead," the Jacksonville office told him. "An informant spilled to us that a gunman has been hired to kill you before the trial. In fact, he is supposed to have been a spectator at the preliminary hearing just so he could identify you?"

"What's his name?" West asked.

"Holzapfel."

The agent shook his head.Until that moment, he had never heard the name.

The danger was genuine—not only to West but to his family. He ordered his oldest son, who looked remarkably like him, never to answer the door. This Holzapfel just might make a mistake. West took to carrying his gun constantly, and he made a habit of looking under the hood of his car before starting it.

When the time came for the bootlegging trial of Parmenter and Lincoln in Jacksonville, West returned there and put up in a hotel. He was in his room that afternoon when a knock sounded at the door. "Who's there?" he called.

"Would you mind letting me in?" The voice was an educated one. "I had this room just before you. I think I left something in it."

West reached for the door handle, then stopped. Holzapfel? His hand found his gun. "There's nothing here," he said. The voice insisted once more, but in a few minutes West heard steps going away.

When he opened the door later, he saw how simple it would have been for someone to have killed him. Just shoot, dash a few steps to a fire escape and vanish.

The trial was held, and West testified. Lincoln and Parmenter each got four years. While they were serving the sentences, the most incredible part of this story occurred.

The State of Florida did some undercover work itself during the next couple of years after Lincoln's arrest. Focusing on Holzapfel, the cops bore down, and finally, drunk in a motel room, he tearfully gave the details of the Chillingworth murders. Every word of his statement was recorded.

Holzapfel's slurred confession asserted that ex-Municipal Judge Joseph A. Peel Jr., of Palm Beach, had ordered Judge Chillingworth killed because the latter intended to expose Peel's activities in the rackets. Since she would have been a witness to murder, it had been necessary to eliminate Mrs. Chillingworth, too.

Without a body, the state's case against Peel and Holzapfel was weak. To strengthen it, Bobby Lincoln, anxious to gain immunity against prosecution for three murders, was allowed to turn state's evidence. In the face of this proof, Holzapfel caved in and blubbered like a baby on the stand. "People like us ain't fit to live," he wailed. "We should be stamped out like cockroaches."

In the spring of 1961, Peel got the first of two life terms, and Holzapfel was sentenced to be electrocuted, an action which has been delayed pending appeals.

Lincoln served the time West stuck him with for bootlegging. Now he's a rare individual: he's walking around free today despite his confessing to three cold-blooded murders.

But tough as he surely is, Bobby Lincoln gives every indication of not wanting to tangle again with Jim West, the man who was tougher. **—Robert A. Liston**

PAYDAY FOR A RUNAWAY TIGER

[*Continued from page* 53]

Carmody at the IWW Hall [Industrial Workers of the World] and asking him to put the Tiger on his Tuesday card? You can dig up an opponent for him, can't you?"

"I could get Battling Bunker for him," I said. "I think Carmody would go for that."

"That will be great. What do you think you can get for the Tiger?"

"I can get him 400 at least. Maybe five. I'll tell Carmody that Jack London will also be on hand and that he will deliver a very fine speech extolling the principles of labor and also provide the free lunch and nine kegs of beer and work the Tiger's corner."

"You sonofabitch, you'll have the police on me."

"It'll sell the joint out."

"I ain't going to come on after the dancing girls."

"I'll have Carmody put you on right after the beer and the lunch."

Back home, I called the Wobbly Hall, got Carmody on the wire and made the Manila Tiger–Battling Bunker match. When I told him that Jack London would be on hand and provide the beer and free lunch and also deliver one of his very fine speeches extolling the cause of labor and the I.W.W., Carmody went practically out of his mind.

The Tiger was in top shape and ready to go. He was a terrific puncher, blocking and punching and always moving in. He had a walkaway and a double hook that was a killer. London and I boxed two rounds apiece with him that afternoon. I had a gym fixed up in an abandoned schoolhouse.

The announcement that the Manila Tiger was fighting Battling Bunker at the Wobbly Hall that coming Tuesday, hit Every newspaper in the Northwest. The weigh-in had been at noon and at 7 p.m., the hall was jammed with members and fans.

At 10 p.m., Carmody rapped on the door of the Tiger's dressing room and called out, "Ready for the main event." Jack, the Tiger, and I went to the ring.

The referee called the two fighters and managers to the center of the ring for instructions. The fighters shook hands, returned to their respective corners. I lifted the towels and robes from the Tiger's shoulders and he put his hand out to Jack and me and we shook hands. Then the bell hit.

The Tiger turned, came out of the corner, moving to the right. Battling Bunker moved with him, threw a big overhand right that went over the Tiger's shoulder. The Tiger shoved Bunker away, dropped a left into Bunker's belly, hooked a left up to his chin, a hard short right to the chin, followed by another wicked hook and Bunker went down with a crash.

At nine, Bunker came up. The Manila Tiger was right in front of him, as the rules allowed in those days. The Tiger let go with the same combination, left to the belly, left hook to the head, a terrific right to the head, followed by a hook and Battling Bunker was falling. He hit the canvas face down.

The referee tolled out a slow 10, then held up the Manila Tiger's hand, with the crowd going crazy. Bunker had never before been stopped.

The Tiger showered and dressed, then the three of us went back out into the hall. Numerous kegs of beer had been opened and a big free lunch of beef and cheese sandwiches, pig knuckles with sauerkraut, smoked salmon, set up for one and all. We ate and then came the chanting roar, "London! London! We want London!" It seemed that everyone in the great crowd joined into it. Carmody, standing on the apron, held the ropes apart and London leaped into the ring, holding his clasped hands above his head in a fighter's greeting.

Carmody then made the introduction. "Fellow members, ladies and gentlemen. It gives me deep pleasure to bring to you, this evening, not only a celebrated personality, but the greatest fighter for the cause of labor in the world today. I give you Jack London."

A second roar went up.

Jack London delivered a speech and a very great speech it was indeed. He lambasted the capitalists, the Army and the Navy and the National Guard, the police force, the politicians, the British, the Germans, the Japs and the Russians. He gave a big hand to the Wobbly cause, to the loggers, sawmill workers, farm workers, sailors, firemen, all the downtrodden who were struggling for a toe hold in unionization. The IWW—Industrial Workers of the World—the One Big Union, was the answer, London said.

Taking five $100 bills from his pocket, he placed them in the center of the ring, suggesting that a little additional paper and silver would help along the cause. A shower of silver and paper hit the ring, and workers filled two paper cartons with money for the Wobblies.

Jack called the bar downstairs for more beer and there were many more fine speeches and Jack shook hands with everyone in the place. It was 2 a.m. before Jack and the Tiger and I left the Hall and got a water taxi to Mercer Island.

I planned to use the Tiger on my own card on a forthcoming Friday.

"Can you dig up an opponent?" London asked.

"I've already called Soldier Dawson. He's a big guy. He's six feet eight and weighs 290."

"How many fights he had?"

"Twenty eight. He fought Luther McCarthy and also Victor McLaglen in Canada."

"How about it, Tiger?" London asked.

"You know that old one about the bigger they are?"

London turned to me. "How much you giving the Tiger on your card?"

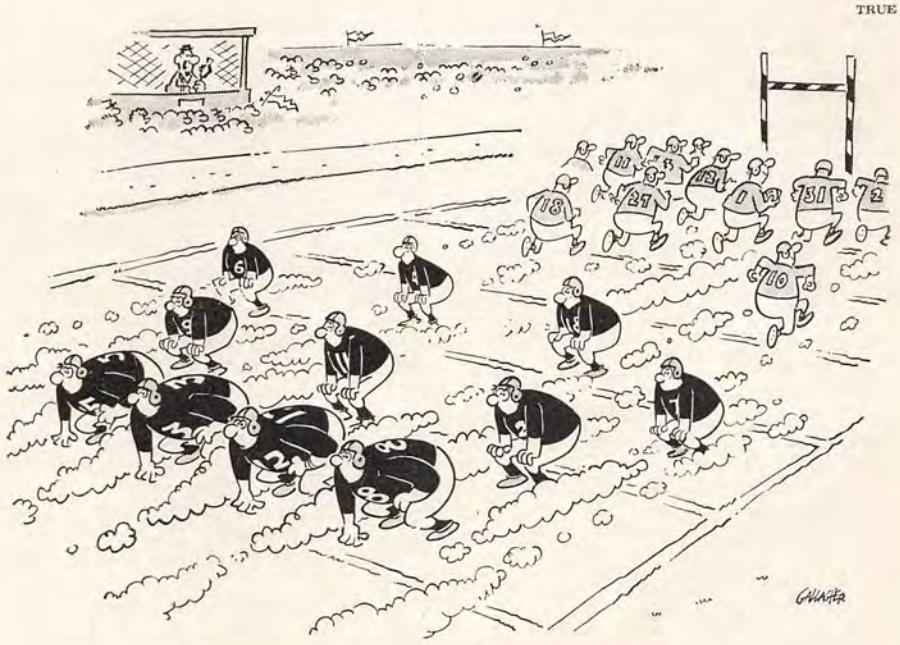
"Eight Hundred or 20 percent, which ever is the greater. Minus the cut." I replied.

The Tiger apparently enjoyed living in the camp. London and I had brought up plenty of food and it developed that the fighter was a first-class camp cook.

Every morning I awoke him at 6 o'clock and we did five miles of roadwork over Island lanes and trails. Following a couple of days of this, I got a feeling that the Tiger was worried about something or other, but I didn't feel that it was any of my business to question him about his personal affairs. I didn't mention it to London either.

Afternoons we would work out in the gym in the abandoned schoolhouse. The Tiger would go through the regular training routine, warm up, box three rounds with me for speed, three tough ones with London, then onto the heavy bag, speed bag, rope, belly exercises and shake out. Thursday afternoon he tapered off and was ready to go for the Friday fight with Soldier Dawson.

London had designed a Frisco-style poster for us. Walt Stivers, my partner, had had them printed up and placed in



"The Panthers were completely fooled on that play!"

"See what I mean? I give her the command to 'heel' and she just *sits* there!"

all of the bars and cigar stores in Seattle. London had also sent out reams of publicity on the coming fight to the various news publications in Seattle and nearby towns. The papers apparently deemed it an honor to receive any kind of writing gratis from Jack London and they printed every word in daily blasts. The ticket sale was real hot and the card looked like a sellout.

The morning of the show, I became strangely nervous and worried. I finally mentioned my feeling to Jack.

"You're going to be fighting before a big crowd tonight, kid," he said, "and you've got butterflies. It's only natural, I use to get them with every fight."

"Cut it out," I said, "this ain't butterflies, this is something else."

The weigh-in was at 1:30 in the local hotel. The Tiger then went back to the camp to eat and rest. Soldier Dawson, his giant opponent, looked strong and fit.

At 6 p.m., Walt Stivers, my partner, came hurrying up to me. "Where is the Tiger?" he asked.

"He's up at the camp with London," I replied.

"There's a couple of guys here looking for him. They're from Frisco and they look like law to me."

"Oh, Christ, that's all we need. Where are they now?"

"They're down at the hall. They're both packing iron."

I went down to the hall. The two guys were inside. "What are you doing in here?" I said.

"We're looking for the Manila Tiger," the larger of the two replied.

"You're looking for the Tiger for what?"

"We got a paper here."

"What kind of a paper?"

"A warrant for his arrest."

"From where?"

"From Frisco."

"All right. Now get your goddam asses out of here or I'll call some real law."

"You'll call some law?"

"With bums like you, I don't even need any law."

The smaller of the pair looked at me, then turning to his partner, said, "Come on, Joe." They left.

I jumped onto my horse and hurried up to the camp. Calling London aside, I said that I had to talk to him. We walked down the trail.

"What's up?" he asked.

"There's a couple of Frisco bulls down at the hall with a warrant for the Tiger."

"Oh, no!"

"Well, they're there."

"Oh, Jesus! Well, don't say anything to the Tiger."

"Hell, no."

"What do you think?"

"Well, the grocery store under the hall closed at 6 and it'll be dark in half an hour."

"What have you got in mind?"

"You know, I got that Donnie Monroe on the card in the semi. Once in a while he does jobs for the mobs around town. Anyway, I thought as these two cops will be hanging around outside the hall in the dark waiting for the Tiger, I could perhaps set them up for Donnie. He could belt them with a chunk of iron and I could get Eddie Slavers who drives the delivery wagon for the store, he's on the card too, and have him open up the store and we could put the two guys and their warrant into the walk-in meat freezer room until the show is over and we get the Tiger away."

"Okay," Jack said, "that sounds good. You get back down there and get everything set up. I'll be down in a few minutes."

I went down to Eddie's house and got him and Donnie Monroe and filled them in on the deal. Anything connected with cop fighting was right up their alley. We all went over to the East Seattle Hall.

It was real dark now and we looked around and there were the two Frisco bulls standing in the unlighted store doorway around the corner from the hall stairs.

Eddie, the delivery-boy fighter, said, "Donnie and me will go in the back door of the store and then open the front door. We each got a rock in a sock and we'll open the front door real quiet and belt them, then drag them into the freezer."

The two boys entered the back door of the store and I slipped around to the front.

It was as black as a young whore's heart now, but I could make out the two bulls in the door way. Just as a coal wagon rumbled by, the front door of the store opened and Eddie and Donnie swung down with their rock filled socks, belting the cops on top of their noggins.

The cops dropped in their tracks and together we quickly dragged them inside the store, again locking the door. Donnie belted each twice more with the rock loaded sock and also lifted their pistols. He was a collector of pistols.

Eddie took a bottle of rye whisky from beneath the store counter, shoved the neck of the bottle into the throats of both cops, poured each a long choking slug, and dumped the balance on their coats and vests. We dragged them into the meat chiller and shut the door. We fixed the door so it coudn't be opened from the inside and the thick sawdust filled walls made it completely soundproof.

At 8 p.m., Jack London and the Manila Tiger appeared at the hall. There was a terrific jam at the gate, with special boats from Seattle loaded with fans arriving every half hour. The hall was already filled to capacity with fight time a half hour away. But Walt was still selling tickets.

Jack put the Tiger in the dressing room, then came over to where I stood in the ticket office.

"What happens?" he asked.

"Donnie and Eddie belt the two cops and we put them in the store freezer. They can't get out of there until we let them out."

"How did you get them in?"

"They weren't exactly conscious. We dragged them in."

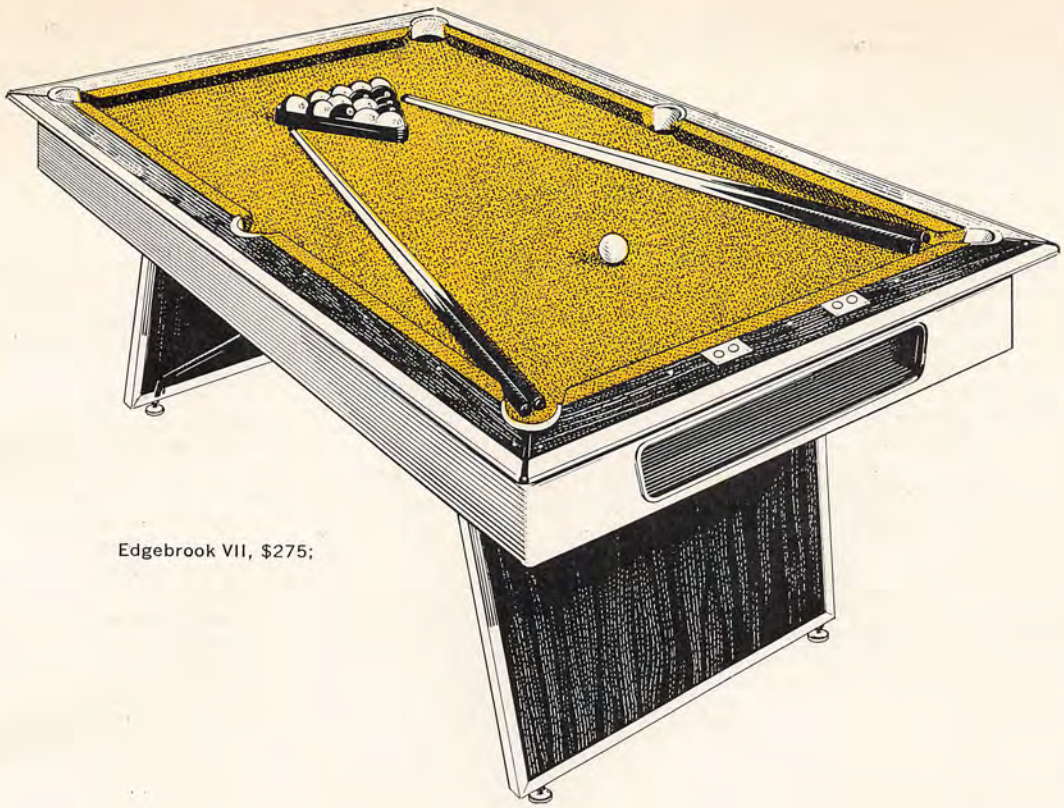
"Jesus Christ, Frisco dicks getting suckered by a couple of kids in a small town. They ain't going to freeze to death in there are they?"

"It only gets down to 29."

"Twenty nine will get a Frisco cop real cool."

After my fight, I joined London in the Tiger's dressing room. We were all set to go. We stepped out into the hall and started down an aisle to the ring. The fans spotted the Tiger's red, blue and white robe with the great golden tiger on the back and a cry of welcome went up that I am certain caused the building to rock.

I got into the ring first, holding the ropes apart for the Tiger and London. The Tiger walked across the ring, working his shoes in the resin box. He then came back to the corner and sat on his



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stool. The glove box had been placed in the center of the ring. London picked up one set, Soldier Dawson's manager taking the other.

Jack put the gloves on the Tiger.

The announcer introduced the fighters. I thought that the two-story building would really break down from the applause and stamping that swept the hall.

The bell hit.

The Tiger moved out to the right. The huge Soldier moved straight to him, threw a tremendous overhand right, missed. The Tiger hooked him with a left as he went by. The Soldier started a left jab, then threw a second big right hand. The Tiger stepped inside of it with a left hook to the head, a hard right to the head, followed by another hook. The giant soldier started to move back. The Tiger moved with him, let go with a left to the belly, a left hook to the head, a hard right to the head and another hook. Dawson wobbled and a big roar went up from the crowd. The Tiger threw another hard left to the midsection, a double hook to the head, a terrific right to the chin. The Soldier, sagging, went down onto his knees and the referee, stepping forward, began his count.

At four, the Soldier was on his feet with the Tiger standing directly before him. The Tiger threw a left to the belly, followed by a hard right to the head. The Soldier let go with a right, a left, another right. The Tiger fired a double hook to the chin and a hard right hand smash over the heart. The huge Soldier began to totter and the Tiger was on him with a vicious hook to the chin, another hook and a sudden death right hand to the temple. The Soldier crashed against a ring post and collapsed. The ring post toppled from the impact.

The referee moved in and began his count, "One—two—three—four. Get up you sonofabitch! One—two—three—four. Get up you sonofabitch!"

This went on one more time and this was enough for London. "I know what's the matter with that bastard," he said, leaping into the ring.

Pulling the referee from the corner, he rasped, "How high can you count, pal?"

"Four," the referee said.

"All right," London said, "give him one more four count. That'll do it. That bastard ain't going to get up until tomorrow afternoon."

The referee ran through the four count again, then held the Tiger's hand aloft. Another roar went up from the crowd. There were flashlight pictures and a great round of handshaking and it was some 20 minutes before the Tiger and Jack and I could make our way back to the dressing room.

After the crowd left, Jack and the Tiger and Walter Stivers and I went into the office and sat down. Jack turned to the Tiger.

"A little trouble developed here early this evening," Jack said. "You probably know what I am talking about."

"I can guess," the Tiger replied.

"All right," Jack continued, "a couple of Frisco dicks were here with a paper. They wanted to take you back to Frisco. Are you in some kind of jam down there?"

"Yeah," the Tiger said, "I get into a beef down there. I decide I better take off."

"Was the guy you beefed with still breathing when you left?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

"Oh, Christ! How did you happen to come up here?"

"I just got on a train and it came here. A guy at Salt's Gym told me about Bob promoting shows over here on this island and I thought this would be a good spot to lay low for a while."

"So now what?"

"I don't know."

"Let me think," London said. "Have you ever been in Mexico?"

"I don't know Mexico," the Tiger said.

"Well, it's a country south of here. It's a Spanish country. I'll tell you what. We'll send you there. You speak Spanish, so when you get down there, you can tell them that you are a Mexican and you'll have it made."

"Where is this Mexico?"

"Down that way." Jack pointed to the south.

"How do I get there?"

"Wait a minute, I got another flash."

He took up the Seattle phone book, looked up the number of Pete Gill, Secretary of the Sailors Union of the Pacific, and rang for central.

Pretty soon, Pete Gill was on the line and I heard him roar out, "Hello."

"Hello, yourself." Jack said.

"Who is this?" Pete yelled.

"Jack London."

"Well, you sonofabitch, do you know what time it is?"

"Yeah, it's nighttime. Look, I got a guy here who wants to go to Mexico. You got anything sailing for there?"

"I got a steam schooner with a load of lumber, sailing out of here for Mazatlan, Mexico, at 5 a.m. this morning."

"Is the crew all set?"

"All signed on. There are passenger quarters, though."

"How much to Mazatlan?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"All right, reserve one passage. Where is the ship?"

"At the Arlington Dock at the foot of University Street. Tell the passenger to go down to the ship and go aboard. He can pay his passage when she sails."

"Okay, thanks."

London turned back to the fighter. "Well, Tiger, you're all set for Mexico."

"It is a big country? As big as Philippine Islands?"

"Almost."

"Philippine Islands is the biggest country in the world."

"Yeah, I know."

London put in a call for a water taxi and a cab to meet it and gave Donnie 10 dollars and told him to go along with the Tiger and see to it that he got onto the ship with his bag.

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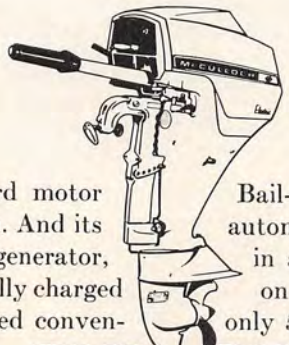

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Before we all walked down to the lake dock, Jack turned to the Tiger. "Here's your loot, kid, $1,560, after Bob took out his cut."

"Thanks," the Tiger said. "Bob, he take me in."

"Well, here you are. When you get to Mazatlan, you take a train or a horse or whatever they've got down there and you go to Guadalajara. I've got it all written down here."

"I can't read," the Tiger said.

"All right, you go to Guadalajara. Can you remember that?"

"I'll remember, Guadalajara."

"That's a big town with fights and bulls and opera houses and everything. You go to the fight gym there and you tell them that you are from Mazatlan and that you want to learn to fight. You can pick out a good manager that you like. Don't get smart at first. Go along easy and make the manager think that he develops you. Pretty soon you'll be knocking every one of them dead and then you'll be Heavyweight Champion of Mexico."

We shook hands all around and the Manila Tiger and the kid took off.

Back in the office, Jack poured a drink and downed it in a swallow. "Well," he said, "with the Tiger on his way, I guess we had better get that cop deal taken care of."

Jack lifted the phone, put a call into the Sheriff's Office in Seattle. Getting the office on the line, he asked for the captain on duty.

In a minute, he was saying, "Captain, this is Jack London. I am calling from Mercer Island, where I am residing at the present."

"How are you, Jack?" the captain asked.

"Fine," London replied. "Captain, there has been a store robbery over here on the Island and the two bandits are trapped in the freezer. Can you send us over a couple of deputies?"

"I'll send you two good men right away."

"Thanks, Cap, I'll remember you."

"This is going to cost you a speech and a case of whisky for our enforcement group meeting tomorrow noon."

"Okay, see you tomorrow."

Thirty minutes later, Jack and I and Walter Stivers, the store proprietor and Eddie, the delivery boy, met the incoming deputies at the dock.

The deputies shook hands with London, then asked, "What's up?"

"Well," Jack said, "two guys broke into the grocery and meat market under the hall here through the back door. They drank a bottle of rye that was under the counter, picked up a $400 cash sack, then got into the meat cooler. I guess they were after the champagne. The door is self-closing and they couldn't figure how to open it from the inside. When the storekeeper came down to check the store after the fight, he found the cash missing, two pistols on the counter and heard some banging inside the refrigerator room. That brings us up to date as of this minute."

"All right," the deputy said, "we'll go up to the store and see what's happening."

The padlock was off the back door and we all walked in.

"The refrigerator is over there," the store owner said. "I'll open the door."

The deputies, with guns drawn, yelled into the freezer, "Come out with your hands up!"

The two Frisco cops came out of the door. They looked half frozen. Their hands were down at their sides and the first deputy in line roared, "Get your hands up, you sonsofbitches!" rapping both of the cops on the side of the head with the barrel of a .45 Navy pistol. Both sets of hands went up.

Out in the store, the first of the Frisco characters yells, "What the hell goes on here? We're both Frisco law." He had dropped his hands and started to reach for his billfold, when the deputy again raps him on the side of the head with his gun barrel. "Get your hands up," he said, "or I'll blast you right out of here."

The deputies shook the two bulls down while they held their arms aloft, lifting their billfolds and also their badges attached to leather cases.

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An issue packed full of solid, meaty reading entertainment

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The deputies looked over the identification. They were law all right. "What are you bums doing here in this icebox?"

"I don't know how we got in the icebox," the smaller cop replied.

"You been drinking. I can smell it all over the joint. You're half stiff now," the deputy said.

The storekeeper now came out of the icebox. "I found the money sack," he announced. "It was in the refrigerator where these guys took it. And they drank four bottles of my Mumm's champagne. And they drank my bottle of rye that was under the counter next to the money sack."

"All right," the first deputy said, turning to the Frisco cops, "what are you guys doing up here?"

"We came up for the Manila Tiger. We heard he was fighting here."

"What did you want him for?"

"We got a paper on him."

"What kind of a paper?"

"He got into a beef with some young fruit down in Frisco, who tried to make out with him and the Tiger belted him. The fruit's old man is a big wheel and he got the warrant."

"Did the Tiger kill him?"

"No, not quite."

Jack let out a sigh of relief.

"So you guys came up here after a lamee," the deputy says, "and while everybody is upstairs at the fight, you knock the lock off the back door of the store, drink a bottle of rye, lift the sack of money and then get trapped in the icebox drinking up the champagne."

"We didn't do no break and enter. I don't know how we got in that box."

"You drank the champagne in the box."

"Yeah, we drank it to keep from freezing to death."

"You drank the man's whisky to get your moxie working and then you lifted the cash receipts."

"I don't know nothing about no whisky or cash receipts. We came up here to serve a warrant. We'll pay the man for the champagne and the whisky too, if he wants it. I don't remember nothing about no whisky."

"If you had a warrant for the Manila Tiger, why didn't your district attorney send up a request to the governor of the State of Washington? You could have gone to the sheriff of this county and he would have picked up the fighter."

"That would have been a whole lot of trouble and the kid's old man didn't want any publicity. We were going to pick up the fighter and put him on the train and take him back."

"That constitutes kidnapping in this state."

"It's done everyday."

"Not up here it ain't. Well, you're in deep trouble now. You were hanging around waiting for the Tiger to come out after the fight and you notice the grocery store and decide to knock it over, figuring that no one would connect you up. And so you do, but you get trapped. Now, my smart friends, you're going to do 10 years in Walla Walla. Our prosecutor will crucify you bums, trying to slide through a deal like this on him."

"You can't do that to us!"

"I can't? Get your hands down behind you. I'm going to put the cuffs on you."

"You ain't going to put no cuffs on me, you sonofabitch!"

The deputy rapped the first cop on the side of the head again. His hands went behind him, as did the other's, and the cuffs went on.

Jack called the first of the deputies aside. "When you take these guys over," Jack said, "keep them on ice for a few days. Hold them for a couple of weeks anyway."

"Will do," the deputy replied. "The prosecutor is going to be pretty hot at these bums and at Frisco for trying to go around him. They may wind up in the joint yet. I won't guarantee that they won't. Say, Jack, how about you speaking at our deputy meeting next Friday?"

"Fine, I'll see you Friday."

"Bring a case of whisky."

"Okay."

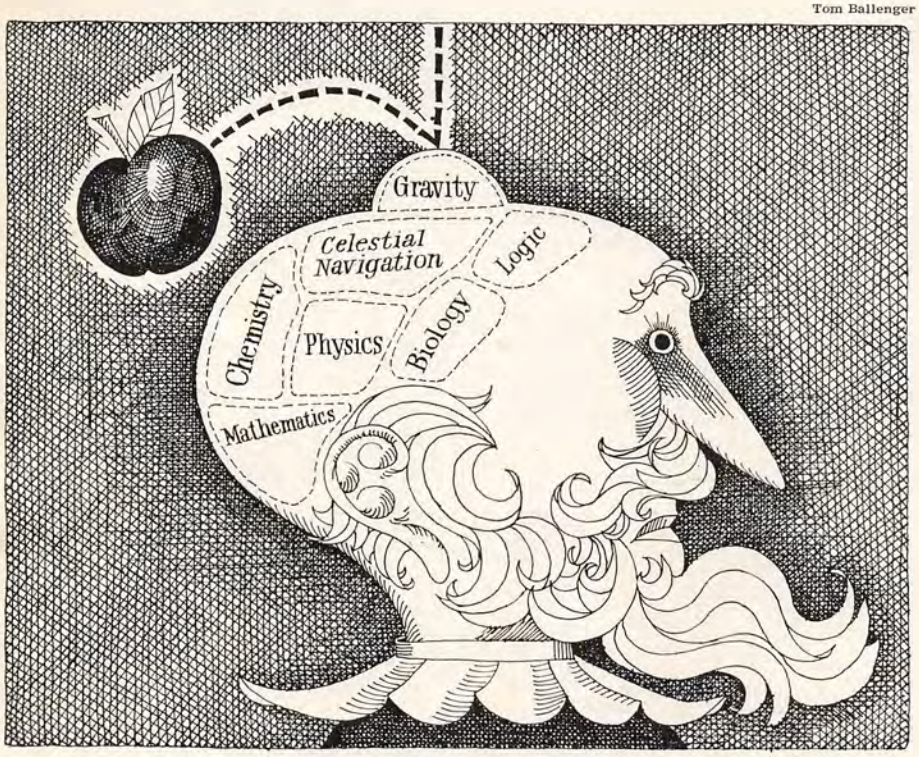
Away went the two Frisco cops in handcuffs and chains, with the two deputies urging them along.

Jack turned to me. "Which way is this Mexico? I may go there myself."

—Bob Wark

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Tom Ballenger



Are we more intelligent than our parents? Science argues the ups and downs of IQ's.

How many people are there in the U.S. right now who have a "genius level" IQ? Of course, it's not possible to answer with complete accuracy this query leveled at us by Bill Thompson of Trenton, New Jersey. For one thing, the whole populace hasn't been tested, and, for another, there's considerable dispute about the accuracy of IQ tests.

However, various psychologists have taken a stab at it. Among them is Dr. John Platt, University of Chicago and MIT. He has it doped out that the figures would run something like this:

IQ 190—top geniuses of the caliber of Archimedes and Isaac Newton. Probably not even one American person at present. Such intelligences come along at the rate of only about one every 500 years. IQ 180—men of the caliber of Darwin and Freud. Perhaps "a dozen." IQ 170—300. IQ 160—5,000. IQ 150—100,000. IQ 140—1,000,000.

This means that there are quite a few "geniuses" in the country because scores above 140 are technically labeled "genius level." IQ's of 120 to 140 are termed "very superior."

Most authorities go along with Doctor Platt's figures as being "reasonably accurate," so that should answer Bill's question. However, there's a frequently asked related one that intrigues the psychologists—and scares some of them. Is the average IQ rising—or dropping?

One group of experts contends hotly that the general level of IQ is going down, by at least one or two points a generation. They cite such evidence as the Armed Forces Qualification Test, which indicates that "the number of youths with relatively low mental equipment is rising rapidly." This is not precisely an intelligence test, but it is taken to indicate intelligence.

Those who argue IQ is going down also point to studies like one made by Dr. J. A. Fraser Roberts in England, who found that "families with the dullest children averaged 2½ times the size of families with the brightest children." He and his colleagues argue that the world is being overrun by the relatively less intelligent. This does not alarm proponents of the opposite viewpoint, who claim that IQ is not proven to be a matter of heredity, but rather of early cultural stimulation and environment.

Whichever side is right, Doctor Platt introduces a note of optimism. The way he figures it, we're going to have a lot more brains at the top "as a result of our strong intellectual selection in marriage. The smartest 10 percent of young people, the 120's and 130's, are being thrown together at the most susceptible age for romance." Studies show that these people tend to have children in about their own range of intelligence, so to make the mean there are youngsters above and below the parental IQ level. "This means," says Dr. Platt, "that these marriages are now producing five or ten times the number of 150's we would get from the perfectly random marriages of the average population.

"We may not have to wait centuries for the next Newton," he avers. "We may have a dozen Newtons within the next 20 years."

Q: What causes a person to be right handed or left handed? Do animals also have this characteristic? *Craig Hurt, St. Louis, Mo.*

A: The cause of laterality, or "handedness," is attributed primarily to an unequal distribution of nerve fibers serving the two sides of the body. Yes, animals, particularly those in the monkey family, tend to favor one hand or limb over the other.

Q: How can one detect a counterfeit coin? *Timothy Fuller, Albany, N. Y.*

A: The corrugated outer edge on a genuine coin is even and distinct; on a counterfeit coin it is rough and uneven. Genuine coins cannot be easily cut, while most counterfeit coins have a softer composition. When dropped on a hard surface, genuine coins have a clear bell-like ring; counterfeits make a dull sound.

Bill Homan

Q: Some people say that the African rhinoceroses are colored black, others say white. What color are they, really? *L. C. Bauer, Nucla, Colo.*

A: Dark brown or bluish-gray.

Q: What is the most densely populated state in the union? *Reinold Gates, Olmstead Falls, Ohio.*

A: The smallest one, Rhode Island. It has a population density 812.4 persons per square mile. (Actually, the District of Columbia surpasses Rhode Island with 12,523 persons per square mile.) By contrast, the least densely populated state is Alaska which averages 0.4 people per square mile.

Q: What was the Lafayette Escadrille? *Pearl Lang, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A: A group of American volunteer aviators who fought for France in World War I while the United States was still trying to maintain neutrality. The Escadrille was formed on April 20, 1916, and named in honor of the Marquis de Lafayette, the French nobleman who served with George Washington's forces during the American Revolution. The fliers were able to retain their American citizenship while fighting for France by enlisting first in the French Foreign Legion —a service which did not require an oath of allegiance to France. When the U.S. finally entered the war, many of the surviving members of the Lafayette Escadrille were reorganized into the U.S. Army as the 103rd Pursuit Squadron.

Q: Is it true that because of the earth's magnetic forces, a person should sleep with his head toward the north pole for better health? *W. G. Aller, Mesa, Ariz.*

A: Only if he has an iron head.

Q: I have heard that a World War I aviator once was tossed out of his plane and that somehow the plane ended up beneath him, enabling the pilot to land on its fuselage, climb back into the cockpit and regain control. True? *Edmund Pinto, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A: No, but an incident almost as miraculous did occur during World War I to Lt. Louis Strange of the Royal Air Corps. While flying, Strange stood up in the cockpit to remove an empty ammunition drum. As he tugged at the metal container his plane stalled, flipped over on its back and tossed him out of the cockpit. Lt. Strange, with no parachute, clinging to the ammunition drum, was able to lift himself slowly back into the cockpit above him, eventually regaining control of the aircraft.

Q: Has any horse ever won the Kentucky Derby twice? *Chester Meyers, Dundalk, Md.*

A: No. Only three-year-old horses can enter the Derby.

Q: On a trip to Oregon I am quite sure I saw a snake with two heads—one at each end. Is this possible? *Don Doolittle, Trinidad, Colo.*

A: The snake you probably saw is called a rubber snake. A member of the boa constrictor family, its head and tail are almost identical in appearance. When in danger, the rubber boa hides its head beneath its body and tries to fool enemies into thinking the tail is its head. In this manner, if attacked, it may still crawl to safety, relatively unharmed. In fact, the tail of the rubber boa is frequently scarred from the teeth or some predatory mammal or from the beak of a bird. These snakes are found in the northwestern United States and southwestern Canada.

Q: We hear so much about the war against poverty. Just what is considered poverty in this country? *George Manual, Newton, Mass.*

A: In order to have a working definition of poverty, the U.S. government has set up minimum standards of income for various categories of our population. For example, an urban family of four with an income of under $3,100 a year is classified "poor." For a farm family which grows most of its own food, the minimum is $2,200 a year. Using these standards, the U.S. poor number slightly over 34 million.

Q: I have noted that President Johnson wears a lapel pin showing that he has won the Silver Star. When did the President earn this high decoration? *Tommy Maertens, Springfield, Va.*

A: He received the Silver Star for gallantry in action in New Guinea on June 9, 1942. The President was a Lieutenant Commander in the U.S. Navy at the time, on leave from his duties as Congressman from the Tenth District of Texas.

Q: In the game of pool, when a curve is put on a cue ball, why is it called "English"? *Joseph Zuffino, New Rochelle, N. Y.*

A: Early in the 19th century, Jack Carr, an employee in Bartley's Billiard Room in Upper Bath, England, discovered that by hitting the cue ball off center he could cause it to do strange things. The action is known as "English" today, but at the time it was called "side." Carr converted the accidental discovery into a fortune. When he was questioned on how he was able to do make the ball spin and curve, he would produce a box of chalk, saying that it was "Twisting Chalk," his own invention. He found thousands of customers willing to pay ten shillings (about $2.50 at that time) for a box of the chalk. All went well until one of his customers, having run out of the magical material, used an ordinary piece of chalk with the same success and the news quickly spread. Carr's business ceased abruptly. However, with his profits he made trips through Spain and France, taking on all comers in match contests using what he then described as "English," and his faithful old twisting chalk.

Frederic Lewis

Q: How long does it take to train a horse for polo, and how is it done? *Diana Dawson, Cumberland, Md.*

A: After a young horse is saddle broken, about four years of patient hard work are required to make it ready for polo. In the first stages, clubs, ropes and mallets are swung around the animal's head in order to accustom it to a player's action while riding. Then the horse must be taught to stop on a dime and to turn, twist and resume stride with no real loss of momentum. Finally, the real test is made. A horse may respond to all other requirements, but if it rebels at collision it is valueless in polo. To enable a horse to gather confidence during this phase of its training, it is always put into its earliest collisions with much weaker animals. As sureness is gained, it is given more difficult tests and is eventually placed in slow and ordinary matches. Finally, depending on the animal's courage and ability, it will reach professional standards. The cost of training a horse for polo is huge, and the risk of crippling or even death is always present. Because a top polo player must own many horses, the game remains essentially one for the rich or the well-financed.

Q: What did Wilber McLean have to do with the Civil War? *Floyd Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.*

A: He owned a farm on the battlefield of Bull Run, the site of the first major battle of the war, which was used as the headquarters of a Confederate general. Feeling understandably uncomfortable in this locale, McLean moved out of the fighting sector to quiet southwest Virginia, to a village known as Appomattox Court House. Ironically, it was here, four years later, in the new farm owned by McLean that Lee surrendered to Grant. Thus, even though they were two hundred miles apart, the Civil War actually began and ended on a farm owned by the same man.

Q: I keep hearing the expression, "Put your John Hancock here," every time I sign something. How come? *L. E. Polmateer, Alameda, Calif.*

A: On July 4, 1776, John Hancock of Massachusetts, then President of the Continental Congress, was the first person to sign the Declaration of Independence. His name has been thus linked with the signing of any important paper.

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Q: Has the per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages gone up or down in the past 100 years? *George Bond, Miami, Fla.*

A: According to statistics, our forefathers whooped it up more than we do. The per capita average has dropped from 3.3 gallons in 1860 to 1.3 in 1960. It's slowly inching up again, however. The 1965 figure is expected to average 1.5 gallons per person.

Q: Is there any truth in the theory that periodic beestings can prevent arthritis and related disorders, or has the beekeeper I've been speaking with been stung once too often? *Allan Rosenquist, Chicago, Ill.*

A: Bee venom is apparently effective against some types of arthritis and a few doctors in this country have been known to prescribe it. Its use is quite common in Europe. For the most part, however, doctors in general are not bee fans, for stings can be dangerous and even fatal.

Q: I have heard of a primitive tribe whose members have been known to laugh themselves to death. Is this true? *Jay Schneider, Columbus, Ga.*

A: There is an obscure and primitive tribe in the highlands of New Guinea which is afflicted with a strange disease called, "the laughing death," that attacks the nerves of the spinal cord and impairs motor coordination. As the disease progresses, emotions are so affected that the slowly dying victim is given to wild and inordinate laughter. Finally, helpless, unable to eat or drink, the victim dies. Scientists are at a loss to explain what causes the disease or how it spread to almost the entire tribe. Oddly, no outsiders, even though they remain for years with the tribe, have contacted it. Nor have any neighboring tribes developed the disease.

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MY FORTY POUNDS OF FUR AND FURY

[*Continued from page* 38]

favorite method of offense is to dig its foreclaws into its opponent's face and then disembowel with the hind claws. Ocelots have been known to kill pigs and lambs and one once killed a seven-foot boa constrictor that had tried to make a meal of it.

So it was in a somewhat thoughtful mood that I drove to the Hobbs's place to see their cat. Sergeant Hobbs met me at the door. He had all his fingers, but a couple of them were wrapped with bandage which, I gathered, was a fairly permanent state of affairs since he'd acquired Tiba. The sergeant was a big, husky fellow who had been a sort of apprentice lion tamer at Thousand Oaks, California, before he joined the Marines and had got Tiba in Brazil while on duty there. Mrs. Hobbs was a strikingly pretty blonde without a mark on her. "Bill likes to roughhouse with Tiba so he gets bitten up a little, but she never hurts me," Mrs. Hobbs explained. "She'll grab my hand in her mouth and worry it as a dog does a rat but never breaks the skin."

I asked about the police and both Hobbses explained, talking together, that it was all a terrible mistake.

"Tiba slipped her collar and went walking by herself last night," Mrs. Hobbs told me. "Unfortunately, there's a new housing development near here and some people had just moved in from the city. They had a little boy who was a cub scout and he wanted to sleep on their front lawn as a great thrill. He was afraid of being attacked by savage wild animals, however, so his parents stayed with him until he was fast asleep. During the night, Tiba happened to wander into the development and being cold climbed into the boy's sleeping bag with him. The child woke up and tried to throw Tiba out so she scratched him.

"Well, the boy went running into the house screaming that he'd been attacked by a leopard. His parents thought it was a great joke until they saw the scratches and then the father went outside to see what was happening. Tiba loves people so when the door was opened, she naturally made a dash to get inside. The man thought he was being attacked and called the police. Such a fuss about a poor little pussycat."

Tiba was now locked in the bedroom and the Hobbses took me to see her. Tiba, draped across the bed, dozed with half-closed eyes as cats will and looked exactly like a small leopard—in fact, a big male ocelot is nearly half as big as a female leopard. I don't know of any animal that can recline as gracefully as a big cat, not even La Bardot on a bearskin rug. Ocelots seem to have no more bones than a fur neckpiece and yet the suggestion of power is always there. Tiba was in prime condition and her pelt had that soft, living patina that made it glow with a life of its own like a rich Oriental rug.

Tiba had huge, perfectly round eyes that were fixed on me with the unwinking intensity of the floodlights used by police during interrogations. When Mrs. Hobbs spoke to her, Tiba made a polite motion with her tail. A dog uses its tail as a British officer uses his swagger stick; a cat uses its as a lady uses a fan. Lovely and graceful as Tiba was, I could understand why whenever Sâx Rohmér wanted to describe the sinister nature of the evil Fü Mañchu, he compared the doctor to a great cat.

"Of course, she plays a little rough sometimes," the sergeant admitted. "But as an animal lover, we know you don't mind a few bites and scratches."

After that, what could I say?

I was to find that ocelot owners go through three distinct phases. In the first, they run an ad reading: "For Sale! Lovely tame ocelot. A sacrifice at $400." The next ad pleads: "Will present pet ocelot to anyone who'll give it a good home." The last ad reads: "Will pay anyone any amount to take this thing off our hands before it wrecks the joint." I'd caught the Hobbses at the second stage.

A chain was snapped on Tiba's collar and Sergeant Hobbs carried her to the car. On the way, Mrs. Hobbs gave me a detailed account of Tiba's diet. When there were no cub scouts around, Tiba liked a soft-boiled egg with a little bacon for breakfast, filet of sole with a chicken head cooked in butter on the side for lunch, and club steak *au gratin* for supper. At midnight, she enjoyed a little snack of imported caviar served with cod liver oil extract as sauce.

"Madam," I told Mrs. Hobbs, "my barn is crawling with giant rats, hordes of rabbits are eating our garden and a brigade of muskrats are ruining our pond. As far as I am concerned, this cat can drag her spotted behind off the bed and earn her own keep clobbering these varmints."

"Oh, Tiba will love that!" said Mrs. Hobbs happily. "She adores hunting but we can't let her do it here. Once the neighbors miss a dog or two they become *so* unpleasant."

In spite of the Hobbs's objection, I insisted on having Tiba chained in the rear of my station wagon. "She doesn't like to be tied up," Mrs. Hobbs warned me. "She likes to ride on the dashboard where she can keep an eye on you." Before I'd gone more than a few blocks, I found that Mrs. Hobbs was right. I don't know what a conniption fit is but Tiba had one. At the risk of losing a few fingers, I unsnapped her leash and returned to the wheel, leaving Tiba panting and exhausted from her struggles. However, she recovered in a surprisingly short space of time and joined me up front. She didn't sit on the dashboard though; she sat on top of me. At intervals she would give me an experimental pat with one paw apparently to see if I were still alert. If I jumped, I got two more cracks for flinching.

When we arrived home I tried to get the leash back on but Tiba was having none of it. She marched into the house under her own power and headed straight for the living room where Jule, my wife, was knitting. Jule looked up brightly and exclaimed, "What a beautiful cat! But how little she is after Rani! Well, it'll be nice to have a sweet, gentle——"

At that moment Tiba saw our parrot in its cage suspended from a stand five feet tall. She made one bound to the top of the cage and for the next few seconds Tiba went round and round it on the outside while the parrot went round and round the inside. Tiba was grimly silent but the parrot was screaming like a noon whistle. Then the stand fell over. I tore Tiba loose and snatched up the cage.

Before I could move, Tiba had climbed me and was on top of the cage again. Jule rushed in to help. What happened then is best described by that military cliché: "The action became general along the entire front." We finally got the hysterical parrot out of the room by giving Tiba a rubber snake which she killed several times.

Later I measured the distance from where Tiba had jumped to the top of the parrot cage. It was a little less than 10 feet. I'm not claiming it's possible for an ocelot to jump 10 feet forward and five feet up at one bound; I'm just saying Tiba did it.

TRUE

"This certainly *is* an economy flight!"

Tiba was exiled to the bathroom. Here she amused herself by wrenching the top off the john so she could play patty-cake with the float, turning on the faucets in the bathtub, sticking a washcloth in the drain and then going swimming. I thought cats hated water but Tiba loved it. In ancient Egypt, cats were not only regarded as sacred but also trained to retrieve waterfowl. Tiba clearly considered herself sacred and I would have hated to have been a duck anywhere near her.

We had intended to have Tiba as a house pet but the joint wasn't big enough for all of us. Tiba, however, had definite ideas as to who was supposed to move out. We had a lot of nice furniture which was ideal to sharpen claws on and also provided plenty of cushions full of interesting stuffing which, once removed, could be batted around in all directions to resemble a blizzard. But where we and Tiba definitely did not see eye to eye—or rather nose to nose—was in the matter of spraying. Tiba was retromicturate which, just in case you don't know the word, means that she urinated straight backwards—none of this squatting down or lifting one leg. Tiba backed up against a wall, lifted her tail and discharged like a fire hose.

Ocelots use this technique for several reasons: in a wild state they mark their range so other ocelots won't trespass; the females do it to attract wandering males, and apparently when out hunting they also do it for the same reason a woodsman blazes a trail—so they can find their way back.

Compared to dogs, cats don't have a particularly good sense of smell, so the urine must be very strongly scented to answer all these purposes. By the time Tiba had finished establishing ownership of our house, I can absolutely guarantee that there were no male ocelots within 500 miles of the Mannix establishment—if there had been any, we'd have heard from them. The droppings of our pet skunks were somewhat malodorous, but compared to Tiba's contribution, the skunks could have walked into Coty's and named their own price. I'd have thought by now we were hardened to animal smells but that was another mistake of mine. Tiba regarded our attempts to clean the walls as a personal affront to her contribution to our decor. She'd grab the cleaning rag out of your hand, chew the hell out of it and you, and then indignantly go back and spray the wall a second time.

I was all for starting Tiba on her career of cleaning up the rats, rabbits and muskrats around our place which would necessitate her staying outside and, believe me, Jule heartily seconded this program. We put Tiba out in the barn, counting on her fierce, primeval hunting instinct to assert itself. But Tiba had no intention of being separated from those sofa cushions. She yowled around the place like a love-sick banshee, carefully testing each door and window. But after a couple of nights she appeared to have settled down and I felt safe in attending a club meeting in Philadelphia, leaving Jule and Danny, my 16-year-old son, in the house.

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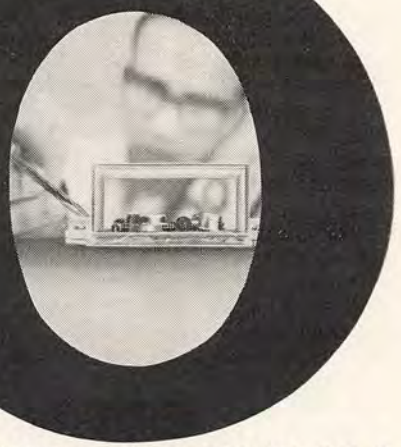

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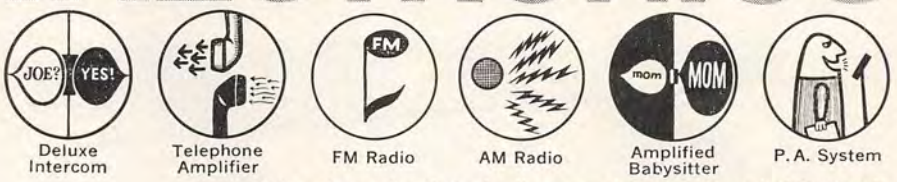

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I returned late that evening to find a situation unparalleled since the late Col. J. H. Paterson took on the man-eating lions of Tsavo in East Africa. Suitcases were piled against closet doors, one bedroom was locked off, and Jule and Danny were barricaded in the living room.

Jule explained what had happened: "About 11 o'clock, I heard a terrible racket in the upstairs broom closet. I went up there and found Tiba having a fight with the vacuum cleaner. Tiba won; we'll need a new cleaner. She had ripped the shingles off the roof and climbed into the closet. Danny and I piled suitcases against the door so she couldn't get into the house and went back to bed. An hour later, Danny rushed downstairs shouting, 'She's in my bedroom!' Tiba had gone back on the roof, ripped off some more shingles in a new place, and joined Danny. As far as I know, she's still in Danny's room disemboweling the pillows and mattress."

Danny's room proved to be empty, but the sound of low crunching led me to the guest room. There was Tiba, having made a new hole in the roof. She was eating the wax cherries off one of Jule's hats. As she seemed happy and the hat was a wreck anyway, I left her there.

The next morning we held a conference about Tiba. Personally, I am strongly opposed to subjecting a wild, free animal to the humiliation of being

locked up in a cage, but I am even more opposed to a wild, free animal that rips the shingles off the roof and proceeds to take over the house. Luckily we had a large outdoor pen some 15 feet square made of heavy wire mesh with a shelf running across the back and a large doghouse. We lured Tiba inside with a dead rabbit and locked her up.

Tiba didn't seem to mind being caged particularly, although I'm sure she'd have preferred being loose to commit mayhem on the furniture. After spraying the place thoroughly to make it seem homey, she settled down on the shelf, regarding the world through half-closed eyes and only waving her tail gently when addressed. In the evenings, she came to life and either Danny or I took her for walks.

The first few times, Tiba stopped at intervals to spray carefully any convenient tree to make sure of finding her way back to the safety of the cage but when she'd learned the route, she didn't bother to do that. Once while we were crossing the pasture, I put up a rabbit. Tiba was some distance behind me and although for a short time Tiba could go like a flicker of lightning, the rabbit had too much of a start. After that, whenever we entered the pasture, Tiba would run ahead of me and go first, stopping at intervals to study the terrain, sniff and turn her head slowly from one side to the other —a process that took several minutes. As we never did find another rabbit there, I got tired of waiting for this ceremony to be completed and would try to go ahead. This always infuriated Tiba. She'd begin to sulk, refuse to go on, and often start off hunting on her own through the bushes.

I eventually found that the best time to take Tiba walking was in the early morning rather than the late evening. The air was cool and fresh, there was dew on the grass that held scent, and more game was abroad. Tiba would drift like a spotted ghost, absolutely noiselessly through the thin, white ground mist. Often I would see her vanish into a patch of mist in a little hollow completely surrounded by clear, open pasture and wait for her to emerge. A few minutes later I'd hear the screaming of a hysterical robin and look up to see Tiba pouring herself out of the honeysuckle, her whiskers festooned with gossamer spider webs. How she ever managed to cross the open space without my seeing her I could never understand. At first Tiba had tried chasing the scolding robins from bush to bush, stalking them at first and then suddenly charging up the bush with the speed of a flickering whiplash. But the robins always got away and now Tiba haughtily ignored them.

A bird on the ground was a different proposition. There was a flock of pigeons that often settled in our pasture to feed in the early morning. Tiba quickly got to know where the flock usually alighted and before we reached the place, she'd move ahead, seeming to float above the ground as she passed through the tangle of pokeberries, thistles, and scrub locust that formed our hedgerow. Once she saw the flock she'd freeze, sinking to the ground and remaining completely motionless, her round yellow eyes fixed unwinkingly on the birds.

She had the patience of fate and often seemed intent on staring the pigeons to death. But usually, Tiba would attack. She would gradually ooze her way through the bushes, never looking away from the birds. When she reached the edge of the hedgerow she would stop again, waiting until some puffed-up cock in pursuit of a hen came close to her ambush. No matter how closely I watched Tiba I never saw the beginning of her charge. She would suddenly be halfway between the hedgerow and her quarry as though fired from a gun. Quick as she was, the pigeons were fast too and always succeeded in taking off before she could reach them. Tiba learned to be prepared for this and as the birds rose, she would bound into the air after them, grabbing with her long forepaws. Sometimes she would catch two at the same time, immediately killing them with two quick nips right and left delivered so rapidly her head merely seemed to flicker.

I'd hoped to train Tiba to hunt as I had Rani, but the ocelot was so close to the ground she couldn't see over the high grass. Often I'd see a sitting rabbit but couldn't make Tiba see it. If I picked her up so she was higher, the cat would start playing with me and if I turned her head toward the quarry and tried to aim her in the right direction, she'd regard it as an unjustified attack.

We had somewhat better luck with pheasants. They were more likely to move than a rabbit and once they moved, Tiba could see them. She might be busy biting me, but at the first movement of the birds her head would swivel around and she'd watch them for an instant. Then she'd whirl in my arms, twisting inside her skin so it seemed, and if I was smart, I'd let her go immediately. As long as she couldn't see the game birds clearly, Tiba apparently reasoned that they couldn't see her either and she would head for them at a fast trot, snaking in and out among the bushes until she got within range. Then she'd start her stalk. Tiba seemed to possess a sixth sense with pheasants and could tell to the split second when they'd flush. Sometimes she'd get so close that it seemed a waste of time for her to spend minutes sneaking up another six or eight inches but she never miscalculated as she did with the pigeons —probably because pheasants ordinarily stay on the ground unless frightened. With pheasants, Tiba used both claws and jaws to kill.

The biggest quarry Tiba ever took on was a woodchuck. There's a small hollow in the middle of our pasture, surrounded

TRUE

"Thank you, gentlemen!"

by trees and heavily overgrown with vines. There are several woodchucks here and the chucks have cut a swathe in our pasture grass around their retreat. Tiba and I were walking past this hollow one afternoon when she suddenly left me and bounded into the thick of the vines. I thought she was after a mouse—she often catches one by watching the grass move and then suddenly dropping down on it with a leap—and I waited for her to come out.

Instead, there was an explosion among the weeds as though a junior earthquake was getting ready to be born and before I could move, a woodchuck went straight up the side of a wild cherry tree like a squirrel. The lowest branch must have been 10 feet off the ground but the chuck made it and was preparing to go higher when Tiba burst out of the vines and went straight up the tree after it. She caught up with it as it was trying to reach a branch and the fight was on.

I'd never seen a woodchuck climb a tree before but then I'd never seen one with an ocelot after it, either.

The fight could only have lasted a few seconds although it seemed much longer. Then the chuck dropped out of the tree and raced for its hole. Tiba leaped lightly to the ground and started after it but in a distinctly halfhearted sort of way. Personally, I'd say the big chuck turned out to be tougher than she'd suspected.

When autumn came around there was the problem of what to do with Tiba during the winter. Unless we wanted the place to smell like the lion house at the zoo and have the furniture demolished, we couldn't take her inside, but we didn't have any other heated building. I always solve problems like this in the same way; keep putting them off. I put this one off so successfully that Tiba was still in her doghouse when the first snowfall came.

Rani, our cheetah, had been a real household pet and very affectionate but Tiba had always been so independent and determined to go her own way that I'd fallen into the habit of treating her as I treated a coon or skunk—not as a pet but as a wild animal visitor. But when I woke up and saw that snow, I was conscience stricken. After all, Tiba was a tropical animal and I was responsible for her care.

I rushed out through the drifts, hoping against hope that she wasn't completely frozen stiff and could still be revived. There was Tiba having a ball in the newly fallen snow. She was rolling in the stuff, batting it around as she did the cotton stuffings of the sofa pillows, climbing to the top of her doghouse and then bounding into the nearest drift and obviously delighted with this new toy.

When I opened the door she came out to play and positively refused to go near the house. When the kids went tobogganing, Tiba joined them. At first she chased the toboggan downhill but later learned to ride on it, crouched on the curved front and drinking in the wind as dogs do when leaning out the window of a car. That afternoon I took her out hunting and for the first time in her life, Tiba was able to catch a rabbit. With her big padded feet she could run over the crust like a lynx while the snow slowed a rabbit down just enough for Tiba to overtake it with a quick spurt.

Even so, when the temperature fell to 10 above, I took Tiba inside. There was a small room we could turn over to her and here she stayed except for her morning and evening walks. Jule tacked strips of linoleum around the walls and let it go at that. But on good days we put her out again.

After one of my animal pieces in TRUE, I got a nice letter from a Mrs. Si Merrill in New York City saying she had a pet margay named Monte and was an animal lover too. A margay is a sort of junior ocelot, weighing about 20 pounds, and during one of my trips to the big city, I dropped in on the Merrills. During the course of the evening a few other cat lovers came by and I was asked some penetrating questions about the care and feeding of Tiba. I explained that my technique was to heave Tiba out the door every morning and let her catch her own breakfast, while as for temperature, if she felt cold she could always go to the barn and collect an armful of hay.

There was a shocked silence. Then Mrs. Merrill remarked gently, "I'm glad your cat is doing so well but I'd hate to take chances with something worth nearly $400."

"What!" I shouted, springing from my chair. "You mean I could get $400 for that spotted bum?"

"A wild, newly imported ocelot is worth about $200 and when you take into consideration that she's now acclimatized, tamed, and trained to hunt, she's worth at least that."

"Let me use your phone," I demanded and called my wife. "Jule, find Tiba and give her a nice spot in front of the fire. See if she'd care for a hot toddy and some breast of guinea hen on the side. Rub her down well with a soft towel and give her that Chippendale chair she likes to sharpen her claws on. Then run an ad in the papers—'For Sale: valuable tame ocelot. A steal at $400.' "

When I got home that night I found Tiba sprawled out on the bed beside my tearful wife. "How could you dream of selling poor Tiba when she's been so happy with us? Who else would take her pigeon and rabbit hunting? Who else would hang up linoleum around the house for her to spray on? Now when she's just getting to know all the rat holes in the barn, you'd get rid of her."

"You're the person who's been screaming her head off about the wrecked furniture," I pointed out.

"Who minds a little smell? And the furniture's been wrecked now anyhow."

So we kept Tiba. I thought Mrs. Merrill and I were the only crazy people in America but it turned out that the country is full of them. They've even started a society called the Long Island Ocelot Club.

I also hear that some people are going in for pet lions. Personally, I'll stick with Tiba. I don't say a lion wouldn't be nice around the house but as lions are also retromicturate, I think there's just so much my wife would stand. Getting a new wife would be tough at my age.

—Daniel P. Mannix

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BIG FISH FOR EAGER TOURISTS

[*Continued from page* 61]

I thought. *We've found a new jackpot!* I was so excited the sandwich I was eating went down in lumps that felt like rocks.

Back home in Connecticut there was new snow and the chill winds of mid-February. But here it was about 80° in the shade, one perfect day following another . . . another tarpon broke. Man, we'd have to get after them soon.

To set the stage, let me say that B.H. is about the size of New Hampshire. Belize, its capital, sits on the Caribbean shore some 800 miles southwest of Miami by air. This quaint corner of Central America has only recently been opened to wanderlusting hunters after jaguar—and to anglers seeking the three stars of the light-tackle world: bonefish, snook and tarpon. These fish are seldom found all in one vicinity anywhere, but within a 20-mile radius of Belize you can wallow in them.

"I've found a unique fishing bonanza," Emmett Gowen had written me for two seasons running. "Come on down."

Hurriedly we crammed down lunch and backed the boat into the beginning of Spanish Creek which, despite its name, looks like a canal about 200 yards wide. Trees and tall grasses crowd in jungly confusion to its banks and there was no current that I could see. Tarpon kept rolling, their briefly glimpsed backs glinting like gunmetal under the noon sun.

I cannot remember ever being more excited, though I knew with dread that they might not strike. Tarpon can be like that, cavorting under your eyes but showing no interest in lures.

Gowen cast first and promptly said, "Ahh!" He followed this quickly with an, "Oh, hell!" Then: "Take it! Take it!" He had had three strikes on his first retrieve.

I lobbed out a cast, felt for a moment that I had hooked a speeding bus, then sighed as the pressure suddenly eased. Behind me I heard a loud splash and turned just in time to see a tarpon fly through the air to the left and Emmett's lure to the right.

Presently I had the joy of hooking one. The fish bounced out of the water a yard and a half, splashed, came out again 30 feet away, belly whopped, ran 50 yards, executed a breathtaking cartwheel by the bank, then sped toward the boat, ran under it and jumped a couple of feet from Emmett soaking him with spray. It finally shot back to my side, doused me and gaily threw the lure 15 feet to one side.

I let out a rebel yell. The world could go up in flames but, please, not before we hooked some more.

A tarpon is as quick as a skipped stone, as strong as a lion, as unpredictable as a leaf in the wind, as wild-eyed as a roped stallion. And from two pounds to well over 100, every one of them is an eager jouster. If only they were found north of the Gulf states.

"Got a dammed good . . . had a good one," Gowen chuckled.

I cast to the bank into some shade, got a sudden powerful hit and knew from the first bit of underwater violence that I had a strong fish. With growing excitement I waited for it to jump but it was soon plain this fish liked the depths.

"I think I have a hell of a big snook," I announced. Gowen was fast to another tarpon. He threw a quick professional glance at the way my rod was being yanked about and where the fish was.

"It's not fighting dirty enough for a big snook."

A senior snook generally runs for a jumble of old limbs, heavy weeds or whatever, weaves a quick path through this cover and then breaks off by taking a turn around it. But my fish passed up a good chance for such a maneuver and instead concentrated on lunging about powerfully in deep water. It was several minutes before I got the mysterious fighter to the top.

It was about a 10-pound catfish, of all things.

"Back home in Tennessee, I'd gladly have fished all day for one like that." Emmett remarked. "And we think of the TVA area as the catfish capital of the U.S.A."

Before my two-week investigation of B.H.'s fishing was done, I'd catch several unexpected species as fighting dividends.

We soon found that a long cast into the shade, plus a slow retrieve, just about guaranteed a big cat. But the lads we'd brought along wouldn't eat them for some reason (many Americans regard catfish as even more delicious than trout). Instead they urged us to keep tarpon, which we customarily release in the belief that they are not fit to eat.

"That fish would look pretty in the boat," Roy remarked wistfully whenever anyone seemed to have a tarpon well hooked. "Smoke him all night and eat him later." So we kept half a dozen weighing about 150 pounds in all. Roy scaled them, slashed their sides and he and Mr. Collins took turns all night at keeping the smudge fire going. We sampled smoked tarpon in the morning and they were great.

Suddenly the afternoon was gone. We'd lost count of the number of tarpon we'd caught—all in the 20-to-40-pound class, incidentally. Several catfish had been boated. And I caught an odd fish with a mouth which telescoped forward in a ridiculous pout and is locally called a "bay snook." I still don't know its proper name after looking in several books.

Reluctantly we beached the boat and made camp in some woods. Roy and Mr. Collins had brought mosquito bars to sleep under. Emmett and I put up a Sears pup tent whose netting zipped up tight. The bugs disappeared once we got a fire going to cook the ducks I'd shot as we toiled across Crooked Tree Lagoon. A bigger fire smoldered nearby to smoke the tarpon we'd kept.

Gowen opened a bottle of 15-year-old Scotch (only $4.50 in B.H.) and even produced some ice. I lit my pipe and decided I could sprawl out for a bit. I was tired, sunburned, line cut and hook gouged. But I felt wonderful.

"Do you realize we fished only 500 yards down the creek . . . and the map shows it is several miles long?" I said. The remarkableness of the situation was just beginning to reach me.

"B.H. is full of spots like this. Wait till we try a little creek I know where

TRUE

"As I have often said, this state's divorce laws are too strict!"

you have to use a pirogue to navigate. All it takes is a little pioneering to reach virgin fishing. But most of the time it's so good close to home we don't bother."

By "home" Gowen meant the luxurious houseboat on which he lived and entertained clients on the Belize River, anchored at a spot some 20 minutes by boat from Belize. By "we" he meant Victor Barothy, another American who operates fishing camps in B.H., with headquarters five minutes up the river from Emmett. These two—friends rather than competitors—are the only outfitters catering to tourist hunters and anglers in this self-governing British crown colony. As this appears in print, only Barothy remains, for Emmett was retiring from operations and I was his last client.

"I found myself becoming too much an innkeeper," Emmett told me that night at Spanish Creek. "Hell, I got into the business so I could enjoy virgin fishing. But I found my time eaten away by meeting planes, and attending to dozens of details of a sort I never dreamed existed. That's why I invited you down—so I could show you the best spots I've found and actually get in some fishing myself before I leave."

I should explain that Gowen and I are old friends. We've fished together in Mexico, the Bahamas, off Connecticut, in the Gulf of Mexico from various ports, and inland in the Tennessee region. Now I could appreciate why he'd got such a kick from our first day with the tarpon—he'd wanted it as badly as I.

Next morning it was too good to be true all over again. The tarpon of Spanish Creek acted as if they'd waited all their lives for lures like ours. But fishing in B.H. isn't always this easy. . . .

One day, when Emmett had to attend to the sale of his 50-foot cruiser and knew he'd be too busy to fish for a while, I found myself putting out to sea for bonefish in a 37-foot motor sailer he'd chartered for me—the "Caminante." We were soon among the keys, many of them part of the barrier reef which, second only to the world's longest at Australia, protects virtually the entire coastline of B.H. for a distance approaching 200 miles.

Reefs and keys make ideal shelter and forage grounds for light-tackle species like bonefish, permit, king mackerel, barracuda, groupers and others. Gowen had told me to expect exceptional sport with bonefish.

Soon Belize disappeared into the haze. Like the rest of B.H., it is a Creole Negro community, though there are other racial groups including the Mayas and Caribs. It was because of this barrier reef and the keys we now encountered that B.H. was settled more than 300 years ago by British buccaneers who preyed upon Spanish shipping from the refuge of these island-studded waters.

The Spanish contested British possession over the years until decisively beaten in the battle of St. George's Cay in 1798. I was to walk about on this key ("cay" is the Caribbean spelling) one bright morning when we landed to buy some langoustes, the delicious spiny lobster of the Caribbean.

The keys of B.H. cover some 266 square miles, and their bays and flats provide unspoiled bonefish grounds that probably have no parallel anywhere. Elsewhere bonefish are so popular that their grounds have been pounded hard, but it will be a long time—if ever—before this huge area is overrun with anglers.

So my hopes were high when Raymond slowed the "Caminante" near Hicks Cays and Carl dropped the big anchor that first evening. Barefoot and deft in everything pertaining to their craft, these two lads from Belize were obvious pros—blocky Raymond as captain and guide; tall and serious Carl as mate and cook. Yet there was an uneasiness about them.

I decided they were worried about the wind, which ruins bonefishing by making the flats rough and cloudy so you can't see the fish. The wind did not ease at sundown and moaned through the rigging as I lay in my bunk that night reflecting upon what a bargain B.H. offers the tourist angler.

Getting here is hardly expensive—$99 round trip by TAN nonstop from Miami; $129.60 by TACA from New Orleans with one stop at Mérida in Mexico. Barothy's charges vary with the type of fishing desired, but $100 is a typical figure per person per day with everything included. Fishing runs from January through May and improves month by month.

Next morning, Raymond and I climbed down into the skiff and, fighting the undiminished half gale, inspected some flats. They were hopelessly dirty.

"There is only one place up here that the wind can't reach," said Raymond, "and it's tough." (You hear some Spanish in B.H. but English is the common language, though when native speaks to native it is often in a pidgin form so strange sounding it might as well be Greek.) We headed for a key with tall mangroves shielding a long flat from most of the wind.

I'd hoped for a hard white bottom so I could get out and wade, stalking fish at my own pace. But this bottom was trembly muck covered with eel grass. Raymond killed the outboard, tipped it up, grabbed a long pole and plunged it deep into the ooze. Then he pulled the skiff toward the pole till it stood vertical and yanked it free. This is the way it is going to be in hell, I am told.

Raymond pulled us into the shallows a yard at a time, making it almost look easy. Then we saw a bonefish "tailing"—rooting along the bottom for food with its snout while half its tail waves lazily above the surface. To anyone who has caught bonefish before, the sight is almost as enticing as a beckoning mermaid.

Catching a bonefish in clear shallows is often tougher than sinking a 20-foot putt, however. First you must get within sure casting distance without spooking the fish in glass-clear water that may be only a foot deep. Bonefish can be so touchy that even the shadow of a falling fly startles the prey into mad flight. But if the fly alights too far away—say six feet—the busily feeding fish may not see it. Cast too close and the *plop* provokes a wild rush.

So I stood in the skiff and wondered how much to lead this bonefish. I decided a yard ought to be perfect, and cast.

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(signed) GORDON W. FAWCETT

"The first Martini *always* does that to him."

Meanwhile, the fish darted forward so that it was a foot from the fly as it landed. There was a quick stir and splash as the bonefish fled the flat, taking along half a dozen others in its path by communicating panic.

"Well, they haven't changed any," I muttered.

Raymond grinned and began hauling us 50 yards toward another feeder.

This time the fly landed the intended yard ahead of the quarry but the water was so shallow at low tide—no more than eight inches—that the fly sank to the bottom in about two seconds and there hooked on some eel grass. I had to wait till the fish moved off before I dared retrieve.

The next cast was too far to the right. Then I dropped a good one but the bonefish turned away and didn't see it. Another good one touched eel grass (a befouled fly is hopeless). It was plain that I'd have to cast closer and that if the fish didn't see the fly in that first two seconds and take it, I'd missed my chance.

I bolted this fish eventually. And the next two.

But at last everything worked right and a bonefish took the fly for the shrimp it imitated. I set the hook. For a long moment the fish didn't react. Then it streaked for deeper water.

This is the moment that men travel hundreds of miles for. The first run of a sprinting bonefish is like nothing else in fishing. Your reel is beyond screaming—it is in agony. Line following the fish cuts the surface with a sound like ripping a bedsheet that is 20 yards long. You are tied to a living rocket that wants nothing but to get the hell and gone away.

On he goes like a silver arrow for 75 yards. You have nothing to do but hold your rod high, for to try to snub this rush is folly. Seconds later the fish has passed 100 yards, then 150. Just as you begin to wonder if this mad thing will ever pause, the fish swings in a circle and you can start breathing again. Once you have weathered the first run you have a chance.

Raymond landed this fish for me eventually. It was about a six-pounder, bright as a new knife along its flanks and with the dark-blue bars of fatigue across its back that mark a nearly spent fish. Raymond brandished it briefly under the brilliant sun, then placed the fish upright in the water and stroked it a time or two to make it gulp faster and want to get away. Presently it swam off slowly.

Yes, we turn them loose.

A bonefish is for superb sport. It *can* be eaten, bony though it is. I tried a three-pounder (about average size), baked, in the Bahamas once and it was tasty. Yet it is the custom of most anglers to return bonefish to the sea in the hope that they will proliferate forever.

I had learned from a friend who had been here before me that in good weather the bonefishing is easy and as fast paced as the tarpon at Spanish Creek. You can stalk them in cool comfort by wading the hard-bottom flats with fly rod or spin outfit, for there are plenty of small casting lures that will take them. If you've never tried bonefish before and can't cast far, the guide can show you how to float a bit of crab-leg meat or conch to them.

As it turned out, the wind blew for the four days we lay anchored off Hicks Cays and I was unable to sample the varied reef fishing that is also available or skin dive to see the gaudy coral world below. But with Raymond's expert help I managed to boat a few bonefish every day. Each was a challenge. The easy life on the "Caminante" alone was worth the price of this part of the trip, and I was sorry when we headed back for Belize.

I liked this town. It is built on either side of a tidal canal. The tin-roof houses are mostly of wood, along quiet, winding streets. There is no city water—every house catches rainwater in a large wood cistern—and no city sewage system. But primitive as it is, Belize has a certain charm found only in port cities. I got out of the boat once and wandered through the huge market where most of the city's produce is delivered and sold. The place hummed. I bought some limes from a huge colored woman with a parrot on her shoulder. And I was offered all manner of buys, from fresh-butchered steaks to rather sophisticated wood carvings.

Belize is friendly. You don't have to worry about getting scragged on the streets at night. Coca-Cola has recently come to town and is everywhere. Transistor radios pour music from many doorways and windows.

As I walked the crowded streets I sensed the excitement people felt for the election to be held in a few days, first under the form of self-government that Britain granted in January, 1964. Cabs carried placards with PUP in big letters—People's United Party. It was to win 10 of the 11 constituencies and return Premier George C. Price to power. His platform: complete independence as soon as possible.

The pace of Belize is decidedly easy-going, as it was everywhere I went in various short sorties away from the city area. A little of the B.H. slow pace wore off on me to the extent that I quit getting up at dawn to do battle with the fish. But I spent entire days on the Sabun and Belize rivers after snook, which were having a stubborn, no-hitting spell brought on by a "norther" which lowered the temperature, from its normal 78°, to 60° and sometimes less.

"We've got snook so big you'll almost have a heart attack," Victor Barothy remarked when I came to spend my last precious days with him. "Snook bigger than 20 pounds aren't rare. The problem is to land them."

He was showing me around his extensive establishment which was as plush a fishing camp as I've seen anywhere and only minutes from good snook and tarpon fishing. Out at Turneffe Island he has another layout for guests who want to live near the bonefish or troll and cast along the reef for big groupers, barracuda, wahoo, dolphin and so on. His address in Belize is P.O. Box 484, incidentally.

So I kept after the snook with Elkin, one of Vic's guides, and we hammered at them 10 hours a day with the local favorite lures—the Barracuda yellow Zep 60 and the yellow Upperman bucktail in 4/0 and 6/0 sizes. In addition, I had a secret weapon in the comparatively new Gladding knotless tapered shock leader. A typical one has a breaking point of 11 pounds at its thin end which you knot to your line, and in 10 feet the leader tapers up to 40 pounds. This heavy section takes the wear of endless casting, stands up under the filelike teeth of snook and tarpon, and holds a fish that wraps itself around a branch in a 40-pound grip.

Finally we came to my last day. The Belize River still lay in the grip of the norther as we started up it in a fiberglass skiff with 18-horse Evinrude. I put on two rain jackets against the unaccustomed cold and daydreamed about splendid snook I had caught in other places.

A snook is an alley fighter built like the familiar black bass but stretched in

the body and beefed up with tougher muscles. You can expect a snook to do you dirty if it possibly can, and the bigger the fish the more determined and violent it is. From what I'd heard, the big pools of this river were paved with snook. I'd caught a few small ones in a certain pool up the river with Emmett Gowen one day and this was where we were headed.

We passed innumerable farms, each with a vocal dog running along the bank. People of every age waved to us from their dugout canoes. Some were fishing; others were bow to stern for a morning gossip. Once I saw a big iguana drop from a bough into the river with a great crash and go swimming downstream. The upper Belize is a movie-set river, even to trees full of white egrets craning long necks at your approach and then spilling and dipping almost to the water like a swirl of giant snowflakes.

"This is the place," I said at last. How often have fishermen spoken this phrase in anxious hope! "Ease into that backwash, please."

Elkin cut the Evinrude and sculled the boat with an easy grace I envied. As he moored us to an oar plunged into the mud bank I uncorked a long cast across the backwash. Something in the *café au lait* water said, with a violence that made my heart jump, "Gimme that!" as the lure passed.

A huge snook burst from the river, head shaking so fast it was a blur. The yellow lure sailed in a lazy cartwheel. When it splashed back in I felt *another* fish, leaned on the rod and was treated to a wildly jumping tarpon of about 50 pounds. Two leaps and it was free.

Well!

Elkin grinned at me in speechless joy. He had guided me to a giant sea bass of about 20 pounds, two jack crevalle—all of which we'd mistaken for snook at first—and a few small tarpon. But two fish on one cast was new in our association.

"That snook go maybe 15 pounds," Elkin said.

"He be pretty in the boat," I remarked, casting again. Elkin smiled at my venture into B.H. talk.

Another fish struck with a jolt, flew out of the water twice, then ran straight for the boat. It was a hefty snook. I reeled madly, felt the fish stir as the line tightened, then watched as the snook rushed off against the reel's drag and jumped again near the bank. Now the snook sounded and ran under something on the bottom so I couldn't budge it. I waited with the line slack. Sometimes a fish will back out when it thinks it's free.

A few minutes later I saw the line start to move and I came up hard with the rod. The snook burst out again, then shot up a little creek that emptied nearby. The creek was full of snags and the snook lost no time circling one.

Elkin was shaking his head as he hurriedly cast us loose and pushed into the creek. But the snook hadn't broken off. The 40-pound shock leader was wrapped around a limb and had bitten into it from the force of the snook's struggles. There it was, tethered. Elkin made one pass with the gaff and boated a nine-pounder.

The pool went dead now, but it was lunchtime and there was usually a lull then. Elkin drove the boat into the shade of a big tree and we proceeded to kill a couple of hours. I told him of the big tarpon that we'd hooked and fought for an hour one day here with Emmett, a tarpon that we believed topped 100 pounds. And how the same fish or its twin had struck a couple of days later but got off after only 10 minutes.

"Plenty big tarpon and snook in the river," Elkin observed. "But they bite only at certain times—maybe for only a few minutes in a day." He looked up at the treetops swaying in the grip of the norther and shook his head.

After lunch we went back to our spot and by late afternoon I'd caught a few more snook, all a bit smaller than the nine-pounder. So far as I was concerned, it had been a good day and when I put away the rod for the last time and got my pipe going well, I felt that the Belize River had given us a good farewell.

But Elkin is the sort of guide who doesn't give up. Halfway home he suddenly killed the motor at the edge of a small eddy and pointed across it. Two B.H. people in a dugout were fishing with handlines near a stretch of water boiling with feeding fish. A gorging snook made a noise like a rock dropped into the water and the dusk rang with these loud surface smacks.

The lure fell short of a snook I aimed at but something grabbed hard anyway. The river exploded. A tarpon! Fortunately it was only a 20-pounder which we soon boated and kept for the people in the dugout. Another cast brought three strikes, one of them a foot from the boat. Meanwhile the pool literally churned with slashing, feeding fish.

"Cast to the far bank," Elkin urged.

I did so and promptly had a big snook dancing across the river, shaking, splashing, plunging. It was a wild five minutes before Elkin swung it aboard with the gaff and conked it with the billy, for snook are delicious and nothing we kept would go to waste.

Now every cast brought strike after strike until a fish got hooked. Once I fought three separate tarpon that struck in succession on one cast. Then another good snook hit and we jousted for several minutes. The hook tore a hole in its mouth and fell out after a wild leap.

I have never in my life seen such action. I think if I'd tied a can opener to my line and tossed it out, fish would have struck it. It wasn't a question of which fish you cast to, but which fish would beat the others to the lure.

Finally I made two casts without a strike. The river was quiet.

"Too many tarpon," Elkin said. "They were faster than the snook."

"Don't apologize, friend."

He backed the boat across the river and handed out three tarpon he'd kept for the dugout fishermen. I made another cast and it was not honored.

"*This* is what I was telling you about," Elkin said proudly.

I suddenly noticed that it was utterly quiet. The norther had died at last.

"The river is normal again," Elkin said and cranked the outboard to run us home.

—Peter Barrett

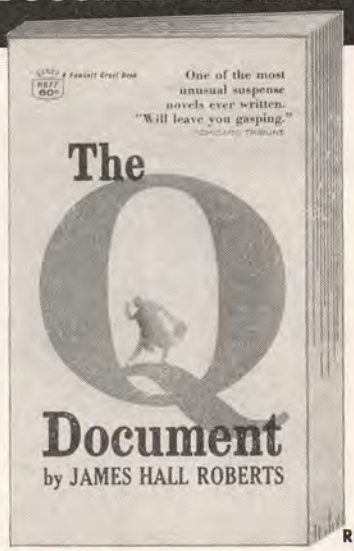
WHAT WAS THE Q DOCUMENT?

WHY DID RED CHINA WANT THE Q DOCUMENT?

WHY DID THE NAZIS BELIEVE IN IT EVEN THOUGH ITS DISCOVERER WAS A JEW?

WHY DID A CATHOLIC PRIEST NOW CONTEMPLATE MURDER BECAUSE OF IT?

WHAT DID THE Q DOCUMENT REVEAL?



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I KNOW THE SECRET OF FLYING SAUCERS

[*Continued from page 36*]

construction of buildings, bridges, and in a hundred other ways, G affects our lives and adds billions to the cost of work.

Gravity control could reduce or end many of these problems.

How soon can we expect antigravity?

Some researchers say it may take a long time. Others believe there may be a sudden breakthrough. If that happens, there will be some fantastic results.

First, obviously, our space program would take a big leap forward. Instead of our present wasteful rockets, we could build spaceships matching the UFOs' high speeds and maneuvers. With such advanced ships, we could make swift flights to the moon and the planets.

Recently, Alexander de Seversky stated that "with abundant energy available, we will move in space with constant acceleration or deceleration. Accelerating halfway to our goal and decelerating the rest of the way at one G or 32.2 feet per second, the moon will be reached in three and a half hours, Venus in 36 hours, Mars in two days, Jupiter in six."

According to Oberth, German physicist Burkhard Heim and other scientists, gravity control will enable spaceships to reach even greater speeds than these. With such advanced machines, we could explore the nearest star systems a century or more ahead of our present timetable.

Using carrier or "parent" ships with short-range probes, we could fully explore a planet—either by remote control or direct observation—before attempting to land. Many cases are on record in which large UFO's have launched small units, apparently for close observation of the Earth, then retrieved them in swift, precise operations.

In one such case (an official AF Intelligence report), groups of small UFO's flying at 5240 mph. were seen and tracked by the crew of an AF B-29. One group, after abruptly slowing to pace the bomber, resumed its speed within seconds. The small UFO's were then seen to merge with or go aboard a huge carrier which accelerated to more than 9,000 mph. before it disappeared.

Because of G-crafts' tremendous speeds, the picture of possible military operations becomes hair-raising. Let's take as a basis the figure in a documented case at White Sands Proving Ground, where Navy scientists saw and tracked a UFO flying at 18,000 mph.

Such terrific speeds could put bombers back into the picture in place of missiles. Attacks by G-bombers from bases near major targets would take less than five minutes. If a "brush-fire" war broke out halfway around the world, a huge G-transport carrying a fully armed division—or even an army—could be on the scene in 40 minutes, or less.

Another effect of gravity control will be a big change in air travel. Here's what a G-liner trip would be like, according to several researchers. Let's say you are making a flight from New York to London. You go aboard a large ship—probably disc-shaped, from present indications. Your seat has no safety belts—none are needed. The ship takes off vertically, accelerating at incredible speed. You feel weightless but you feel no motion.

The airliner arcs up into a great circle course, silently, with no "bumps"—no rough air. In 10 to 15 minutes, London suddenly takes shape below. There is no long aproach, skimming over rooftops. You descend vertically and land. If traffic is heavy, your pilot would stop the ship in midair and hover until cleared.

In spite of the speed, you'd be safer—especially in regard to many of the strange eddies which have thrown jet airliners into uncontrollable dives.

In probing the riddle of gravity, project scientists try widely different approaches—some even contrary to accepted natural laws.

Under an Army contract, a University of Detroit team has built a 4,000-pound, specially wired rotor which spins at 100,000 rpm. With this unique device, scientists are testing gravitational radiation theories searching for a possible key to G control.

Using gravity meters based on new principles of physics, Air Force teams make frequent flights around the equator and over the poles, to speed up worldwide measurement of the Earth's gravitational pull. Tied in with this is a network of gravity stations and special projects all over the world.

Though no breakthrough has occurred (unless in highly secret projects) two significant facts have been established.

1. The Earth's G field is relatively weak, compared with the pull of gravity between planets and the sun.

2. There is a connection between gravity and electromagnetic fields.

Igor Sikorsky, discussing the colossal force of spatial G, says a steel cable about 8,000 miles thick would be needed to hold the Earth in its orbit—if it were not for gravity.

But, fortunately for our anti-G search, the Earth's gravity pull, for objects on the ground or at average flight altitudes, is fairly small. Likewise, the force required to cancel its pull would be relatively small—if a method can be found.

Using various barriers we can shield ourselves from heat, light and sound waves. But, so far, no way has been found to create a gravity shield. Some scientists still call the gravity shield idea a "lunatic fringe" notion. But many now refuse to say that such a thing is completely impossible.

Are UFO's using a gravity shield? In an effort to find out, the Air Force is renewing its attempts to capture a UFO. If we could get one on the ground, undamaged, it might make possible a big shortcut in our gravity research and save us years of slow, tedious scientific work.

In the past, many Air Force pilots have tried to down UFO's, without success. But the Air Force has new reason for hope now, based on the recent increase in low-altitude UFO approaches and "touch landings."

On the night of January 12, 1965, an officer of a federal law enforcement

TRUE

"Gentlemen, this is serious—the CIA has been infiltrated by the FBI!"

agency had a close encounter. As he was driving his official car toward Blaine Air Force Station, in Washington, a flying disc 30 feet in diameter hurtled down at his automobile. At the last moment the disc arced up steeply, avoiding collision. When the officer jumped out, he saw the UFO hovering overhead. After a minute, it shot up into clouds at high speed. A short time afterward, the UFO—or a similar one—was seen landing in a field near Blaine, melting the snow and scorching the ground before it took off. When the AF questioned the federal officer, they said they had tracked the UFO by radar as it raced down toward his car. This officer, like many other UFO witnesses, was warned by his superiors not to let his name be used in connection with the sighting.

On January 27, 1965, two NASA engineers sighted a UFO which touch landed near Hampton, Virginia. One witness was Maj. John Nayadley, a retired AF jet pilot. The other was A. G. Crimmins, who saw the strange machine maneuvering toward the ground.

"It was zigzagging as if searching for a landing spot," said Crimmins. "I watched it through 20 x 50 binoculars and I could see flashing lights. They appeared to be on the rim of a rapidly rotating disc."

Before anyone could reach the spot, the flying disc took off and rapidly climbed out of sight.

The step-up in UFO chases was demonstrated at Washington, D.C., on January 11, 1965, when AF jets pursued several flying objects over the city. The chase was confirmed by an Army lieutenant-colonel and a group of Army communications specialists.

If jets had been near any of the "touch" sites, they might have swarmed down and kept the UFO from getting away. But records of previous attempts to capture UFOs indicate it will be a tough job.

Whether we capture a UFO or not, the search for the elusive secret will go on. The connection between gravity and electromagnetic fields may provide the key to the mystery.

For several years, Burkhard Heim, director of the German Research Institute of Field Physics at Goettingen, Germany, has been searching for the answer to the gravity riddle. Finally, Heim revealed that by direct experimentation he had discovered a positive lead to antigravity. The discovery involved an intermediate field, neither electromagnetic nor gravitational.

The results, Heim stated, if applied to space flight, would be direct levitation, conversion of electricity into kinetic energy without any waste, and "immunizing the occupants and the structures of such vehicles against any effects from acceleration of the vehicle, however great and violent."

After the first shock, several scientists examined Heim's claims.

"His approach is not in conflict with known laws of nature, and it agrees with the quantum theory," A. R. Weyl said in an analysis for the British magazine, *Aeronautics*. "If Heim were right, the amazing properties commonly ascribed to the 'mysterious flying saucers' would be, in fact, sound physics and proper engineering."

Heim's work toward the goal of an actual antigravity device using "field inducers" has evidently been put under official German security. He has refused to divulge the key to his formula.

Heim's findings would indicate that antigravity researchers may discover new scientific laws and that their work may invalidate old theories. Some scientists are already saying privately that Einstein's famous "general theory of relativity" may turn out to be totally fallacious. Newton's law has also come in for attacks. However, Robert Forward, G expert of Hughes Aircraft Company, uses the Einstein theory to show that it is possible to partially nullify the Earth's gravitational field. The amount of nullification obtainable with present-day technology is extremely small, however. Forward predicts that some day, when our technology is greatly advanced, we will be able to "create artificial gravity fields at will."

With a real all-out effort this could happen a lot sooner than the 10 or 20 years many scientists have in mind.

But getting enough top men to work in the field is a problem. One scientist says, "Scientists are sensitive about their reputations and many of them still think antigravity is a joke. If they knew the facts, they'd be eager to get into it."

Fear among scientists is partially due to the Air Force censorship of UFO reports. Air Force censors not only hide the facts but also belittle those who publicly report UFO sightings.

One recent victim was Dempsey Bruton, chief of satellite tracking at NASA's Wallops Island station in Virginia. On January 5, 1965, Bruton saw a strange round object flying at terrific speed toward the station. After it passed overhead, the UFO shot straight up out of sight. Using the elapsed time—six to nine seconds—and angles and times reported by other witnesses, Bruton said the speed was definitely "several thousand miles per hour, possibly 8,000 mph. or even higher." The AF, implying he was incompetent, rejected the report and said it was not evidence of any technically superior machine.

But AF policy notwithstanding, the drive to get the secret of antigravity is well underway. It can't be stopped now. But it *can* be speeded up. We are already spending billions on the space program—on the race to the moon, to Mars. Harnessing gravity could put us years ahead and save us enormous sums of money.

With control of the universe at stake, a crash program is imperative. We produced the A-bomb, under the huge Manhattan Project, in an amazingly short time. The needs, the urgency today are even greater. The Air Force should end UFO secrecy, give the facts to scientists, the public, to Congress. Once the people realize the truth, they would back—even demand—a crash G program.

For this is one race we dare not lose.

—Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe

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PARADISE FOR $3 A DAY

[*Continued from page* 49]

An hour later we were inching towards a moonlit stand of papaya, armed with a shotgun and a .22 with luminized sights. "They've got bloody fine hearing," he warned. "Even a twig cracking will set them off and—*there!* Fire, you ruddy oaf!"

But no nightmares can prepare you for bats four feet across, fluttering in silent silhouette against the moon. I didn't hit a dammed thing, although he downed two "for the pot"; up close they did resemble foxes, with pointed ears, orange-tufted breasts and black leathery wings.

There are so many superstitions concerning these huge flying mammals—local sorcerers use their dried and crushed genitals for casting spells and fortune-telling—that I sat down a bit squeamishly to a steaming plate of *bat à la mode des Seychelles*. But by the time you have doused the meat in vinegar and *sautéed* it in butter, onions and claret, it tastes better than rabbit or chicken.

Suzie and I soon had a furnished house three miles from town on a private beach, with a Vespa for transportation. Scooters, ideal for the roads and climate, are in short supply; plan to bring your own for any extended stay. For an extra 20 bucks a month we had a flirtatious young housekeeper who sometimes made me wish I'd still been traveling alone.

Once settled in, I began studying local lore. After their 16th-century discovery, the islands remained uninhabited until 1700, when they became a pirate hangout. Treasure hunters still wield picks and shovels on lonely beaches during the dark of the moon. France took possession in 1756. The first settlers and slaves came from Mauritius in 1770. Britain promptly intervened. The islands changed hands between the French and the British so often that the French governor began hoisting a huge flag reading SEYCHELLES CAPITULATION whenever a man-of-war dropped anchor. Britain took over for good in 1814.

A schooner's arrival is still an event in Victoria. Radio Seychelles broadcasts a couple of hours a night, and occasional vintage movies are shown. The hotel bars are pleasant and inexpensive, and hordes of striking girls, products of the unique racial mixture, are eagerly available in the waterfront *bistros*. Outside the South Pacific or the Orient, I've met no more willing or pliable gals; swinging British bachelors from East Africa like to take their vacations on Mahé for this reason.

One afternoon I was watching a catch of live green turtles from Aldabra atoll being unloaded, when I saw a familiar schooner standing up the roadstead towards Port Victoria. It was the "Te Vega," a 90-foot American sailing ship originally built as a private yacht. Used as a South Seas charter vessel for many years, it finally was bought by Stanford University as an ocean-going classroom for the study of marine biology. I had last seen the ship in Mombasa, Kenya, where I had become acquainted with her crew. On deck was Kelly Blackburn, originally from Seattle and now permanent oceanographer aboard.

"I've got a thirst!" he greeted me. "And where's the broads?"

"I thought you had a bunch of American college gals aboard."

I took Kelly and his thirst up to the Rendez-vous, which is run by a Russian chick from Hong Kong with an English passport, French *joie de vivre*, and an American stripper's figure. Kelly sipped beer and ogled our hostess' cleavage.

"Don't mention those American women," he said. "Four days out of Mombasa the wind started gusting. We had 22 tons of oceanographic gear on deck. A blast about 65 knots socked us by surprise, and we started over. If the mainsail hadn't parted, we'd have filled a hatch and sunk sure as hell."

"What's this got to do with the college girls?" I knew that "Te Vega" hosts successive batches of university science majors, who are rotated every three months.

"Well, this one broad was standing next to the first mate when the dacron started flying and the spars started falling. Here's the only guy who knows what to do, cursing us and trying to shout orders, and here's this girl clawing at his chest and shrieking: 'Don't you dare use words like that in front of me or I'll report you to the university!' "

Before leaving, "Te Vega's" crewmen threw a farewell *luau* on the beach, complete with stone-lined oven, roast suckling pigs, fish, fruit, breadfruit and all the beer and booze we could drink. Most of Mahé's unattached young chicks showed up, having developed a taste for American males during party-pad weekends with guys from the tracking station. When last seen, Kelly was disappearing up the beach with a little brown bikini-clad gal he called The Quarterback because, he said, she was always making passes. Almost everyone scored that night; and I'm sure the Seychellois still discuss the 3 p.m. to 3 a.m. beach blast with reverent awe. . . .

At the resort hotels there are always speedboats to rent for aquaplaning and water skiing, and at the right time of year the surfing is good. Luckily, the sharks have been cleared out around Mahé—although 50 miles away a record 83 of the big killers were taken in just over half an hour. Fish are the Seychellois' dietary staple; the best reef varieties for the table are barracuda, triggers, surgeons, parrots and the red squirrel fish, known locally as the big-eyed lion. From November to February, lobsters are taken

TRUE

"Fix you another mint julep before I join the protest march, Cunnel?"

which run a foot from eyes to tail tip and sell for two bits in the market. One, a record 43 inches, had to be harpooned to be taken!

In recent years there has also developed an enthusiastic sport-fishing group. The growing popularity of fishing for fun was explained to me by Christian Dervishian, a Belgian national of Armenian extraction who represents Bank of America in East Africa. He and his pert Italian wife were vacationing on Mahé.

"These are some of the best game-fishing waters in the world," he explained, "*and* some of the least fished. There are banks at the edge of the submarine plateau, where it falls off to 2,000 fathoms, which have never been touched."

"Are they getting any record fish here on Mahé?" I asked.

"They will in future years. Tunny and sailfish of more than a hundred pounds are common, as are wahoo up to 80. Some locals claim 20-pound bonefish, which would be an official world's record."

The season is from October to May—during the other months it is too rough to go out—but there are always jack, barracuda, horse mackerel and bonito. Your best bet is fishing by arrangement around such privately-owned islands as Harry Savy's Frigate. Huge golden dolphin, swordfish and marlin up to 400 pounds are taken off Frigate; these big pelagic predators arrive in December with the northwest monsoon, and vanish in April with the return of the southeast trade winds.

I've found truly adventurous guys to be extremely rare, I mean the ones who don't mind not eating regularly, or getting stranded where nobody speaks their language. That's why I gave such a sudden enthusiastic shout, one evening as I was watching the sunset turn the water to crinkled gold, when I recognized a couple strolling by on the beach.

"Dave Buschman! What the hell are you doing on Mahé?"

"We were in London but we couldn't find enough action." By this time we had retired to The Goggle and Flipper, a popular beachside bar, to celebrate the meeting. "So we split for the Med. We did Italy and Spain and Morocco—"

"—then we were on Ibiza in the Balaerics," finished Jeani, his lovely, flame-haired consort, "and a cat we met on the beach said the Seychelles were something. So we came here to find out."

Dave is a lean, dark-haired San Franciscan I first met on Bora Bora, when yachts or copra schooners from Papeete were still the only way to get there. We had renewed the friendship in California, where Dave had started a tiny chemical company.

"Suddenly, man, I got successful!" he laughed. "I had 40 employees and a new plant in Richmond, California—but by then all the challenge was gone. So I sold out. At 36 I'm a retired cat!"

"We took a year off to see the world," Jeani explained.

"I hear there are some crazy coconuts over on Praslin that are great aphrodisiacs," Dave said. "Any chance of seeing them?"

Suzie and I hadn't yet visited Praslin, Mahé's sister island 30 miles away, to see the coco-de-mer, the world's strangest tree. Like Australia, the Seychelles have been isolated so long they have developed a unique flora and fauna; the so-called coco-de-mer is the most striking example. *Lodoicea sechellarum* is the world's largest seed, weighing up to 50 pounds and taking seven years to ripen. The 100-foot palms do not bear fruit for 25 years, and are believed to have an 800-year life-span. When the giant double nuts were occasionally washed ashore in medieval India, they were considered powerful aphrodisiacs and their tasteless white gel was believed to be a neutralizing agent for any known poison. Since their origin was unknown, it was claimed the nuts came from a giant underwater tree near Java. Hence the name *coco-de-mer*—coconut from the sea.

Our crossing by the interisland schooner "Janette," which depends on winds, currents and a balky diesel to aid her moldy spread of canvas, took seven hours. It was raining when we arrived at Praslin, so we four began getting information about the Valley of the Giants, where the coco-de-mer grows, from the hefty island gal who was our housekeeper.

"The *Vallée de Mai* is ver' strange, *n'est ce pas?* Everything is *trop grand* there—too big. The *palmiers* are ver' many and—"

"Is it true the coco-de-mer makes love just as people do?"

"Oh, yes!" she said excitedly. "But the trees in the *Vallée de Mai* get ver' angry if anyone goes there at night to spy on their lovemaking!"

The idea of copulating palm trees was too much to resist; we promoted Praslin's only public transport, a dilapidated truck with an open bus body grafted to it, to scout the mountain ravine set between the island's two central peaks. We found that all the plants in the Valley of the Giants are grotesque: 15-foot ferns, 50-foot palmetto fans, pandanus a hundred feet tall and banyans as big as houses.

One glimpse of the almost obscene cleft nuts and the highly suggestive male reproductive organs made understandable General Charles Gordon's reaction to the coco-de-mer when he visited the valley in 1881. Gordon, a British army hero who later fell at Khartoum, Sudan, decided that the Valley of the Giants was the original Garden of Eden, the coco-de-mer the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and the nuts themselves the forbidden fruit with which Eve tempted Adam.

Since both Dave and I have dirty minds, we returned afoot to the valley that night, despite the housekeeper's dire warnings. In the dark it was a tough, muddy three-mile climb up winding jungle trails.

"The things you do to indulge your perverted sexual fantasies," Dave panted. "Climbing up here just to watch *palm trees* making out!"

The serpentine trails, confusing by daylight, were almost impossible by moonlight. I took a header into a stream; Dave walked face-first into a boulder overhanging the trail. It started to rain. We huddled under the granite outcrop-

[*Continued on page* 100]

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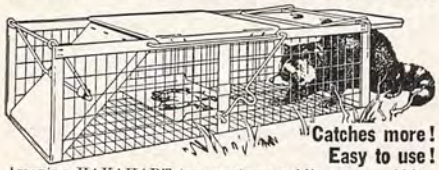

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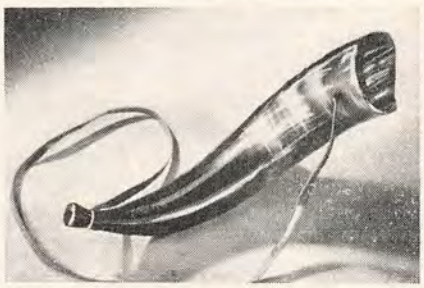

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[*Continued from page* 97]
ping while rivulets ran from leaf to stem to stone to the back of our necks. The trees towered darkly above us, whispering urgently like amorous couples, but if they did any lovemaking we didn't catch them at it. We were dammed glad to hear Praslin's unique black parrots give their silvery whistles to mark the coming of dawn.

Over breakfast at *The Black Parrot,* we recounted our misadventures to an agricultural officer from Mahé. Since the Valley of the Giants is the world's only native stand of coco-der-mer, the government keeps close watch over it.

"Despite their appearance, the male organs are merely catkins, normal botanically, which bear flowers and pollen as do other plants," he explained. "Once the coco-de-mer covered Praslin so thickly that the island was considered uninhabitable, but now only the Valley of the Giants remains. You should have a meal tonight of the 'king's cabbage' from the coco-de-mer—it is *formidable* for the lovemaking, eh?"

He accompanied us to the door. "But if you truly seek the unusual, then you must visit Aride. It is a very strange place, that one. A true bird island."

"What do you mean, bird island?" Through my mind flashed the old Zanzibari's tale of Sinbad the Sailor and the giant bird, the *roc.*

"On Aride the birds have no fear of man, you can pick them up with your bare hands. But after a time you begin to feel . . . strange. As if you are not in control any more, eh? But be prepared tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock, with your *femmes,* to meet the government launch."

That night we all ate hearts of palm at The Black Parrot. Soup, salad, vegetable, fish course, even dessert featured coco-de-mer. Aphrodisiac? You'll have to go to Praslin to find out.

By 6 a.m. our little launch was bucking like a bronco in the smoking rollers outside Praslin's protective reef. Soon Aride's jagged purple silhouette began taking on form and definition; its 450-foot granite peak was chalk-topped from countless centuries of bird lime. As we drew closer the terns, noddies and petrels, filled the air with raucous cries. Two hundred yards from shore the captain cut his plunking little diesel engine.

"How do we get from *here*—to *there?*" Suzie quavered.

"Pirogue." The captain was a short, jolly Seychellois. "We are an event, *mes amis.* Usually no boat would call here for another month."

A dozen copra harvesters and their families lived on Aride, and by now the entire population, along with the dogs and pigs, was shouting, yapping and grunting on the beach. Two lean muscular men skillfully launched a narrow pirogue into the head-high breakers, paddling with all their strength to win the blue water beyond the shoreline.

"In you go," said the captain cheerfully to Dave and Jeani. "Sit in the bottom of the canoe and do not move. Sharks here are most quick."

The boatmen picked their wave, then paddled like hell to catch it as it broke; the narrow-hulled canoe rode the foaming lip high up on the beach. All hands instantly leapt out, grabbed the canoe, and ran it out of reach of the breaker smashing in behind the one they'd ridden.

Since none of the islanders would violate the birds' domain, a crewman led us up the precipitous rocky trail. Black worms a foot long and big around as a finger wriggled and crunched under our feet. The guide pulled some masking creepers away from an overhanging rock: a hiss and baleful glare greeted us. In the cavity was a full-grown noddy which made no attempt to escape. Many crannies were thus inhabited; around us flew thousands of birds, ignoring us totally.

"Why aren't they afraid?" asked Jeani.

"Because they have never been hunted. Only the lizards, which eat their eggs, are their enemies here."

A few hours on the topknot of Aride is enough; merely by ignoring us the birds made us uneasy. I kept wondering if some magical turn in the trail would bring us beneath the buffeting gigantic wings of Sinbad's *roc.* All of us, including our guide, were dammed glad to get back down to the beach and open some coconuts in the shade of a palm.

Dave started projecting his future travels and I started taking stock. Our money was running out and I knew that Suzie and I would soon have to leave also. Here we had the full, rich, unharried life you can only dream about in the States, but there are dammed few ways to turn a buck in the Seychelles unless you have the capital for green-snail harvesting or shark fishing, or a boat you can use for interisland charters. Only 800 tourists got here last year by the irregular steamers calling from Mombasa and Bombay, or the odd copra schooner from Mauritius. There is no airfield. Without a round-trip ticket, you have to post a cash bond for its equivalent with Immigration on your arrival.

But once on Mahé, a single man can still make out beautifully on $1200 a year, a married man on $2000. In California you'd need $20,000 a year to equal it, and neither the broads nor the other recreations would be as satisfying or as easy to walk away from. And for the loot you pay for a split-level trap in the States, you can on occasion still buy your own island—only a third of the Seychelles' 99 are even inhabited.

I was almost broke, however, and none of it did me any good at the moment.

"Are you cats coming with us?" Dave wanted to know.

I slid an arm around Suzie's shoulders. "I guess we'll come with you, Dave. But I know I'm coming back."

"On what?" Suzie broke in, laughing. "If we're as broke as I think we are—"

"Well . . . there must be a lot of guys in the States who'd be interested in knowing there's still a place like the Seychelles left in the world; a place they can get to if they really want to take the chance and make the effort."

"That doesn't help you find the money to come back here."

"It might," I said. "I'm going to write an article for TRUE Magazine about these islands." And I did. **—Joe Gores**

HARD-NOSED GAMBLER IN THE PLANE GAME

[*Continued from page* 26]

have any trouble selling them."

Business, to Lear, is life and breath. He goes at it with great zest. Not fully occupied with his jet, his tape player and his oil wells, he recently bought half interest in New York's fledgling community TV antenna system.

Lear is one of the last of the swashbuckling 100-percent entrepreneurs, a vanishing breed in today's team-play corporate life. "Lear's a loner," says a friend. "He's a screwball, an inventive genius." He's also, and this is pointed out less often, a happy man. Lear has his life arranged precisely as he wants it. "There's nothing I'd rather be doing than exactly what I'm doing now," he says contentedly. "If someone offered me $160,000,000 for my company—about what it's worth now—with the provision that I would have to retire, I'd spit in his eye. For me, the best of life is the exercise of ingenuity: in design, in finance, in flying, in business. And that's what I'm doing."

He's doing it successfully, too. Despite the opinions of the aircraft industry that he was going about it all wrong, the Lear Jet is now clearly the front runner in the highly competitive executive jet field. There are already 75 Lear Jets flying—more than any other kind. And another 65 are on order. The production line is now grinding out 10 a month, and a second line is going in to speed output. Company sales last year (1965) were about $85 million.

Paradoxically, though, as the financial and other troubles that once threatened to swamp Lear's young company recede and his operation seems certain to become a gold-plated success, Lear shows the old, familiar signs of restlessness. For him, the game is in the playing. When it's won, he's bored.

As soon as his original executive jet was firmly established, Lear decided that it was time to design a new one. Which he did. The new plane, called Model 40, was announced last October. It's a real "royal scow" in its executive version but the plane is also designed for airline use. It will compete with the Douglas DC-9, the Boeing 737 and similar small jets. Lear's new jet is designed to seat 28 in the airline version and sell for $1,500,000 completely equipped, about half the price his competition is charging.

It will be another 18 months before he has a plane in the air and two years before he delivers any to customers but he already has orders for 10 and, once again, expects to "sell them like bananas."

So Lear has a new project, plenty of headaches and no spare time. He's happy again. The money piles up but Lear couldn't be less interested. "Hell," he says, "I can only use one coffin."

—C. P. Gilmore

THE SECRET WORLD OF LBJ

[*Continued from page* 31]

captured weapons and intercepted radio broadcasts from the north, that it was the Hanoi North Vietnamese government that was "hurting" us. But he also had good reasons for delaying the execution of his decision to bomb north of the 17th parallel.

The new policy, when put into effect, involved an obvious, awesome risk—that North Viet Nam and Red China would respond by sending hundreds of thousands of ground troops into South Viet Nam, confronting President Johnson with "another Korea." Another imponderable was the effect of the new policy on relations between the Soviet Union and Red China. Would it drive them farther apart or pull them together?

As it turned out, the President and his advisers had four months to consider these weighty questions before his decision was implemented. For his part, Johnson went on about the business of serving out Kennedy's term and getting elected to a four-year term of his own.

Three weeks after the election the President began taking visible steps to implement his decision. He recalled his top expert on Viet Nam, Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor, for a full dress review of the situation. At a meeting in the Cabinet Room on December 1, President Johnson assembled a virtual council of war to hear a gloomy report on the military and political situation from Taylor—a brilliant four-star general before he became a diplomat—and then to hear Taylor state the case for air strikes against North Viet Nam. Ranged around the table were Vice-President Hubert Humphrey; Secretary of State Dean Rusk; CIA Director John McCone; General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; McGeorge Bundy, Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs; his brother, William P. Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs; and John D. McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs.

Taylor hardly needed to tell this group that the situation was deteriorating; they had read his cables. The Viet Cong had cut South Viet Nam almost in half. As it turned out, there was little need for him to argue for U.S. air raids against North Viet Nam, either. By December, the long struggle within the Johnson Administration between the "hawks" and the "doves" was coming to a close, with the doves becoming hawks, or, as one LBJ adviser insisted, all of them becoming "dawks." A dawk, that December, could be defined roughly as an ex-dove who once insisted on a negotiated settlement of the Viet Nam war, but now agreed that a hawklike show of strength was necessary in order to get *any* kind of settlement.

After the December 1 meeting, strategists in the Pentagon began updating top secret Viet Nam contingency plans that had been mulled over for years. Armed with fresh intelligence reports from Army's G-2 and the CIA and photographs from both the Navy and the Air Force, they pinpointed and assigned priorities to targets in what had been the Viet Cong sanctuary to the north.

Still the President had to steer a wary, zigzag course before he found a climate suitable for launching U.S. Navy Skyhawk and Crusader bombers against Dong Hoi. For President Johnson rarely moves, or moves only with great reluctance, until he has 60 to 70 percent public (or Congressional) support for a chosen course of action.

The climate of public opinion began to change for the President on Christmas Eve. That day, in downtown Saigon, brazen Viet Cong agents bombed an American officers' billet in broad daylight. Indignation back home ran high.

Johnson met again with his advisers, but failed to take any direct reprisal. At this some hawks in the Pentagon despaired. Then, in February, the company of Viet Cong guerillas trained their captured, American-made 88-mm. mortars on the barracks at Pleiku and laid down a barrage that rattled the teletype machine in the White House, 8,500 miles away. (Before the day was over eight GI's had been counted dead and 108 wounded.) "The decision-making process was not complicated—it was almost automatic," said an official who saw Johnson work that afternoon.

But even for a man who had made careful preparations to prosecute a frustrating war more vigorously, and who now must have realized that he had a consensus-making incident, the process of striking back was long and probably painful. With all nonessential traffic shut down, a torrent of facts and advice funneled into the White House—from CincPac in Hawaii (reporting the readiness of the three Navy carriers in the South China Sea), and from the President's blue-ribbon team in Saigon: General Westmoreland, Ambassador Taylor, Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson (a top career diplomat), and Mac Bundy, who happened to be in South Viet Nam on a four-day fact-finding mission.

In Bundy's absence, Bill Moyers, normally more concerned with The Great Society than with problems abroad, took over as chief of staff at the White House. Jack Valenti, another domestically oriented staffer (and an ex-bomber pilot), got quick interpretations of military cablese for the commander in chief. During the afternoon another harbinger of crisis—a telltale line of long, black Cadillacs—formed in West Executive Avenue outside the President's office.

Inside, National Security Council Secretary Smith commandeered a phone in the office of Mrs. Juanita Roberts, Johnson's No. 1 secretary, halfway between the President's office and the Cabinet Room, established an open line to the U.S. Communications Center in Saigon—and held it for five hours. The circuit had no "scrambler," but officials at both ends managed to get by with double-talk that would have baffled an enemy monitor.

After collecting all available facts on the predawn situation in Viet Nam (including reports that Viet Cong guerillas had attacked two other South Vietnamese bases during the night), the President began issuing orders. The response to Pleiku, he decreed, must be (1) prompt, (2) adequate, and (3) joint, i.e., carried out in conjunction with South Vietnamese forces.

McNamara and Wheeler quickly presented three alternate attack plans to the President. The option they preferred called for simultaneous, coordinated raids by South Vietnamese, U.S. Air Force and Navy planes on two targets: the guerilla training

and staging area at Dong Hoi and a military communications center at Van Linh, both just north of the 17th parallel. When Johnson approved this option, orders were flashed to Saigon and Pearl Harbor to prepare the attack. But the President insisted on an endorsement of the plan by what the State Department calls the "country team"—Taylor, Westmoreland, Alex Johnson, and, in this case, Mac Bundy.

It was 7:15 p.m. when Cyrus Vance, back at the Pentagon, got word from Bundy, in Saigon, via scrambled phone, that Taylor had received assurances of South Vietnamese participation and that the "country team" had unanimously recommended an air strike on North Viet Nam. At this point, as commander in chief, President Johnson could have given the "go" sign for an air attack and gone to dinner. But he decided on two more steps before going ahead: (1) he would call a meeting of the National Security Council to get final approval of the attack plan he, McNamara and Wheeler had agreed on; and (2) he would get the South Vietnamese government's approval of this *specific* plan.

At 7:25, giving just 20 minutes' notice, the President called a meeting of the National Security Council for 7:45 p.m. Some participants in the afternoon discussion who had ventured out of the White House for dinner didn't get back in time for this extraordinary session. To this assembly the President made it plain he thought the time had come to strike back—to implement his October decision. "I've had enough of this," he said, clutching the latest Pleiku casualty report. This time he got unanimous approval of the targets picked by McNamara and Wheeler—even from such officials as Under Secretary of State George Ball and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and others who had urged restraint in the past. Now he was waiting only for approval of the plan by the South Vietnamese government, whose Air Force was assigned to attack Van Linh. (As it turned out, Saigon's land-based Skyraiders were turned back by weather which obscured their target.) During the wait there were other problems to be discussed again—the probable responses of Hanoi, Peking and Moscow; the possible evacuation of American dependents from Saigon and the effect their withdrawal might have on South Vietnamese morale; the language to be used in a statement, the next morning, announcing and justifying the raids.

"You can't imagine how many orders have to be given, how many things you've got to think about on an operation like this," one White House staffer said later. "It was our first really big crisis with Johnson, and I think we served him well."

A few minutes after 9 word came through that the South Vietnamese government had approved the Dong Hoi-Van Linh plan and was ready to go. Tension had mounted as the "go" order was delayed. But McNamara, who had been routed out of a sickbed by the crisis, thought of a detail he hadn't covered. "Could I ask for a couple of minutes to say one more thing?" he inquired. "I'd hug you if you'd take two minutes more," said President Johnson, reprieved a little longer from giving the order that would send American pilots over hostile territory. The ensuing laughter broke the tension.

After McNamara had said his piece—four months after Johnson's decision to bomb and six hours after the first flash from Pleiku—the President was now prepared to make his move. Somehow, even in the crowded room, one Presidential aide was reminded of Harry S. Truman's recollection that "to be President of the United States is to be lonely, very lonely at times of great decisions."

"You'd better get going, Bob," the President said quietly to McNamara. Then he walked back to the mansion to spend a sleepless night awaiting the results of the first attack.

A♥ EVER-LENGTHENING SHADOW ♥A

Like most institutions, the White House staff is the lengthening shadow of a man. Every President shapes it to suit his own taste, temperament, and style of operation. It is closer to the President, physically and spiritually, than any of his other advisory groups—his Cabinet, his National Security Council, his military and economic advisers, or even his cronies. Though it is basically an anonymous organization, some of its members are more influential in affairs of state than Cabinet officers whose names are household words. Collectively, it is more influential in shaping his Presidency than any other body of counselors.

Members of the President's staff are extensions of the President's eyes, ears, and will; they are his political antennae, legmen, and ghost-writers; they are conservators of his time and energy; they help him determine and articulate policy.

U.S. Presidents discovered, long before Harry Truman said it, that "No one man can fill the Presidency." But they got little help from Congress, which has a traditional, almost pathological fear of strengthening the Executive. It wasn't until passage of The Reorganization Act of 1939, branded a "dictator bill" by its opponents, that the President—then Franklin Roosevelt—was authorized to consolidate and regroup agencies within the executive branch subject only to Congressional veto. The Act also gave FDR his now famous six administrative assistants with a "passion for anonymity."

This landmark law not only made the President the head of government in fact as well as name, it laid the foundation for the explosion of his staff into a brigade 40 times the size of the corporal's guard that worked for Hoover and bigger than the entire U.S. Army under Washington. Partly in compliance with Parkinson's Law, and partly out of necessity, it has proliferated into a bureaucracy of some 1,600 workers that is now overflowing not only the White House but four other buildings.

As befits a Texan, Lyndon B. Johnson's White House staff is the biggest and best paid in U.S. history. Its hard core consists of 250 workers in what the federal budget calls the "White House Office," jammed into the west wing, presciently built by TR in 1909, and the east wing, added by FDR in 1942. The other 1,350 are in the Executive Office of the President, which now houses a congeries of elite agencies: the Bureau of the Budget, the National Security Council, the Council of Economic Advisers, the National Aeronautics and Space Council, the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Office of Emergency Planning, and more. The Executive Office personnel are largely quartered in the adjacent 95-year-old Executive Office Building, an ornate, spacious structure that, in happier days, contained the entire State, War, and Navy Departments.

Johnson's lengthening shadow began to take shape in Parkland Hospital at Dallas, Texas, on November 22, 1963, minutes after Kenneth O'Donnell, appointments secretary to President Kennedy, first addressed him as "Mr. President"—to inform him that President Kennedy was dead.

On Kennedy's death the new President automatically inherited JFK's grief-stricken staff, a mixture of Ivy League intellectuals and tough politicians rated by some White House buffs as the most capable in modern history. But President Johnson, like his 35 predecessors, wanted around him men of his own choosing, men with whom he felt comfortable.

"Get me Jack Valenti," he told a friend before leaving the hospital to ride head down on the back seat of an unmarked police car to Love Field. And so Jack J. Valenti, a Houston ad man who had married LBJ's former secretary, Mary Margaret Wiley, the preceding summer, and who had ridden in the doomed Dallas motorcade as the Vice-President's guest, became the first post-assassination addition to President Johnson's staff.

At Love Field, where he took his oath of office aboard the curtained, heavily guarded Presidential jet, "Air Force One," he picked up another trusted Texan, Bill D. Moyers, for the return trip to Washington.

As one of two reporters who made that nightmarish flight back to the capital on "Air Force One," I saw at first hand the importance of total rapport between a President and the men serving him. Inevitably and understandably, the top Kennedy aides aboard—O'Donnell, Congressional Liaison Chief Larry O'Brien, and Dave Powers, JFK's court jester—spent most of the two-hour-and-twelve-minute flight in the rear cabin, keeping vigil over his bronze casket with the dazed, blood-spattered Jacqueline Kennedy. So deep was their shock—and their loyalty—that some Kennedy men, though they stayed on the payroll, never performed a full day's work for Johnson after Dallas.

"I need your help more than Jack Kennedy did," the President told the Kennedy Administration holdovers before the Kennedy funeral—and he did. Kennedy men proved invaluable to President Johnson in his swift, sure-handed take-over. It was President Kennedy's speechwriting alter ego, Ted Sorensen, who wrote Johnson's first, eloquent "let us continue" speech to Congress. It was President Kennedy's astute budget director, Kermit Gordon, who helped Johnson in his first major task (and the proudest achievement of his first year in office)—cutting

JFK's last budget, then soaring past the 101-billion-dollar mark, to a breathtaking 97.9 billion dollars.

But by mid-1964, with the departure of half a dozen Kennedy holdovers, the White House staff began to think, talk, act and react like Lyndon Johnson. "The President wants men around him who will cry when they see an old lady fall down in the street," Jack Valenti told me, trying to explain the yardstick by which Johnson measured his men. "He doesn't want cold intellectuals, without commitment to his programs. . . ."

Kennedy's intellectuals were not the only staffers to depart during the transition period. Late in the 1964 Presidential campaign, Johnson was stunned to learn that his oldest and most trusted aide, Walter Jenkins, had been arrested and forfeited bond on a charge of making "indecent gestures" to another man in the washroom of the Washington Y.M.C.A., just two blocks from the White House. The President's first reaction was angry disbelief; Jenkins, fatigued from overwork, had been "entrapped," he insisted. Privately, President Johnson threatened an investigation of "other people in this town," presumably Republicans, after the election. But when he learned Jenkins had been arrested five years earlier in the same washroom and on the same charge, he sadly asked for, and quickly got, the resignation of a man who had been a close personal friend as well as his No. 1 staff aide for 20 years. Now Jenkins' name is never mentioned in the White House, except when a staffer inadvertently says, "When Walter was here. . . ."

It was not until 1965, after the start of his first elected term, that Johnson achieved, by attrition and replacement, a staff lineup that pleased him. The President, usually sparing in praise of his subordinates, then suddenly became lyrical about them. He gave all his top men pay raises and a public commendation, calling them "one of the ablest and most broadly experienced and, I hope, most harmonious and most dedicated" staffs ever to serve a President.

At the same time a few faint lines of authority became visible. It was not a setup that could be diagrammed, except perhaps by Rube Goldberg. "The President just isn't a flow-chart man," one aide explained. "We do what he tells us, never mind the rank and titles." The organization that emerged was neither as rigid as Ike's, with a neatly pyramided chain of command, nor as freewheeling as Kennedy's, where it was virtually every man for himself. It bore a little resemblance to the "disorderly house" of the President's idol, Franklin Roosevelt, but was, Johnson said, "built on the Truman model."

To 10 top lieutenants President Johnson gave the rank of "Special Assistant" and salaries of $28,500 a year. He accorded the same title with a salary of $30,000 to JFK's holdover legislative liaison chief, Larry O'Brien, who submitted his resignation but agreed to stay on until the President's 1965 legislative program was launched. "All are of equal rank and all report to me," Johnson decreed.

The President's top men were divided into two categories, "specialists" and "generalists." The specialists are men with day-to-day operational duties in a single field. The generalists are what the President calls "my triple-threat men," or mixing his sports metaphors, "switch-hitters"—multipurpose staff officers who have special areas of competence but may be used on any problem that crops up. "We throw people into the line where we need them," Johnson says, boasting of his staff's versatility.

The specialists in Johnson's original lineup—each with a small staff of his own—were McGeorge Bundy, national security affairs; George E. Reedy, press secretary; and O'Brien, shepherd of the President's program on Capitol Hill. Reedy, a veteran Johnson staffer of 15 years, took a leave of absence in July, 1965, to undergo foot surgery, and O'Brien left the White House in September to become Postmaster General.

The original generalists were Bill D. Moyers, staff coordinator, responsible for the legislative program; Jack J. Valenti, speech editor and general factotum; Horace W. Busby, Cabinet secretary and part-time foreign affairs expert; Richard N. Goodwin, chief speechwriter, expert on poverty, art, conservation and urban problems; Douglass Cater, authority on health, education and welfare with a minor in foreign affairs; Lee C. White, special counsel; Harry C. McPherson, a lawyer-utility infielder; and W. Marvin Watson, appointments secretary. Moyers proved himself a good pinch hitter, as well as switch-hitter, when he took on the job of press secretary as an added duty after Reedy was granted his leave of absence.

This staff reflected Lyndon Johnson's partiality to Texans and to young, deferential men; five of the 11 were from Texas and the staff's average age, in mid-1965, was just 40. But Johnson's men possessed more talent—and more credentials—than any generalization about young Texans would imply. All, in fact, as President Johnson has said, were "men of exceptional ability." Four were lawyers, three held masters' degrees, one was a Harvard dean, and one an ordained Baptist minister. Three had taught at the college level, and at least two gave up incomes of more than 75,000 dollars a year to help Johnson move toward The Great Society. Not surprisingly, for a President who is an almost compulsive talker, nine of the 11 could double as speechwriters. And as several of the original group have left—among them, Goodwin, Busby and Reedy—others have come in who have equally impressive credentials.

A♣ THE LBJ WAY ♣A

At the White House, work days start early and run far into the night. One of the biggest problems for President Johnson's aides is that the President works a two-shift day. He begins his first watch by getting on the telephone in his bedroom at 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning and winds it up at about 2 p.m., when he leaves his office for a walk (or a swim) and lunch. After lunch he takes what he calls a "real" nap, shifting into pajamas. Then he showers, puts on fresh clothes, and returns to his office at about 4 p.m., when most government workers are beginning to wilt. The second shift may then run until 8 or 9 p.m. "It's like starting a new day," Johnson has said of the surge of energy that follows his midafternoon shower, "but at 5 in the afternoon I sometimes feel sorry for the poor Cabinet officers and other people I call in here who have been tied to their desks all day."

The President's five secretaries (there were two for Ike and JFK) have adjusted to his unorthodox routine by organizing themselves into two shifts. But his overworked aides—the top staff officers—are expected to be available at *all* times. Moyers, Valenti and Watson usually report to the President in his living quarters at about 8 a.m. They bring overnight intelligence reports—military and political—and get back the "night reading" they handed the President the night before. The papers bear brief notations: "OK/LBJ," "Have him see me," or perhaps just check marks opposite the "Yes" or "No" options inscribed on a covering memo by an aide. Good staff men must be prepared to discuss, at that unearthly hour, the contents of at least four morning newspapers—*The Baltimore Sun* (LBJ's favorite), *The Washington Post, The New York Times* and *The New York Herald Tribune*. They must also be prepared to brief the President on the callers on his schedule for that day—what they want, whether they are obligated to the President, and myriad other details down to personal habits.

The President's men have long since forsworn lunch dates outside the White House, though the newsmen and lobbyists who would like to entertain them are legion. In his first year, one close Presidential adviser tried eating out twice; the first time a message to return to the White House was awaiting him when he arrived at his chosen bistro, and the second time he got only as far as the soup course before being recalled. The alternative for staffers is lunch at their desks, or in the White House "mess," a Navy-operated basement dining hall.

Even starting for home at 8 p.m., 12 hours after reporting for duty, provides no assurance of a getaway. The chauffeured black Mercury sedans in which the top staff men ride to and from work (one of the emoluments of office) are equipped with two-way radios in case the boss wants to recall or divert them. At home, the top men have white telephones connected directly to the White House switchboard. "It's real George—George Orwellian, that is," one LBJ adviser confided after several night calls from the President.

Another problem for staffers is the fact that President Johnson is a perfectionist, bluntly intolerant of sloppiness in work or personal appearance. He likes to be surrounded by neat, trim, well-groomed people. He once sent a secretary to a "charm" school to improve her appearance. He keeps a watchful eye on the waistlines of his male subordinates.

With all his demands on aides, the President fiercely resents the cliché that he is a "slave driver"—just as he resents the popular notions that he is "folksy" (he hates the word) and that he has "telephonitis" (he will not pose for pictures with a phone

in his hand) . Some of his workers defend him on the slave-driver charge. "The kind of people who work for the President would be working 12 or 15 hours a day wherever they worked," Moyers insists. "Most of us are self-drivers."

One of the few status symbols among White House staffers is the "PL," or private line. Moyers, Bundy, Valenti and Watson have PL's directly from the President's 24-button telephone console. When he picks up his green phone and pushes a button, bypassing the White House switchboard, they know who's buzzing.

President Johnson does not operate with the open-door policy followed by President Kennedy, whose top aides walked in on him at will. Neither does he insist, as President Eisenhower did, on all problems being funneled to him through a Sherman Adams—like chief of staff. To take up a problem with the President, his top staffers and Cabinet officers call Marvin Watson, his appointments secretary, and arrange a time.

This raises the question that has nagged at every President since the evolution of the modern White House staff system under FDR in 1939: which problems should go to the President and which should be handled by his staff?

Ideally, the staff operates as a funnel rather than a buffer, expediting rather than obstructing the flow of information to the President. But it must be a funnel with a fine-screen strainer. A hint of the magnitude of the filtering job can be gained from the mail count alone: in 1964, 2,491,300 pieces of mail arrived at the White House, compared to 653,000 pieces in 1960. In addition there were 3.5 million incoming phone calls, compared to 2 million in President Eisenhower's last year. The pressure on the President to see callers is fantastic. Some days as many as 50 members of Congress demand time on the green carpet in his oval office. (Congressional callers are rarely carried on the President's published appointments calendar for a simple reason: if he admits he has seen one Senator from, say, Utah, then the other demands equal time.) Then there is the pressure to crown Azalea Queens and Cherry Blossom Princesses, to greet the Teacher of the Year, the Boy of the Year, the Big Brother of the Year, and to launch fund-raising drives for numberless charities that feel they cannot collect money without a Presidential blessing. Strangely, protected as he was by his staff, President Eisenhower was a patsy for such promotion stunts. President Kennedy ducked most of them. President Johnson and his staff have delegated many time-consuming ceremonial functions to Vice-President Humphrey.

One thing Johnson's staff has to a greater degree than Ike's or Kennedy's is that "passion for anonymity" prescribed by FDR for his "selfless six" administrative assistants. In fact, old Washington hands agree it is the most inconspicuous, self-effacing White House team in modern history. On LBJ's whole roster there is not a man with the wintry officiousness of Sherman Adams, the volcanic temper of Jim Hagerty, the sartorial flamboyance or irrepressible humor of Pierre Salinger. To upstage Lyndon Johnson would be almost impossible; but his men seem to *prefer* lingering in his long shadow. And the President likes it that way; the President likes his aides anonymous.

A♦ FIRST AMONG EQUALS ♦A

"That boy," President Johnson told reporters one day with an eye on a young staff member, "has a bleeding ulcer. He works for me like a dog, and is just as faithful. He never asks for anything—but for more work. In the last year he has put together the most comprehensive legislative program ever sent to Congress in the history of this Republic. He won't go home with that bleeding ulcer until 9 or 10 o'clock. I don't know what I'd do without him."

The "boy" the President referred to, of course, was Bill Don Moyers, at 31 an ordained Baptist minister, a journeyman liberal, the youngest of the President's Special Assistants and the *Wunderkind* of the Johnson Administration. Though Lyndon Johnson has never accorded him any rank, insisting that all his top aides are equal, Moyers is generally acknowledged to be more equal than the others. He is, in fact, the bellwether and coordinator of the staff, its chief administrator, anchor man on domestic issues, an increasingly important adviser in foreign affairs, and—in a pinch—the President's Press Secretary.

As molder of the President's legislative program—the man to whom task forces, Cabinet officers and speechwriters submitted their ideas—he is more nearly the architect of The Great Society than any other man save the President himself. He is, according to one LBJ friend, the President's "good angel, representing his conscience when there's a conflict between conscience and expediency."

He is, in short, the most special of the Special Assistants.

Despite all these credentials, Moyers, a slight, bespectacled, scholarly-looking, 160-pound six-footer, looks more like Clark Kent than Superman.

Mild and soft-spoken, Moyers never asserts the greater authority the President has tacitly bestowed on him. In fact, he rarely invokes the name of the President. Where other staffers, in transmitting a Presidential order, say, "The President wants . . . ," Moyers simply says, "Let's do it this way." To other staffers and Cabinet officers alike, this is just about as binding as a Presidential edict.

Moyers, whose quiet manner is antithetical to Lyndon Johnson's in most respects, bears one striking similarity. He is a consensus worshiper.

"He can sit down with three people when they are miles apart in their thinking and get an agreement on what our policy ought to be," says the President, who places great store in that kind of talent.

With these rave notices, Moyers seems almost too good to be true. But the fact is he has been getting such unmixed paeans almost since he was born in Hugo, Oklahoma, the son of an odd-jobs man, on June 5, 1934. Early on, his family moved to Marshall, Texas. At Marshall High his faculty adviser recalls vividly that he "worked like a house afire," compiling a 93.83 scholastic average. He also wrote school news for the town daily, *The Marshall News-Messenger*.

The *News-Messenger* job was more than an avocation. At the paper, cub reporter Moyers became self-supporting at 14, covered police and City Hall at 15 and was named sports editor at 17. The job also resulted in Moyers' changing his given name: christened Billy Don, he dropped the "y" when he got his first by-line. " 'Bill' seemed more dignified," he says today.

At North Texas State College (now University) in Denton, Moyers continued at the same breathless pace. Then, at the end of his sophomore year, in the spring of 1954, he wrote a letter that changed his life.

The letter, to Lyndon B. Johnson, asked the powerful Senator from Texas whether he had a job for a college student as a summer replacement in his office. Impressed by the letter, Johnson checked with the publisher of the *News-Messenger* and got such a resounding endorsement that he hired Moyers sight unseen.

At the end of the summer, as Moyers was preparing to return to Denton, Senator Johnson proposed that he transfer to the University of Texas, at Austin. There, the Senator pointed out, Moyers could work part time at the LBJ radio-TV station and pick up some courses not offered at North Texas State. Moyers readily accepted a job as assistant news editor at KTBC —the salary enabled him to marry his teen-age sweetheart, Judy Davidson—and since then his wagon has been hitched, with few interruptions, to Lyndon Johnson's high-speed steamroller.

At KTBC the "part-time" job turned into a 50-hour work week on three jobs—news, continuity and traffic—now handled by eight employees and a computer.

At the University, Moyers always seemed "tired and pale," according to one journalism instructor. But this did not prevent him from winning, at the beginning of his senior year, the top scholarship for male undergraduates in the School of Journalism (his grade average: 2.77 out of a possible 3.0). He graduated with highest honors in 1956 and then, with an assist from LBJ, went to the University of Edinburgh for a year on a Rotary International Fellowship.

When he returned to the U.S., Moyers enrolled at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas, to study theology and ethics. In December, 1959, two weeks before Moyers got his Bachelor of Divinity degree, he got a call from the Texas Senator, who by then was planning his unannounced campaign for the 1960 Democratic Presidential nomination. LBJ, who had kept close track of his onetime mail clerk, wanted Moyers to rejoin his staff immediately

At the age of 25 then, Moyers became at the same time an

ordained Baptist minister (he still preaches occasional guest sermons in Washington area churches) and a trooper in one of the roughest, bitterest, no-holds-barred political battles of this century—the Kennedy-Johnson fight for the Presidential nomination. When that struggle ended at Los Angeles, with JFK the victor and LBJ his surprise running mate, Moyers became liaison man between the two camps. Mr. Johnson, not an easy man to please, was so satisfied with his work that within three months he raised his salary from $10,000 to $15,000 a year.

After the election, Moyers wangled a breakfast at the Mayflower Hotel with R. Sargent Shriver, JFK's brother-in-law and the Peace Corps director-designate. Moyers left the Mayflower an associate director of the Corps, which turned out to be the most popular innovation of the Kennedy Administration.

He was named Deputy Director of the Corps in January, 1963, at the age of 28—perhaps the youngest man ever to receive a Presidential appointment requiring Senate confirmation. This was the post he held at the time of Kennedy's assassination. Afterward, Moyers stayed on the Peace Corps payroll for months, insisting he was on temporary duty, "just filling in a chink" at the White House. Meanwhile, Johnson kept pushing more work into the chink. Moyers has never returned to the Peace Corps since, except to clean out his desk.

The variety of chores handled by Moyers is staggering. On a given day he may confer in depth with as many as three Cabinet officers on such divergent and complex subjects as water pollution, juvenile delinquency and fair labor standards legislation. Between conferences he may brief a group of visiting editors on the aims of The Great Society, settle a jurisdictional dispute between two government departments and answer complaints from half a dozen members of Congress. I was sitting in his office one night after such a day and was astonished to hear him pick up the phone and offer an ambassadorship to a diplomat. "You can have either Prague or Belgrade," he said. The caller said he would let him know.

Moyers is generally in charge of speechwriters, and in a pinch can turn out a text in passable Lyndonese himself. He attends all meetings of both the Cabinet and the National Security Council, and since early 1965 has regularly pulled duty on overseas crises.

During the Selma racial crisis, when, for strategic reasons, the President couldn't confer directly with Alabama's George Wallace but it was imperative for the White House to know the Governor's intentions, it was Moyers who sounded him out by phone and then maintained contact through the crisis.

"He's in everything," President Johnson has said of his overworked, uncomplaining staff coordinator, and no one has yet figured out a better job description.

Moyers' duodenal ulcer, which his doctors believe to be hereditary, has not bled since January, 1963, when he was hospitalized for two weeks, then put on a strict soft-food diet. At the Peace Corps Moyers sipped as many as four strawberry milkshakes a day and nibbled at custards between meals. The White House basement canteen offers no such delicacies; he now eats a pint of ice cream a day and says his ulcer is "under control."

Impressive as the statistics are on Moyers' ability, he would not rank so high as he does in the estimate of White House insiders if he were not, as one of them puts it, "a stand-up guy." Puffing silently on a pencil-thin Reina Isabel cigar (he smokes five a day) and doodling geometric designs, he can listen silently as the President develops an idea for 10 minutes and then softly, in an almost ministerial tone, begin to dissect it. Lyndon Johnson, sometimes short-tempered and a formidable antagonist even before he acquired the massive dignity of the Presidency, has yielded more than once to his junior assistant's reasoning.

Moyers proved himself adroit at dealing with newsmen, too, when suddenly pressed into service as President Johnson's press secretary. In his first news briefing he startled the White House press corps—accustomed to "I don't know" answers from George Reedy—by picking up a phone and calling the President direct to get an answer to a reporter's question. The consensus was that Moyers, with his crisp, informative answers, couldn't help but improve the President's image and press relations. It seemed doubtful, however, that even Moyers could carry both the press job and his other manifold duties indefinitely.

To ease the burden, after moving Moyers into the press office (an assignment Moyers called "hopefully temporary"), Johnson added another $28,500-a-year Special Assistant to his staff to help put together his 1966 legislative program. He is Joseph A. Califano, 34, Brooklyn-born, an honor graduate of Holy Cross with a Harvard law degree. When drafted by Johnson, Califano was working in the Defense Department and known as the Pentagon's chief troubleshooter. More important from LBJ's point of view, Califano is very knowledgeable on a pet Johnson project—the billion-dollar race to get an economically feasible supersonic jet transport plane into commercial service before Britain and France.

Meantime Moyers, who lives with his wife and three young children in a split-level in suburban Virginia, remains a paradox of power. In a capital noted for its jealousy toward those at seats of power, it is still hard to find anyone who dislikes him.

K♠ LITTLE STATE DEPARTMENT ♠K

When "Air Force One" touched down at Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, at 5:59 p.m. on November 22, 1963, after its swift return trip from Dallas, following President Kennedy's death, the first government official to confer with the new President of the United States was McGeorge Bundy, who had been John F. Kennedy's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. In the eerie shadows cast by the glare of TV lights, the pink-cheeked former Harvard dean, looking more like a GS-12 civil servant than a top government official, moved through the ranks of bewildered Cabinet officers, agency heads, FBI agents and Secret Servicemen, to make his first official report to the new chief of state.

Bundy had been attending a budget conference at the Pentagon with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Budget Director Kermit Gordon when word that President Kennedy had been shot reached Washington. Bundy sped to the White House and took charge. While McNamara ordered U.S. armed forces around the world (including 10 Polaris submarines under the seas) into a state of readiness, Bundy placed the CIA on a worldwide "intelligence alert" to watch for any suspicious act by the Communists. He also radioed the numbing news from Dallas to the jet transport carrying Secretary of State Rusk and five other Cabinet officers across the Pacific for a meeting with the Japanese Cabinet in Tokyo. His message caught the plane—one of the President's fleet of four 707 jets—one hour out of Honolulu and turned it around for a frantic, flank-speed return to Washington. Bundy then prepared several position papers on the world situation for the new President and raced to Andrews AFB.

In Washington that night, as newsmen took stock of the new "Johnson Administration," most were sure Bundy would be among the first, if not the first, of the Kennedy appointees to leave the White House. No two men in public life, it was generally agreed, had less in common than the crisp, intellectual, ascetic Bundy—the personification of a Boston Brahmin—and the garrulous, practical, folksy Johnson—a Texan to the core.

The trouble with this line of reasoning was that it ignored three factors: (1) Bundy had an ingrained sense of public duty; (2) he liked his job as "dean of the world"; and (3) in three years of National Security Council meetings, Lyndon Johnson had developed a powerful respect for the man John Kennedy once called "indispensable." As a matter of fact, within a few weeks Johnson was calling him "invaluable" and shoving more work his way.

Under President Johnson the nature of Bundy's job changed, but not his loyalty. This, it turned out, was not just to the late occupant of the White House, but to the President of the United States. Some Kennedy appointees who never warmed to Lyndon Johnson had difficulty understanding this concept. "Mac is a turncoat," one member of the Irish Mafia muttered to me a few weeks after Bundy, with a little soul-searching, had made a smooth transition to the new order. It was as if Bundy had violated the canons of a cult. Even Bobby Kennedy (though *he* stayed on as Attorney General for nine months) seemed to resent Bundy's adaptability.

In Bundy's family the tradition of public service goes back at least to the American Revolution and his father, Harvey Hollister Bundy, a prosperous Boston lawyer, served as Assistant Secretary of State to Henry Stimson in the Hoover Administration and as Stimson's assistant when he was Secretary of War under President Roosevelt.

Stimson and a later Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, were

frequent callers at the Bundy home on Beacon Street. "Diplomacy and world affairs were part of the household conversation," recalls Bundy's older brother, William, who married Acheson's daughter and is now an Assistant Secretary of State. "We felt close to what was going on." Predictably, "Mackie" entered Dexter School in Brookline at the age of eight, one class behind John F. Kennedy. A whiz kid, he took top honors in both sports and studies, moved on to Groton, where he was first in his class, and to Yale, where he was the first student in history to get three perfect scores on his entrance examinations.

Bundy entered World War II as an Army private, left it as an aiguilletted military aide to Admiral Alan G. Kirk. He was with Kirk on the flag bridge of the U.S.S. "Augusta" during the Normandy invasion. When Bundy joined the Harvard faculty in 1949 as a lecturer in government (his course: The United States in World Politics), friends thought he had found his métier. He glittered on the lecture platform and advanced in academic rank (without bothering to get even a master's degree). He also married well—Mary Buckminster Lothrop, the pretty associate director of admissions at neighboring Radcliffe.

At 34, just four years after joining the faculty, Bundy was jumped over hundreds of senior professors to the post of Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences—the No. 2 job at one of America's oldest and proudest universities. In this role he made some enemies. "He pays no attention to what the other fellow may think," Professor Charles R. Cherington, who taught government under Bundy, told an interviewer after Bundy left the campus. "He's as cold as ice and snippy about everything." But he also made some important friends—among them Harvard Overseer John F. Kennedy. They sat next to each other during the Harvard commencement early in the 1960 campaign. As a result of that encounter Bundy, who had been a Republican, helped organize, but did not join, an egghead advisory panel—the group of scholars at Harvard and M.I.T. that fed ideas to JFK during and after the 1960 campaign.

When Bundy arrived in Washington as Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, he inherited a title carried over from the Eisenhower Administration, but created an entirely new job. Where his predecessor, Gordon Gray, had seen President Eisenhower three or four times a week, Bundy conferred with President Kennedy four or five times a day. He became a channel of communication between the President and all government agencies involved in maintaining national security. Bundy also took over the job of running the highly secret and often controversial National Security Council that was created by Congress in 1947 "to advise the President with respect to the integration of domestic, foreign, and military policies relating to the national security."

The only statutory members of the council are the President, the Vice-President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense and the Director of the Office of Emergency Planning, but its sessions are often attended by as many as a dozen other officials—at the President's invitation. At the conclusion of each meeting all papers left on the Cabinet table—including Mac Bundy's doodling pad—are burned.

Bundy has a string of beige-carpeted, tastefully decorated offices, plus a map-lined, top-secret Situation Room in the White House. Communications from all over the world, arriving through State, Pentagon and CIA facilities, pour into the Situation Room around the clock by teletype, scramble phone, and pneumatic tube. (There are three clocks over the teletype machines—one on Greenwich time, one on Washington time, and the third on "President's time," wherever he may be. During crises the Greenwich clock is sometimes shifted to Moscow or Saigon time.)

Bundy commands a staff of a dozen bright, mostly young, and well-paid subordinates recruited from such places as the Pentagon, the State Department and "the Agency" (CIA), and bristling with M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. Each of the "Bundy group" has an area of expertise—the Far East, Africa, Latin America, nuclear testing, the United Nations—but assignments change frequently, as crises erupt.

The hand of Bundy is seldom seen by the public, but occasionally his role in shaping policy can be documented. He has admitted, for instance, that his part in President Kennedy's Bay of Pigs disaster was "not very constructive. . . . We were just freshmen, and as freshmen you don't go in and say, 'Dammit, Mr. President, you're not getting the right kind of information.' " In President Kennedy's second Cuban crisis—the missile confrontation—it was Bundy who made the showdown possible. After a two-week gap in aerial reconnaissance photography, he broke a jurisdictional dispute between the CIA and the Strategic Air Command as to which agency would conduct vital U-2 flights over the island, siding with SAC. The first pictures made by SAC produced the evidence of missile installations that triggered Kennedy's "get out" order to Soviet Premier Khrushchev. In the ensuing crisis Bundy got high marks for his guts and stamina from all participants (except, of course, the Russians and Cubans).

This does not mean that Bundy is committed to confrontation as the only way of dealing with the Communists. At times he has been an equally fervent advocate of accommodation. The President has said of him: "Every minute he's gone we get problems."

Under President Johnson, Secretary of State Rusk's authority has been subtly enhanced at the expense of Bundy. There have been fewer complaints about White House "meddling" in foreign affairs from the State Department, which sometimes forgets that the President is the government's chief foreign-policy officer. Outwardly, Bundy and Rusk, basically fellow eggheads, get along well. Old hands at the State Department are now more fascinated by the obvious rivalry between Bundy and Under Secretary of State Ball—both potential candidates for Rusk's job—than by the Rusk-Bundy relationship. They are now more concerned about incursions into their policy-making area by Defense Secretary McNamara than they are about the activities of the boyish-looking 46-year-old Bundy.

Though his views have been criticized (Alaska's Senator Ernest Gruening habitually calls him "George McBungle"), Bundy has never been accused of tailoring his views to please the President. While generally one with President Johnson on objectives, Bundy has frequently differed with him on methods. In the Dominican crisis, while agreeing that U.S. intervention was necessary, Bundy (and Moyers) argued against the President's introducing the Communist threat in his televised reports on the situation until there was sufficient evidence to document that threat. The result was that President Johnson gave no hint of his fears of a Communist takeover until two days after intervening and did not make his outright charge that "Communist conspirators" had taken over the revolution until four days after intervention.

At his modern walnut desk, cluttered with cables stamped "secret" and "urgent," Bundy has little time for small talk. Swiveling from side to side in a low-backed leather chair, and occasionally waving a triangular draftsman's ruler to emphasize a point, he marshals facts and logic with the cold detachment of a mathematical scholar (which he is) explaining a problem in freshman algebra.

In conversation he smiles readily, but it is a quick-fading smile. He thinks, moves and talks quickly, slowing up only occasionally to turn a resonant or pungent phrase. While listening he fixes his callers sternly, blue eyes peering intently through light shell-rimmed glasses. Some White House colleagues have put him down as an overbearing intellectual snob—a cold and humorless Univac. Others, after penetrating the glacial exterior, sometimes over a bourbon on the rocks or a martini, have found him witty and charming, a man who enjoys the thrust and parry of good conversation. He rarely attends cocktail parties, preferring evenings at home with his wife and "my troops"—four precocious sons.

K♥ THE SWITCH-HITTERS ♥K

"We are like a basketball team," Bill Moyers once said of President Johnson's White House staff. "To the spectator in the stands, what goes on down on the floor may look haphazard, with men moving back and forth in all directions. But each player on the court knows how to handle the ball, and what he's doing, and what the others are doing. There's no quarterback on the field to call signals. All our orders come from the coach—the President. We all have one common goal—to put the ball through the hoop."

Inept as this metaphor may seem for a squad of superannuated and mostly overweight old grads—the President's Special Assistants—it is fairly descriptive of how President Johnson's staff operates. After Moyers, who is pivot man on domestic issues (if not captain of the team), and Bundy, who handles the ball

in foreign affairs, the coach has a bench full of virtuoso performers to call on. Oblivious to Moyers' basketball analogy, President Johnson calls them variously his "switch-hitters" and his "triple-threat men." The most versatile of these—or at least those with the most diversified duties—are a duo of Texans named Jack Joseph Valenti and William Marvin Watson. (A third "triple-threater" from Texas, Horace Wooten Busby, Jr., resigned last September to return to private business.)

Besides their Texas birth certificates—which are gilt-edged credentials in Washington these days—Valenti and Watson have much in common to recommend them to the coach. They were successful businessmen—a recommendation not to be ignored with a President who courts business as LBJ does. Both hold masters' degrees in business administration. This doesn't hurt in a White House sensitive to the charge that it is short on academic types. They are shrewd politicians, glib talkers, moderately skilled writers and are fanatically loyal to LBJ and The Great Society.

Jack Valenti, 44, a short (five feet seven inches, 145 pounds), smart and handsome former Houston ad man, is easily the better-known of the switch-hitters, partly because he is the more gregarious and partly because he is a familiar figure on every first page and TV screen in America as the little man who is always at the President's elbow, whispering in his ear, at ceremonial functions. Early in his White House career, President Johnson chuckled at a description of Valenti as "more important than a valet and less important than an ambassador . . . [with] some of the functions of each—and many in between." There is still something of the manservant in Valenti's relationship to the President—he is the first to see him in the morning and often puts him to bed at night—but he has long since become more important than an ambassador.

During Lyndon Johnson's first year as President, Valenti was unquestionably the aide closest to him physically, attending him on a round-the-clock basis. As his appointments secretary, he was the traffic cop who decided who saw the President and when. "The most precious thing a President has is his time," Valenti once said, evaluating the importance of that job.

Valenti relinquished most of the doorkeeping job to Marvin Watson when Watson joined the staff early in 1965. But in the meantime Valenti had discovered half a dozen other jobs for himself. "He's the only man who sees every paper that crosses my desk," the President once told me. "He's really a Jack-of-all-trades. He takes over to my bedroom every night five or six big envelopes full of things I've got to read, things he has culled out as important or urgent. He's a good writer and an editor. He can dictate answers to 30 letters in an hour. He's one of the most talented men we have."

The key job Valenti carved out was that of White House editor-in-chief. Soon Mr. Johnson was bucking all Presidential speeches and statements over to him for final editing. One night I saw the President toss Valenti the draft of a balance-of-payments message to Congress (laboriously prepared at the Treasury Department) with one simple instruction: "Cut out the gobbledygook!" On another occasion he handed him a dry-as-dust farm message and told him, "Sex it up a little, Jack." In both cases Valenti rewrote them, or edited them down, into the short, punchy sentences Johnson prefers.

Valenti came by his talents the hard way. The grandson of Sicilian immigrants who arrived in Texas in the 1880's, he worked after hours as a theater usher for 10 dollars a week while attending high school. When he graduated at 15, with honors, his father was earning 150 dollars a month as a county tax clerk. "And I wanted to go to Harvard," Valenti remembers wistfully. Instead he got a job as an office boy and enrolled as a night student at the University of Houston. Ten years later, with time out for service as an Air Force B-25 bomber pilot in World War II, and with an A-minus average, he earned his degree as a bachelor of business administration.

After graduating from the University of Houston, Valenti got into Harvard's tough Graduate School of Business Administration, where he earned a master's degree in 1948. Back at the Humble Oil and Refining Company, where he had been an office boy, he was now installed as manager of advertising and sales promotion.

In 1952, with "spit, courage and baling wire"—and a promise of the Continental Oil Company account—Valenti and Weldon Weekley, a former University of Houston classmate, left Humble to start a new ad agency. Valenti, working as the "outside" man while Weekley ran the office, got more fat accounts and made friends of such Houston moguls as R.E. (Bob) Smith and Roy M. Hofheinz, millionaire builders of Houston's Astrodome, political kingmakers, and owners of a big chunk of the city. This, in turn, got Valenti into politics. He became a campaign manager and ad director for a succession of Smith-Hofheinz candidates. He also started writing a weekly column of musings for *The Houston Post*.

He had just been named the Outstanding Young Man of Houston when he first met Lyndon Johnson, at a reception for 20 rising young businessmen at Houston's Shamrock Hotel in 1956. Valenti was so impressed that he devoted his next *Post* column entirely to the then Senate majority leader.

Johnson saw plenty of hustling Jack Valenti from then on. He was waiting at the airport unfailingly when Johnson visited Houston. He worked for LBJ at Los Angeles in 1960. As a result, his ad agency got the Kennedy-Johnson campaign account in Texas. And as a further result, during the campaign, he met Johnson's secretary, Mary Margaret Wiley. After the election Valenti popped up in Washington to court—and eventually marry—Miss Wiley. Lyndon Johnson gave the bride away at a big June wedding in Houston in 1962.

With his sharp suits, ingratiating manner and riverboat gambler's drawl, Valenti was mistaken by many for a glib, opportunistic Texas "operator" when he first flew into Washington on LBJ's coattails. His huckster background did not inspire confidence among liberals who hoped for an LBJ "brain trust." But Valenti proved he could grapple with ideas as well as words. "He knows the substance, as well as the political implications, of every memo he puts in the President's night reading," one of his colleagues contends. "He's about as well informed as any man in Washington."

Valenti's only apparent vice is that he is *too* enthusiastic about his boss. This has led him into some purple prose that even his friends have found cloying. In one speech he described the moment of Lyndon Johnson's accession: "And suddenly, as though the darkness of the cave confided its fears to the trail of light growing larger as it banished the night, the Nation's breath, held tightly to its breast, began to ease and across the land the people began to move again." He concluded that stem-winder by saying, "I sleep each night a little better, a little more confidently because Lyndon Johnson is my President."

The speech, before an advertising men's convention in Boston, became a titillating conversation piece at Washington cocktail parties. Valenti was ribbed unmercifully, but was unabashed. "What the hell did they expect a Special Assistant to the President to do?" he asked. "Denounce the President?"

W. Marvin Watson, the handsome steel-company executive President Johnson brought in from Texas early in 1965 as his appointments secretary, is another multipurpose aide. Watson, then 40, a dark, green-eyed, squarely built 180-pounder whom the President calls "my front man," is as friendly as any Texan can be until he is asked about some callers on the President's schedule. If the caller is on LBJ's official Appointments Calendar, posted each night on the White House pressroom bulletin board, Watson is happy to confirm that he is in the building. "Call me anytime, my friend," he says. But if the caller is not on the *official* list (as most of the President's visitors aren't)—if he happens to be a controversial labor leader, a politician the President is secretly wooing, or anyone whose presence Mr. Johnson doesn't want advertised—a reporter might as well talk to the Great Polar Ice Cap as to Marvin Watson.

"Marvin is a hard-nosed, hard-shell, nondrinking, no-nonsense Baptist," a member of the White House staff reported a few days after Watson came to town. "He's all business and he gets things done. He is not afraid to make decisions, where some people around here are afraid to go to the bathroom without asking the President." The same aide predicted Watson would be chief of LBJ's staff within a year—"and that may be the best thing that ever happened here."

A native of the tiny sawmill town of Oakhurst, Texas, Watson first came to national attention during the summer of 1964 in Atlantic City, New Jersey, when he served as "coordinator" of the Democratic convention. Translated, this meant that Watson was running the show for LBJ. Whether the problem was credentials, seating, or just trying to keep the coronation from becoming a drag on TV, "Clear it with Marvin" became the law of the convention.

After the convention Watson went back to Texas long enough to get elected state Democratic chairman and to organize a campaign that swept two Republican congressmen and all but

one G.O.P. member of the state legislature out of office. Then, suddenly, in the last three weeks of the Presidential campaign he was on "Air Force One," smoothing things out for LBJ.

Watson has a bachelor's degree in business administration and a master's from Baylor University, and was a Marine sergeant in World War II. He was executive assistant to the president of the Lone Star Steel Company when the President asked him to come to Washington.

At the White House he is involved considerably more in politics than economics. In the tradition of Presidential appointments secretaries—Tom Stephens' role with Eisenhower and Kenny O'Donnell's with Kennedy were almost identical—he spends as much time on political troubleshooting as he does on arranging the President's schedule. He serves as White House liaison man with the Democratic National Committee, with Democratic governors and big-city mayors.

Physically, the appointments job is the most wearing of all staff assignments. Watson counts it a lucky day when he gets home to his wife, Marion, and three teen-aged children before 10 p.m. As schedule-maker he must be at the President's side when he gets up in the morning and as timekeeper he must accompany him everywhere he goes. President Johnson has called it the "get-me-to-the-church-on-time" job, and finds Watson "easy to be with all the time." Watson is equipped with both the stamina and the loyalty required for the task. "Marvin is as wise as my father and as gentle as my mother," the President once said of him, "and he is as loyal as another East Texan I know, Lady Bird." (Mrs. Johnson, a Watson fan, says she'd give $100,000 a year to have him run her business.)

K♣ THE PHRASEMAKERS ♣K

Standing in the gold-carpeted aisle of his big Presidential jet as it roared down a runway of Detroit's Willow Run Airport, Lyndon Johnson was as pleased with himself on May 22, 1964, as I have ever seen him. Perspiring heavily and in shirt-sleeves, he was oblivious, I'm sure, to the fact that he was violating a Civil Aeronautics Board regulation by standing during a takeoff. He also violated one of his own rules—against drinking during working hours—by ordering a light Cutty Sark and water.

What was on his mind—the thing that pleased him so much—was a speech he had just delivered. In the University of Michigan's vast football stadium at Ann Arbor, before a cheering crowd of 85,000, he had made his first formal exposition of The Great Society idea.

Six months to the day, and almost to the hour, from the time he became President, he finally had a program that bore a distinctive LBJ imprimatur. It was no longer Johnson's New Deal (or Better Deal, a phrase he toyed with briefly); it was not a retread Fair Deal; it was no longer the challenge of a New Frontier. His goal and his watchword from now on would be The Great Society.

The Great Society has provided work for more speechwriters and legislative draftsmen than any Washington project since the early days of the New Deal. In his first 18 months in office, the President sent more than 100 messages to Congress, issued numberless Presidential statements, and made a fantastic 606 speeches—an average of better than one a day. To help produce this Niagara of words the President, at various times, has pressed into service such diverse, public figures as the late U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, former Under Secretary of Agriculture Charles J. Murphy and John Kenneth Galbraith, former ambassador to India. He has also called upon Lady Bird for help, and once, in an emergency, drafted daugher Lynda Bird as a speech typist.

The brunt of the phrasemaking, however, has fallen on a handful of switch-hitting Special Assistants who double as ghost-writers while performing other White House staff duties. Since there is no subject on which Presidents are more sensitive, none can ever claim authorship of his work. All write facelessly under a single by-line, and all try to write in Lyndonese.

President Johnson's first No. 1 speechwriter after Dallas was the gifted Ted Sorensen, who had been President Kennedy's top writer for many years. Sorensen was the principal author of LBJ's first three major addresses. But when it became obvious that the President liked to work with more than one collaborator on the same speech, it became equally apparent that Sorensen would not stay. "Group authorship is rarely, if ever, successful," according to Sorensen. Though he has made some great speeches, President Johnson has not sounded the same since.

Nowadays, it's hard to tell who has written what for the President. With Bill Moyers as coordinator, conducting conferences on content, and Valenti as the arbiter of style, the President may throw a writing assignment to almost any member of his staff, depending on the subject. After the departure of Sorensen, Richard N. Goodwin, another Kennedy holdover, was LBJ's most active speechwriter. Then Goodwin decided to leave government service last September. Since that time the most prolific articulators of The Great Society have been Douglass Cater, Lee C. White and Harry C. McPherson.

Cater's orders when he came to the White House in May, 1964, at the age of 40, were to "think ahead," in both the domestic and foreign-policy areas. He spends most of his time on health, education and welfare problems (he also had a hand in writing the medicare message), but often tackles assignments in the national-security field.

Born in Montgomery, Alabama, Cater was at Harvard when the U.S. entered World War II. Barred from military service by a heart murmur, he joined the cloak-and-dagger Office of Strategic Services as a civilian, learned Russian and served as a researcher on the Soviet Union. After the war and graduate studies at Harvard, he signed on with the newly established *Reporter* magazine as its Washington editor. On periodic leaves of absence, he served as a Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Army, as consultant to the Director of Mutual Security, and as a speechwriter for Alabama's Senator John Sparkman, the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee in 1952. Shortly after Mr. Johnson's heart attack in 1955, Cater visited the stricken Majority Leader at the LBJ Ranch on a magazine assignment. "There had been speculation," Cater recalls, "that Johnson was becoming a regional figure, the new leader of the nation's conservative forces." After talking with him, Cater reported that "his interests were still national interests"—a report that pleased LBJ. Four years later, when Cater was appointed to a one-year visiting professorship in public affairs at Princeton, Lyndon Johnson rose on the floor of the Senate to congratulate him—a tribute that pleased Cater.

Cater clinched his right to be called one of Jonhson's "professors" with one more year as a visiting professor, this time at Wesleyan University. There he produced a book, published in 1964, called *Power in Washington*, a subject that naturally caught the eye of the power-conscious President.

President Johnson was already sizing up Cater as a possible addition to his staff when he got an early copy of the book. Leafing through it, he remarked to an aide, "He's pretty rough on Kennedy." A few pages later he added wryly, "And he's pretty rough on me, too." A few weeks later, Cater, at Wesleyan, got a summons to the White House. After breakfast with Moyers and Bundy, he saw the President, who signed him on as a Special Assistant to think beyond tomorrow.

Like other Presidential aides Cater is enthusiastic about working for Johnson and The Great Society, but laments the fact he gets precious little time with his wife Libby and four children. "Libby finds the hours frustrating, but we still maintain a homelife," he says. "She's reconciled to it, and I regard this as a valuable period in the education of Douglass Cater."

Lee C. White, the President's Special Counsel, has the same problem—too little time with his wife Dorothy and their five children. When he *is* home and his children ask him what he does for a living, he tells them simply: "I work for the President." That is much easier than trying to explain that he is the President's lawyer and resident expert on such problems as civil rights, crime, juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, natural resources, Puerto Rico, transportation, regional development, housing, rural electric cooperatives, stockpiling, Presidental pardons and commutations.

White, a quiet, balding 41-year-old Nebraskan, is probably the least conspicuous of the President's aides and, at the same time, the most general of his generalists, or switch-hitters. As counsel to the President, he must inspect, with a wary lawyer's eye, every piece of legislation, order and proclamation before it goes to the President for signature. Even acts of Congress based on Presidential requests must be closely scrutinized. For example, in June of 1965 Congress gave the President 50 million dollars he had asked for public works to repair damage caused by floods in the Northwest. But buried in the measure was a

clause that gave two Congressional committees the right to veto any specific project the President might order. Rather than yield to Congress any of President Johnson's executive prerogatives —and thus set a precedent—White recommended a Presidential veto. The President confidently returned the bill without his signature—and got it back later without the offending clause.

In his other role, as a phrasemaker and helper on the legislative program, White has probably worked on more messages than any other aide.

To make sure he would have another government-experienced lawyer around if White left, the President brought in a 35-year-old Texan, Harry C. McPherson, as a Special Assistant to understudy White and perform other duties. McPherson, tall, handsome and personable, had to resign a sub-Cabinet job as Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs to come to the White House. He liked his job at the State Department, but when President Johnson beckoned he came.

Like most Texans in LBJ's Inner Circle, McPherson started working for Johnson on Capitol Hill. In 1956 the Senate Democratic Policy Committee needed an assistant counsel. Lyndon Johnson, as chairman of the committee, approved the addition to the staff, "provided he's a Texan." McPherson a native of Tyler, Texas, and just out of the University of Texas law school, got the job.

In 1961, when Johnson left the Senate to become Vice-President, McPherson was promoted to General Counsel. He continued to work with the new Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, and the Democratic Whip, Hubert Humphrey, on strategy and tactics, and moonlighted for Johnson. In 1963 McPherson left the Hill to become Deputy Under Secretary of the Army (International Affairs), then a year later—still performing odd jobs for Johnson on the side, and with Johnson's blessing—went over to State as an Assistant Secretary. President Johnson never loses track of a bright young staffer.

At the White House, one of McPherson's first assignments, even before he left the State Department payroll, was the Selma crisis. From that he switched to the counsel's office, where with White he helped in the drafting of two pieces of legislation that Selma produced—the Voter Rights Bill and a bill to curb the Ku Klux Klan. He has also worked on farm, textile and foreign-trade problems. With almost paternal pride, the President calls McPherson "a good boy . . . an adventurous man on ideas with a strong sense of social consciousness."

K♦ THE SALES MANAGERS ♦K

If Presidential popularity were a salable commodity and the White House were organized like a business—which, happily, it isn't—two of Lyndon Johnson's top aides would appear on the table of organization as his sales managers. One, his press secretary, is in charge of selling him to the public. The other, his special assistant for legislative liaison, is responsible for selling him (and his program) to Congress.

On the sales charts, both would appear to be spectacular successes. With the general public, in every poll in the land, President Johnson's popularity was astronomically high after his first year and a half in office. With Congress, he had chalked up more major legislative victories faster than any President in modern history.

Here the similarity between the jobs of the President's press secretary and his Congressional liaison chief ends. Because Lyndon Johnson is the way he is—sensitive to criticism, vain and unpredictable—the press secretary's post is one of the most nerve-wracking in Washington. The legislative liaison job is, by comparison, a sinecure. Inept at press relations, the President doesn't get along with many newsmen for very long—and is a favorite target of sniping pundits. Expert at Congressional relations, he gets along famously with most politicians—and gets just about everything he asks for.

In midsummer of 1965 President Johnson was looking for men to fill both jobs. His press secretary, George Reedy, a great, shaggy, gentle bear of a man, had taken indefinite leave of absence for medical reasons. His Congressional liaison man, Larry O'Brien, had resigned and was awaiting a successor. Bill Moyers, as previously noted, had taken over Reedy's embattled position as press secretary. But few insiders expected Reedy to return, or Moyers to keep the job permanently. These circumstances provided material for one of Washington's favorite games: speculating on who would get the Reedy and O'Brien portfolios.

Pending the new arrivals, a look at the job requirements and how the departing aides handled their assignments might be instructive to the new men. It might also answer the question, "Why are President Johnson's press relations so bad while his Congressional relations are so good?"

Actually, the President's relations with newsmen are more uneven than bad. There have been times, as when he first became President, that his Boswells not only admired him but felt a spirit of camaraderie with him. Those were the days—immediately after Johnson's masterful takeover—of naked swims together in the White House pool, of friendly *Kaffeeklatches* by the fireplace in his office and barbecues with beer at the LBJ Ranch. More often there has been hostility—over the President's evasive or misleading answers to questions at press conferences, his denunciations of both reporters and their papers, his passion for secrecy, and his congenital inability to stick to travel plans.

To reporters Lyndon Johnson is a frustrating paradox—the most accessible and yet the most thin-skinned of Presidents. He encourages contacts with them, then reacts indignantly when their stories don't come out all pro-Johnson.

The buffer between press and President in this off-again on-again vendetta—the man who absorbs punishment from both sides—is the President's press secretary. A friendly, pipe-smoking, contemplative man, Reedy got out of a hospital bed on March 19, 1964, to take the job. Some of his best friends think he should have stayed in bed. Reedy, who stands six feet three, weighed 277 pounds when Johnson became President. When he left the White House 16 months later he was down to 202 pounds—the 75-pound loss attributable partly to a stringent 1,000-calorie-a-day diet and partly, no doubt, to the cruel and unusual punishment to which press secretaries are subjected.

Though more erudite, Reedy was not so fast on his feet as either of his predecessors. He lacked the toughness of President Eisenhower's Jim Hagerty, whose glare intimidated reporters who asked embarrassing questions, and the quick wit of President Kennedy's Pierre Salinger (who stayed on for a time with LBJ). As a substitute for these defensive weapons, Reedy relied on circumlocution. Indeed, by the time Reedy felt compelled to leave his post, he had set a new White House record for referring his tormentors to other departments for answers to their questions ("I'll have to refer you to the Defense [or State] Department for the answer to that.")

Reedy rarely got a respite from the demands of his job. Even in his office toilet, which he hoped would be a place for "quiet contemplation," he faced news tickers of the Associated Press, United Press International, Agence France Presse and Reuters. When Reedy finally took leave it was a poignant moment for both him and the hardboiled reporters who cover the White House. In the fall of 1965, after a successful operation, Reedy returned to the White House but was assigned to a less exposed position in the east wing. His new job: to "background" newsmen on LBJ's program.

In contrast with his poor relations with the press, Johnson's relations with members of Congress have been superb. As Senate Majority Leader and as Vice-President, the gregarious LBJ was more popular and more effective on Capitol Hill than Jack Kennedy, who never quite belonged to the Senate Establishment. Some observers insist that Johnson acted as his own Senate Majority Leader, House Whip and Congressional liaison man in pushing first the Kennedy legislative program and then his own Great Society program through Congress. But Lyndon Johnson and Congressional leaders say his remarkable legislative record couldn't have been achieved so quickly as it was without the "White House lobby" on Capitol Hill—the legislative liaison team then headed by Larry O'Brien, lawyer and public-relations man who got into politics in his home town of Springfield, Massachusetts, at 15.

O'Brien, who had been director of organization for John Kennedy's Presidental campaign, had served as JFK's legislative liaison chief for three years when Lyndon Johnson took over. As evidence of the importance LBJ attaches to the liaison job, O'Brien was probably the first Kennedy staffer Johnson asked to stay on. "I need your help, now and from now on in," he told Kennedy's red-haired, bespectacled man on Capitol Hill while waiting aboard "Air Force One" for Judge Hughes to arrive and administer the Presidential oath. Before the Presidential jet touched down outside Washington they held their first strategy

conference—on a crippling amendment to the foreign-aid bill, which was to come up in the Senate just three days later. "People do what they have to do," explained O'Brien, who within a few hours of President Kennedy's burial changed from his funeral attire into a business suit and began a head count on the bill.

O'Brien also had an understanding with Johnson that he would stay on if he could work with the same authority he had had under President Kennedy.

As it turned out, President Johnson spent hours on the phone talking to individual lawmakers, used Vice-President Humphrey as a Congressional troubleshooter, and occasionally sent other members of his staff to the Hill on special missions. But misunderstandings between the two old pros—Johnson and O'Brien—were rare. Indeed, President Johnson's wooing of Congress—his frequent visits to the Hill, his innumerable conferences with the leaders of both parties—combined with huge Democratic majorities after the 1964 elections, so lightened O'Brien's workload that by early 1965 he complained to friends that his job was no longer challenging. Then 47, O'Brien submitted a letter of resignation. Johnson held the letter for months—then, in late August, promoted O'Brien to the Cabinet, naming him Postmaster General.

Under President Johnson, no matter who is in charge of his Congressional relations, the White House's contacts with all 535 members of the legislative branch will be close and frequent. Under the system that has evolved (Eisenhower was the first President to set up a Congressional liaison office within the White House), members of the liaison team fan out over Capitol Hill each day. A drawling North Carolinian, Henry H. Wilson, deals with southern members of the House, while Dave Bunn, a Coloradan, talks to those from the West and Midwest. Jake Jacobsen, a New Jersey-born lawyer from Texas, sees those from the Eastern states and, of course, Texas. A former Senate aide, Mike Manatos, keeps tab on all 50 Senators.

By the time a bill gets to the floor of either House for a vote, the White House nose counters know within two or three votes—with far greater accuracy than the Congressional leaders, in most cases—what the roll call will produce. If the Administration has votes to spare, Congressmen pressured into line against their better judgment may be "released" from their pledges of support.

The President seldom forgets favors—those done for him as well as by him. A Democratic Congressman with a record of solid support for the Administration or one who has voted right in the clutches, even when it hurt, can expect lots of attention from the White House—invitations to parties, pictures in friendly embrace with the President and, most important, an LBJ campaign appearance in his district the next time he faces the voters. A foot-dragging recalcitrant can expect poor committee assignments and little else.

Lyndon Johnson, the Great Persuader, does less arm-twisting by telephone than is generally supposed. With daily reports from the legislative liaison men on his desk, he saves himself for crucial situations where neither the Democratic Congressional leaders (with whom he meets weekly) nor his own salesmen can guarantee success. Then he opens up with all the weapons at his command—patronage, pressure and persuasion.

President Johnson's Congressional sales managers, who have seen him win votes from Congressmen they couldn't reach, know they have a great thing going for them. "Working for Johnson is like managing Joe Louis when he was at his prime," said one of them after passage of the education bill.

J♠ THE ANTIQUE CABINET ♠J

Of all the advisory bodies to which the President can turn for advice, the Cabinet—consisting of the government's 10 department heads—is the oldest and most prestigious. Many Presidents have also regarded it as the least useful.

Since his inauguration as an elected President, LBJ has tried doggedly to make use of his Cabinet as an organization. Its 10 members have met nearly every Monday around the long mahogany table donated to the White House years ago by another rich Texan, former Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones. It has followed carefully prepared agendas. It has discussed nearly every problem confronting the nation, from underwithholding of income taxes by employers to overspending by U.S. tourists abroad. But while the meetings have served to keep the government's department heads apprised of what's going on in Viet Nam as well as at the Post Office, the judgment of most qualified observers is that the Cabinet, as an advisory body, is something less than influential; it is a throwback to the 18th century—a genuine antique. Cabinet officers *are* important—both as advisers to the President and administrators of huge departments—but not the Cabinet itself.

The most important and influential of President Johnson's Cabinet officers head the oldest departments. Secretary of State Rusk, Secretary of Defense McNamara and Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler are easily the Big Three of the present Cabinet. And of these, McNamara is far and away the most influential. Though a holdover from Kennedy days (as five of President Johnson's department heads are), he is the "strong man" of the Johnson Cabinet (every Cabinet has one), its heavyweight-champion adviser to the President.

A part of President Johnson's admiration for the former president of the Ford Motor Company is based, no doubt, on McNamara's Johnson-like drive. "The only man in my Cabinet that I can get at 7 o'clock in the morning at his desk is Bob McNamara," the President once confided to a group of Congressmen. Another part is based on President Johnson's respect for bigness and power. "The myth of McNamara is really true!" he exclaimed a few weeks after taking office. What struck him was the realization that McNamara, unlike any of his seven predecessors, "really runs" the monstrous Department of Defense, with its 50-billion-dollar-a-year budget, its fierce interservice rivalries, its 2.6 million uniformed personnel, its 900,000 civilian employees and its 160-billion-dollar inventory of ships, planes, missiles, tanks, guns and bases around the world.

McNamara's zest and talent for budget-cutting fitted into President Johnson's plans right from the start; the President's biggest savings have been in defense spending. So did McNamara's uncanny skill as an answer man. Where other Cabinet officers, under Presidential interrogation, asked for time, or turned to aides for assistance, the crisp Pentagon chief proved himself to Lyndon Johnson what Senator Barry Goldwater once called him, "an IBM machine with legs." He was not only fast with his facts and opinions at the White House, but a formidable Administration witness on Capitol Hill as well.

The "Stay-Comb Kid," as the President sometimes calls him, referring to McNamara's neatly-parted, never-ruffled hairdo, also has a toughness about him that appeals to Johnson—a quality not found in more politically oriented Cabinet officers.

McNamara's public image is that of a shrewd businessman—a cost-cutting production genius who made president of the Ford Motor Company at 44. The President, who invites him to weekends at Camp David oftener than any other government official, appreciates other qualities in his No. 1 military expert—his broad intellect and his dedication to public service at great personal sacrifice.

He often points out that McNamara, too, was once a Harvard professor and that he quit a 387,000-dollar-a-year job (with Texas hyperbole, LBJ puts the figure at $450,000), just 37 days after becoming president of Ford, to come to work for the government at $25,000, the salary of Cabinet officers in 1961.

McNamara's blunt manner has produced hostility in both the Pentagon and Congress. Generals charge that his computerized decisions ignore the "human factor" in military service. Democrats as well as Republicans sometimes refer to the struggle in Viet Nam as "McNamara's War." But his methods have produced the kind of lean, hard defense establishment, under firm civilian control, that President Johnson wants. The President would like McNamara to stay on forever as his Pentagon chief, and that might happen. "We are in a critical period, or I would not be here," McNamara once observed—and the end of that "critical period" isn't in sight. The President's enthusiasm for McNamara does not mean that he has downgraded Secretary of State Rusk. On the contrary, Rusk stands taller with Lyndon Johnson than he did with John Kennedy who, together with the "little State Department" at the White House had usurped some of Rusk's responsibilities.

Under President Johnson, with his firm belief in the use of "line officers" of the government, the soft-spoken, bland Secretary of State has emerged as a clearer and more forceful personality. He is still the first to acknowledge that the President "makes foreign policy," but he has, according to intimates, felt—and acted—more secure as the President's principal foreign-

policy adviser since Dallas. He still does not command so much of the President's time as Bundy or McNamara, but his status has been enhanced both in policy-making and in administering his far-flung 25,000-man department. More important, he is there when "the White House" decides.

Every Tuesday at 1 p.m., except during his frequent absences from the country, he sits down at lunch with the President, Bundy, McNamara and Moyers in the family dining room at the White House to look at both the "big picture" of the Cold War and to discuss such tactical questions as "targets for the week" in Viet Nam. (He also attends, of course, meetings of the National Security Council where both strategy and day-to-day operations are discussed with a larger group.)

Rusk, born on a Georgia tenant farm six months after Lyndon Johnson was born in a three-room Texas ranch house, also the son of a tenant farmer, has more in common with the President than any other of his national-security advisers.

Rusk holds credentials as a scholar, professor, and administrator that President Johnson also admires. He was a Phi Beta Kappa at Davidson College in North Carolina, a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, a professor of government and Dean of the Faculty at Mills College in California before going into the Army. After World War II he gravitated to the State Department, where in the next six years he held an impressive variety of titles.

He left Foggy Bottom in December, 1951, to become president of the 518-million-dollar Rockefeller Foundation. That was where John Kennedy found him nine years later when he picked him over Mac Bundy for his Secretary of State.

If Rusk has ever felt any rivalry with Bundy since, he has done a masterful job of concealing it. On the surface their relationship is frictionless. Whether it would be if they were giving consistently opposite counsel—if they were not both "hard liners"—is another question.

Like McNamara, Rusk does not want for detractors. But where McNamara is criticized as too strong, the most common, generalized complaint against Rusk is that he is "weak." This testimony is not corroborated by subordinates in the State Department who have crossed the Secretary, or by Lyndon Johnson, who has disagreed with him on tactics if not on strategy.

"Rusk may not be a forceful public personality—like John Foster Dulles was, for instance—but he is dammed articulate and he makes his points well in a discussion with the President or anybody else," one Assistant Secretary of State told me. As for President Johnson, he has praised Rusk too often and too lavishly not to be believed.

The third of President Johnson's Big Three advisers from the Cabinet, Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. (Joe) Fowler, though he is an old and trusted friend, ranks among the President's top counselors largely because of the job he holds.

The elaborate procedure President Johnson went through in hiring Fowler was peculiarly Johnsonian:

Despite the fact Fowler had resigned less than a year before as Under Secretary of the Treasury to return to private law practice, the President ordered a full field check by the FBI on his friend of 20 years—a precaution he has taken on all prospective appointees since the Walter Jenkins case. With 46 favorable FBI reports in, at noon on March 18, 1965, the President called Fowler to his office. "Joe," he said, "if you were President who would you appoint to the Treasury job to succeed Doug Dillon?" Though taken by surprise, Fowler came up with the names of a few prospects and discussed their qualifications. The President let him talk awhile and then said, "Now, Joe, I'm not going to ask, I'm going to tell you something. I want you to go home to lunch and tell Trudye [Fowler's wife] that you are the best man for the Treasury job. Then I'll talk to you later in the day."

After lunch President Johnson invited several money-minded members of Congress to the White House. This time he asked if *they* had any ideas on who should get the Treasury job. Several names were thrown out. The President also mentioned Fowler, but said he didn't know whether he could get him. Fowler's name evoked favorable comments. "He's as good as you can get," said one of the conferees. The President gave no hint of his intentions as he thanked them and said good-bye.

An hour later he again summoned the ruddy, white-haired Fowler to the White House. "Joe," he said this time, "I want you to sit down and write out your biography. We'll need it for the press release announcing your appointment."

Fowler is 57 years old, a Yale law graduate and lifelong Democrat with experience in five government agencies before Treasury—the RFC, TVA, Federal Power Commission, War Production Board and Department of Commerce. A fiscal conservative, he is nonetheless sympathetic to the President's Great Society goals. Career Treasury men say he has a better grasp of monetary problems than any Secretary since Henry Morgenthau in the 1930's. And no matter what happens to the balance-of-payments situation, he can always point out to the President that he did his bit by not taking a scheduled vacation in Europe in the spring of 1965.

President Johnson's first Cabinet nominee—he had been in office 13 months—was John T. (Jack) Connor, 50-year-old president of Merck & Company, the New Jersey pharmaceutical firm, to succeed Luther Hodges as Secretary of Commerce.

Lyndon Johnson had first met Connor in 1956, when he was Senate Majority Leader, then got to know him better when Connor came to Washington as vice-chairman of the Business Council, an advisory panel of corporation executives Lyndon Johnson has wooed since the day he took office. The President noted Connor was not only a Phi Beta Kappa (at Syracuse) and a Harvard law graduate—both of which weigh heavily with the President—but had extensive experience in government. Another entry in his record also appealed to President Johnson: during the 1964 campaign he was co-chairman of the National Independent Committee for President Johnson and Senator Humphrey, the group of top-drawer businessmen who couldn't swallow Goldwater—and bought full-page ads to say so. President Johnson ordered the FBI to check Connor out.

After the election, Jack Valenti called Connor at his New Jersey home. Could Connor see the President the following Wednesday on an off-the-record basis? "Wondering what on earth he wanted to see me about," Connor agreed to come down. Before popping the question, President Johnson gave Connor a half-hour pitch. "The President is often accused of being quite an arm-twister," Connor recalled later. "Well, I can testify he didn't even put a hand on my arm, much less twist it. But he did appeal to my mind and to my heart and particularly to my patriotism, so here I am, and I will do the best I can."

Another Johnson Cabinet appointee—Attorney General Nicholas deBelleville Katzenbach—came by his job in the most unusual manner of all: he was recommended for it by one of President Johnson's least favorite Democrats, Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York. This was on September 3, 1964, the day Bobby Kennedy came to the White House to resign as Attorney General in order to run for the Senate from New York. It was a week after the Democratic convention, at which Lyndon Johnson appointed Hubert Humphrey as his running mate, and nearly a month after the July 29 White House confrontation at which President Johnson told Kennedy he was out of the running for the Vice-Presidential nomination. When Kennedy tendered his resignation, the outgoing Attorney General asked President Johnson to let Katzenbach—then Robert Kennedy's deputy—fill out his term. Johnson agreed.

It was under this agreement, according to the President, that Katzenbach served as Acting Attorney General for 148 days—a period during which the President was criticized for not either giving Katzenbach full Cabinet rank or finding a new man.

After Lyndon Johnson's election he called Katzenbach in. "I told him I had several people in mind for the job," the President has related, "but I was interested in him, too. Did he want the job? He said, yes, he did. I asked him if he would be interested in another job—a job not in the Cabinet. He was willing to take that, too, and that pleased me. So I thought it over for a while—who would be best in what job—and just about decided that Katzenbach was my man. I decided to ask him down for dinner and talk to him again, and to talk to his wife. After we had dinner and talked awhile, I told him that I was pleased to offer him the appointment as my Attorney General. He was delighted. There never was any misunderstanding."

Thus, on January 28, 1965, Katzenbach became Attorney General on Robert Kennedy's recommendation—or in spite of it. Between September and January the President had satisfied himself the big, bald, 43-year-old former law professor was right for the job. Katzenbach not only had academic laurels—*magna cum laude* at Princeton, editor of the *Yale Law Journal* and a Rhodes Scholar—but had shown more physical courage than is usually required of the government's top legal officer. It was Katzenbach who led the embattled federal marshals at Oxford in 1962 when the University of Mississippi admitted its first Negro student, James Meredith. And it was Katzenbach who, in 1963, faced down Governor George Wallace at the door of the University of Alabama when that institution was desegregated.

Johnson named his fourth Cabinet officer—again taking official Washington by surprise—in July, 1965, when he drafted John W. Gardner, 52-year-old president of the Carnegie Corporation to head the sprawling Department of Health, Education and Welfare. To make room for Gardner, a California-born Republican and one of the most influential figures in American education, the President appointed the HEW Secretary he inherited from Kennedy, Anthony J. Celebrezze, to a federal judgeship in Ohio.

Johnson wanted a man of high professional standing in the education-social welfare field to run the 82,000-employee, hydra-headed monster of a department that would administer much of his Great Society program. Once his education and Medicare bills were passed (and he found a vacancy on the bench for Celebrezze), he didn't have to look far. Gardner, head of the nation's sixth largest foundation, had led the education task force Johnson appointed a year earlier and, just one week earlier, had chaired a two-day White House Conference on Education. In 10 years as head of the Carnegie fund, he had dispensed nearly 100 million dollars in the "pursuit of excellence" in education—a phrase popularized by JFK. To Johnson, an old schoolteacher who would like to be known as the "Education President," Gardner was the man who "wrote the book" on educational reform.

While still enjoying the good press he received for his nonpolitical appointment of Gardner, the President came up with a political beauty. Late in August he announced that he was naming Postmaster General John J. Gronouski, a holdover Kennedy appointee, as Ambassador to Poland. To take Gronouski's place in the Cabinet he named Larry O'Brien, his legislative liaison chief and the last surviving member of JFK's Irish Mafia on the White House staff.

When newsmen and politicians recovered from their surprise, however, they saw the logic of Johnson's maneuver. In giving an ambassadorship to Gronouski, the first Cabinet member of Polish extraction, the President had, as he noted, a new "bridge" to the Polish people. In O'Brien he had a Postmaster General in the tradition of FDR's Jim Farley—a genial Irish Catholic who had served as director of organization in two national campaigns and who knew just about every Democratic politician in the country above the rank of police magistrate.

Of the remaining three Cabinet officers, all holdovers from the Kennedy Administration, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, an old law partner of Adlai Stevenson, is probably the most influential with the President. Wirtz got his first high marks from the President when he helped bring about, in the spring of 1964, a settlement of the five-year-old railroad featherbedding dispute that threatened to tie the nation's economy in knots.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall most certainly would not have been in the Cabinet if Johnson had been elected President in 1960. That year Lyndon Johnson was confident of carrying all western states to the Democratic convention in his hip pocket. Udall, then a 40-year-old Arizona Congressman, upset this plan by capturing all 17 of Arizona's convention votes for John Kennedy. Taking into account Lyndon Johnson's long memory, some Presidential aides thought Udall would be among the first Cabinet officers to leave after LBJ took over. Instead, Udall, an ardent conservationist and mountain climber, kindled a romance between President Johnson and the Great Outdoors, an affair in which Lady Bird Johnson is a willing accomplice. He also tied conservation into President Johnson's war on poverty and his plans for The Great Society. The result was that in the 1964 campaign Johnson spent almost as much time on conservation as on bread-and-butter issues, and Udall, a Mormon, was a key man in his western strategy. "Natural beauty" is still a favorite Lyndon Johnson speech topic.

Because he placed John Kennedy's name in nomination at the 1960 Democratic convention—and because his job is the most thankless in Washington—Orville Freeman, President Kennedy's Secretary of Agriculture, was also high on most pundits' lists of Cabinet officers who were not likely to last under Johnson. But the former Minnesota governor, who survived a Japanese sniper's bullet in the mouth during World War II and the Billie Sol Estes case in his second year as Agriculture Secretary, has proved more durable than some of his Cassandras. In his fight to preserve small family farms he has tangled with some of Johnson's top economic advisers. The economists consider such enterprises obsolete and would retrain their owners for nonfarm jobs. Johnson is keen for any program that would trim the huge farm-subsidy figure in his budget. But he is also high on Freeman, who is on good terms with the agriculture committee chairmen in both houses of Congress and still makes an impressive showing in farm-belt popularity polls. President Johnson considers Hubert Humphrey, another Minnesotan, as a "backup man" on farm policy.

J♥ THE INVISIBLE CABINET ♥J

The President's Invisible Cabinet is an impressive array of brainy advisers who are neither so close to the President as his White House staffers nor so publicized as Cabinet officers, but who perform, at times, more vital services than either.

Most members of the Invisible Cabinet are what the Budget Bureau calls "institutional" advisers, which means they head organizations created by Congress to advise the President. These "institutions," all a part of the Executive Office of the President, include—in addition to the Bureau of the Budget (with a staff of 480) and the Council of Economic Advisers (staff: 36)—the Office of Emergency Planning (325), the Office of Science and Technology (31) and the National Aeronautics and Space Council (22).

Of these, the Bureau of the Budget, created as an adjunct of the Treasury Department in 1921, then placed under the White House in 1939, is considered the most elite. It watches over the growth and operation of the entire federal government.

The government's fiscal year starts July 1, but the bureau's work on the budget that goes into effect on that date starts in April the year before. Nine months before the mammoth budget book goes to Congress and 15 months before it takes effect, the bureau collects from every branch, department and agency of the government estimates of what they would *like* to spend. (Original estimates for the 1965 budget, which LBJ trimmed to 97.9 billion dollars, ran to 122 billion dollars.)

With the requests in, bureau experts in each area covered by the budget go to work with fiscal officers of the departments concerned. Both sides start their negotiations on the unspoken assumption that department heads have asked for just what they need, but, at the same time, for more than they expect to get.

Few problems the budget director takes to the President are decided easily. Many involve delicate considerations of defense, national prestige, the aims of The Great Society—and nearly all have political overtones. How many millions of dollars and how much scientific man power should be allocated *now* for a nuclear-powered rocket that may someday hurtle beyond the sun? Has the time come to phase out an obsolescent multimillion-dollar nuclear-tipped tactical weapon? Should 3 billion dollars of the 4 billion spent each year to support farm prices go to farmers already rich from federal subsidies? Should AEC or the Department of the Interior have primary responsibility for finding an economic method of desalting seawater?

In such discussions the budget director must assume an Olympian detachment, marshaling the pros and cons for the President and recommending what is right for the country (and the President) rather than what will please NASA, Defense, Agriculture, Interior or the AEC.

As the new Olympian to succeed Kermit Gordon, who had served both Kennedy and LBJ well in the top budget post, Johnson called in another college professor, 40-year-old Charles L. Schultze, from the University of Maryland. Schultze had left the federal service only a few months earlier. He had served for two and a half years as assistant director of the Budget Bureau, in charge of nonmilitary domestic spending programs.

Schultze, a Ph.D. in economics, was a combat infantryman in World War II, earning a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart in Germany before he began collecting academic honors. A specialist in national economic policy who has concentrated on inflation and business cycles, Schultze is credited by his colleagues with much of the theoretical planning that went into the 1964 11.5-billion-dollar tax cut. In his own home, populated by his wife, Rita, and six children, Schultze is not the chief budget-maker. "I hand her the paycheck and she keeps it," he says. "She's good at it."

Sitting in with Schultze on many policy-making conferences with President Johnson is another "institutional" counselor, Gardner Ackley, the chairman of the President's Council

on Economic Advisers. Also a Ph.D. in economics, Indiana-born Ackley was chairman of the economics department at the University of Michigan (where he earned his doctorate in 1940) when named to the three-man advisory panel by JFK in 1962. Johnson promoted him to chairman in 1964 when Walter Heller, who had served under both JFK and LBJ, returned to teaching at the University of Minnesota.

The Council of Economic Advisers was created by the Employment Act of 1946, when both Congress and President Truman feared the reconversion of industry to a peacetime footing would create an army of unemployed. Its principal statutory function is to produce an annual Economic Report, which the President delivers to Congress each January 20. But it serves the President in many other ways. With voluminous studies of basic industries, it sets the Administration's "guidelines" on how much wages and prices can be raised without an inflationary spiral.

Under Ackley the CEA is ever vigilant for signs the economy needs stimulants. With the Gross National Product and personal income rising, consumer prices remaining relatively stable and unemployment slowly declining, most of Ackley's reports to Lyndon Johnson in his first 18 months as President were cheerful. The President (who checks the Dow-Jones closing average on the news tickers in his office each day) has devoured the statistics like manna. He has rarely held a press conference or Cabinet meeting without an opening statement—usually prepared by Ackley—on the radiant health of the growing economy.

A third and less important "institutional" adviser—but a member of the Invisible Cabinet nonetheless—is the director of the Office of Emergency Planning, former Governor Buford Ellington of Tennessee. Because of his close personal friendship with Johnson (he is a deer-hunting companion of the President at the LBJ Ranch), some White House staffers have touted Ellington as a "man to watch" in the Administration.

Although the authority of the agency has been diluted over the years, its director is still a statutory member of the National Security Council and—in a period of hostility between some southern state houses and the White House—Johnson has derived obvious comfort out of having a "mature and seasoned" former southern governor in his camp.

The President derives a different satisfaction out of having John W. Macy, Jr., chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, as his chief adviser on government appointments. Macy, who divides his time between the CSC and the White House, is not only the kind of young crew-cut intellectual Lyndon Johnson likes to collect (Phi Beta Kappa and former vice-president at Wesleyan University) but he has recruited high-caliber appointees who have reflected credit on the Johnson Administration.

Macy was chairman of the CSC when Lyndon Johnson took office. At 46 he had behind him then a brilliant record in and out of government. President Kennedy brought him back to Washington as chairman of the CSC in 1961, but did not use him as an executive talent scout. Instead, he relied on the Democratic National Committee, old friends and members of his staff to find likely nominees when vacancies occurred in Presidential-appointment jobs.

After a year of working with a similar setup, Johnson decided there must be a better way to pick top government officials. Faced with a backlog of vacancies that accumulated during the election campaign, he called in Macy.

The President made his requirements clear. He wanted young men (35 to 50) with good academic backgrounds (Phi Beta Kappas especially welcome) and records of achievement in their chosen fields (including government). Macy was to find the best talent available, leaving political considerations entirely to the President.

Within a matter of days Macy established a pool of several hundred names of businessmen, educators, professional men and civil servants who were likely prospects for Presidential appointments. (The pool later grew to 25,000 names, with their qualifications computerized on punch cards.) For each post the President must fill, there is a "position file," outlining the job specifications. When vacancies occur, Macy presents the President with "blue books" detailing the qualifications of five or six possible nominees. To see what additional information can be turned up, the President then orders full field checks by the FBI on candidates who interest him.

Macy's mechanized headhunt has not only turned up good top-drawer appointees, such as Commerce Secretary Connor and CIA Chief Raborn, but has moved many highly qualified career men into sub-Cabinet policy-making jobs. Of Johnson's 265 major appointments in his first 18 months as President, nearly half went to career men, and surprisingly few went to political hacks. The President, who got yards of publicity on his early campaign to "get more women in government," has mildly rebuked Macy for not recommending more females. (On Macy's computer cards women usually fail to make the grade because of deficiencies in the "public service" area.) But the President still describes Macy with a Texas superlative: "He's the best there is."

Of all the government officials "discovered" by Macy, none came as a greater surprise to official Washington than retired Vice Admiral William F. (Red) Raborn. When President Johnson named the 59-year-old Navy hero to head the vast Central Intelligence Agency in April, 1965, he not only ended one of the longest executive-talent hunts in history but put an end to a Washington guessing game in which every contestant flunked.

Once his name was announced, however, Raborn's qualifications to head "the Agency," as it is discreetly called over Washington cocktails, and to join the President's Invisible Cabinet, became immediately apparent to all, or almost all. Texas-born (but not an old friend of Johnson's) and Annapolis-trained, Raborn had a distinguished career both as a Navy pilot and a bluewater sailor. In 1945, when a Japanese *kamikaze* ripped into the carrier "Hancock," Raborn, as executive officer, got the flight deck patched up in time to recover her air group as it returned from a mission. For this he got a Silver Star. Ten years later he took over the Navy's visionary 10-billion-dollar Polaris submarine missile program.

In the hunt for a successor to John McCone at the CIA, extending over several months after McCone asked to be relieved, some 42 names were discussed and discarded. The President wanted a man bright enough to be a spy master, tough enough to administer the agency's worldwide undercover operation and, he emphasized, polished and amiable enough to make a good impression on Capitol Hill.

John Macy finally placed Raborn's name at the top of a list of candidates he submitted to the President. President Johnson didn't bite at first. Macy then deftly placed a book on the Polaris program in the President's night reading. The President read the book and a few days later beckoned the old sea dog to his LBJ Ranch for introduction as Public Eye No. 1.

The problem with CIA, Dwight Eisenhower once observed, is that "success cannot be advertised, failure cannot be explained." An average of 2,000 top-secret messages a day pour into the agency—based on agents' observations, monitored radio broadcasts, photoreconnaissance by satellites, planes and submarines and the gleanings of an arsenal of other sophisticated secret devices. Raborn's primary job is to keep the President posted daily, and sometimes minute by minute, on significant developments. He is responsible for a daily intelligence summary, delivered to the President's desk at 6 p.m. each evening. He attends all meetings of the NSC and *ad hoc* "crisis cabinet" sessions. He also sits as the President's representative on the U.S. Intelligence Board, which includes the heads of all government espionage agencies, military and civilian, and takes a look at long-range political and military developments that may affect the national security.

Beyond the President's "institutional" advisers, designated by law to counsel him, membership in the Invisible Cabinet is hard to define. There are eight agency heads whose budgets exceed that of the President's senior Cabinet officer, Secretary of State Rusk: NASA Director James E. Webb; Veterans Administrator William J. Driver; AID Director David E. Bell; Chairman Glenn T. Seaborg of the Atomic Energy Commission; R. Sargent Shriver, director of the Peace Corps and the Office of Economic Opportunity; Federal Aviation Agency Administrator William F. McKee; General Services Administrator Lawson B. Knott, and Housing and Home Finance Administrator Robert C. Weaver. Some of these—Webb, Bell and Shriver—are close to the President, but no one has suggested they rank in influence with Rusk or with Mac Bundy, who has a staff of only 49.

The truth is that for many membership in the Invisible Cabinet is a sometime thing. At times officials like David K. E. Bruce, U.S. Ambassador to Britain; Maxwell Taylor, former Ambassador to South Viet Nam; and Adlai Stevenson, the late Ambassador to the United Nations, have been more "in" than many regular Cabinet officers. In other situations relatively obscure advisers like Donald F. Hornig, head of the President's Office of Science and Technology, and Leonard Marks, director

of the U.S. Information Agency, assume the importance of Cabinet or Invisible Cabinet officers.

In the last analysis, several members of the Invisible Cabinet are consistently more influential than members of the anachronistic regular Cabinet and some have only brief moments of uncertain glory when the President values their judgment above all others. None, however, has the steady, pervasive, year-round, round-the-clock influence of one unpaid consultant: Lady Bird Johnson.

Compared most often to Eleanor Roosevelt in the pantheon of First Ladies who preceded her, Mrs. Johnson is, like President Roosevelt's wife, a tireless worker for many causes. She has campaigned hard to enlist support for the war on poverty, for Medicare, and to beautify the countryside.

With all her activities, Mrs. Johnson is a wife and mother to the core. She is in a real sense a Presidential adviser—the most omnipresent and perhaps the most suasive member of the Invisible Cabinet. Some friends of the Johnsons agree with the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn's judgment: "The smartest thing Lyndon ever did was to marry her."

J♣ OUTSIDE INSIDERS ♣J

Every President since Washington has had friends outside his official family to whom he turned for counsel, comfort and the carrying-out of delicate tasks.

Predictably, Lyndon Johnson's handful of friends outside the executive branch who are more "in" with the President than most top officials bears little resemblance to John Kennedy's (mostly wealthy Eastern prep-school and college classmates) or Dwight Eisenhower's (mostly golf-happy millionaire businessmen). Most of them met Johnson during New Deal days when he, as a young Congressman and protégé of Franklin Roosevelt, and they, as legal technicians in the alphabetized bureaucracy of the 1930's, were on the way up. With Lyndon Johnson's friends there is no athletic or recreational bond, such as tennis, poker, golf or sailing. All have one hobby: politics.

Five of LBJ's most trusted Washington friends are trained in the law: Abe Fortas, an Under Secretary of the Interior under FDR and who Johnson named last summer to the Supreme Court; Clark M. Clifford, who was Special Counsel to President Truman; James H. Rowe, Jr., the first of FDR's six Administrative Assistants "with a passion for anonymity"; Thomas G. Corcoran, who as "Tommy the Cork" was a key member of FDR's "brain trust"; and Dean Acheson, who was Truman's Secretary of State. Three are Texas lawyers: Governor John Connally, a onetime member of Johnson's Senate staff; Homer Thornberry, former Congressman for LBJ's home district, now a Johnson-appointed federal judge; and Albert Wadel Moursund, a Johnson City neighbor and principal trustee of the Johnson family's extensive holdings. One is a New York lawyer: Edwin L. Weisl, Sr., Democratic National Committeeman for the state.

This leaves William S. White, a Washington syndicated columnist, as virtually the only intimate friend of the President outside the government who is not a lawyer. White, a Texan, met Johnson in 1933 when the latter was a skinny secretary to Representative Richard M. Kleberg, a Texas cattle baron. The same age as the President, White was then an Associated Press "regional" correspondent on Capitol Hill, covering the Texas delegation. White later joined *The New York Times*, then became an independent columnist. In 1964, before the Presidential campaign, he wrote a Johnson biography, *The Professional*, which turned out to be the friendliest if not the most accurate study ever made of his complicated companion. White's column is now read avidly by other Washington newsmen watching for nuances in the President's thinking. Fairly or not, though sometimes more conservative than LBJ in outlook, it is regarded on most issues to reflect the White House "line."

How important are the outside insiders?

"Generally speaking," one of the President's close friends told me, "we're not very important. The President likes to think out loud, and most of his friends are good listeners. But you can't give good advice unless you know what's going on, and none of us has the information he has."

The romantic idea of clandestine meetings of influential "Kitchen Cabinets," of Svengali-like powers behind the throne, will probably persist as long as there are Presidents. As messengers, fixers and advisers on purely political questions, wise, discreet friends will always be valuable to Presidents. But in a nuclear age when decisions in both foreign and domestic affairs must be made on the basis of complex evidence, adduced by experts, their power is certainly waning.

J♦ PERPETUAL MOTION ♦J

Lyndon Johnson and Vice-President Hubert Horatio Humphrey enjoy one of the most durable, fruitful partnerships in American politics today. It was not forged at Atlantic City in 1964—when the President, after a week-long pretense of studying all possible contenders, flew to the Democratic convention to "recommend" Humphrey as his running mate. Rather, it was kindled in 1953 when Johnson, just elected leader of the Senate Democrats (then a minority) looked around the chamber for a hardworking, authentic representative of the Northern, liberal wing of their party. He wanted a man he could do business with—to speak for that group as Georgia's Senator Richard Russell did for the Southern bloc.

He found his man in Hubert Humphrey, who had come to the Senate the same year as Lyndon Johnson (1949), and who by then was living down his early reputation as a fast-talking "fireball," ready and eager to speak on any subject at any time. At first Mr. Johnson wooed Humphrey, often pursuing the Minnesotan to his office rather than summoning him. Slowly the Great Persuader won him over to the idea that the two Democratic factions must collaborate if they were ever to wrest control of the Senate from the Republicans who rode in on Dwight Eisenhower's 1952 landslide. Humphrey learned that it was possible "to have manners without sacrificing convictions." After the Democrats won control of the Senate in the 1954 elections and Lyndon Johnson became Majority Leader, their friendship matured into a working partnership. Humphrey's drive and energy, like President Johnson's, were (and still are) legendary.

Every President since Harry Truman has declared his intention of making something of his Vice-President, whose only Constitutional duties are to preside over the Senate (which he rarely does), cast a tie-breaking vote when necessary and succeed to the Presidency in the event of the President's death. With Humphrey, Johnson has topped all of his predecessors in assigning work to his understudy. At last count Humphrey was wearing about 10 hats. His first and most important job, in the minds of both the President and Humphrey, is his assignment as the President's "field marshal" on Capitol Hill. "I have no authority up here," Humphrey says, "but I've got a lot of goodwill, and I have a few due bills out. When I need them I collect them."

As evidence of the priority he assigns to his job as legislative troubleshooter, Humphrey spends far more time in his ornate Capitol office, off the Senate chamber, than he spends in his "downtown" office, a suite once occupied by FDR (when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy) in the Executive Office Building. At his Capitol Hill desk, under a huge crystal chandelier, Humphrey holds forth each legislative day with an endless procession of lawmakers.

With the precision of a certified public accountant, he can tell at any given instant the prospects for passage of any of the Administration's bills catalogued in a black looseleaf notebook on his desk. Backing up the White House's legislative liaison team, he sends to the President each Monday that Congress is in session a leatherbound "Vice-President's Weekly Legislative Report."

Humphrey's second most important hat, he feels, is the one he wears as coordinator of the Administration's entire civil rights program. Here the President uses the Senate's former "Mr. Civil Rights" as a lightning rod as well as a mover and shaker. During the Selma crisis, when Negro civil rights leaders were outraged by an Alabama judge's refusal to sanction their march on Montgomery, it was Humphrey who soothed them and counseled patience until the court order could be overturned by legal process. Humphrey is also overseer of the Peace Corps, coordinator of the war on poverty, chairman of the Space

Council, a member of the National Security Council, liaison man with big-city mayors, a farm-policy adviser and a ceremonial stand-in for the President.

Despite a long-standing friendship, relations between any President and Vice-President can be delicate. The Vice-President must be just what the President wants him to be, no more or less. Beyond his token Constitutional duties, the powers of the Vice-President derive only from the President. One top Johnson adviser insists "there has never been a moment's misunderstanding" between the two men on this point, adding: "Hubert understands perfectly both the potential and limitations of his job." Friends of Humphrey don't quite agree on the flat assertion there has *never* been a misunderstanding. They report that Humphrey, long accustomed to producing and airing new ideas, had an uncomfortable "cooling-off" or "shakedown" period in his new, constricting job.

Since his shakedown period, Humphrey's only complaint, according to intimates, is that the President sometimes hands him assignments faster than he can handle them. "He'll be working on two priority problems for the President," one friend confided, "when the phone rings and it's Johnson with two more."

A♠ ALL THE WAY WITH ISAIAH ♠A

No President ever assumed the office under such harrowing circumstances—after witnessing the murder of his predecessor—and none ever took over so swiftly and surely as Lyndon Johnson. While his critics may deny he has provided the "wise, just, enlightened and constructive" Administration he promised in his first Presidential address to Congress, no one has ever questioned who is running the store.

For good or bad he has labored so mightily in both foreign and domestic affairs, in fact, that at times there have seemed to be two or three lookalike Johnsons running the country. Take the morning of Friday, March 26, 1965, for example. On that day home television viewers must have suspected he was using stand-ins as he appeared on their screens in three different roles—all before lunch. In this brief interval, he was seen congratulating Congressmen on the imminent passage of Medicare legislation, welcoming two astronauts to Washington and, in a cold and solemn mood, calling for an investigation of the Ku Klux Klan.

If that morning was rugged for reporters (it was) and rough on TV fans of soap operas and quiz games (who saw their favorite shows preempted), it was even more demanding of the President's overworked staff. Every move a President makes requires tenfold exertions by his staff. His schedule—the events he will participate in—must be carefully checked from every angle. But the capability of a staff is not calibrated alone by its skill at making things run smoothly for the President. If it were, the President would need only to surround himself with politically attuned technicians.

For membership in a Johnson advisory circle, there are other requirements. Total loyalty, the willingness and the stamina to work 70 hours a week, acceptance of anonymity (Cabinet officers excluded), real dedication to The Great Society, and the ability to get along with people (including LBJ) are among them. Extra virtues, highly regarded but not obligatory, are a willingness to listen to the President talk endlessly and an ability to write in Lyndonese. Implicit in any employment by the President is the acceptance of his belief that the way to run a government is by consensus, or, in the spirit of Isaiah, by reasoning together until a consensus is reached. Where the Johnson campaign slogan was "All the Way with LBJ," the unwritten motto of the Johnson Administration is: "All the Way with Isaiah."

The evidence that President Johnson's advisers meet his *special* requirements—as loyal, rugged, industrious, faceless, friendly and dedicated workers—is overwhelming. All have learned the LBJ Way, the way of Isaiah. (A few also have learned painfully the rest of that famous passage from Isaiah—the part the President never quotes. The words after "Come now and let us reason together" are: "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land . . . but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured by the sword, for the Lord hath spoken.")

In his innermost circle, the White House staff, about half are Texans, by birth or adoption. Their loyalty has been tested over more than a decade while they worked for him on one payroll or another. Most were for Lyndon Johnson long before the Los Angeles convention that unexpectedly made him Vice-President and eventually, unpredictably, President. These are the people with whom he is most comfortable. And, contrary to popular belief, most are happy under his demanding but paternalistic command. Many can remember a time when Lyndon Johnson helped them with personal problems or paid a hospital bill. Most have eaten at his family table, both in Texas and at the White House. He once slipped two $100 bills into the vacation-pay envelope of a worn-out staffer with a note appended: "Don't spend this for anything worthwhile." There is loyalty down as well as up in Lyndon Johnson's unchartable chain of command.

On intelligence and judgment Johnson's advisers measure up to any group assembled by any President since FDR's "brain trust." He still has half of the brilliant Cabinet assembled by President Kennedy. Most of the men he has brought in as replacements and to fill out the ranks in his staff and Invisible Cabinet are first rate by any method of reckoning—on educational backgrounds, academic honors, or professional attainments. Johnson's boasts about Harvard degrees, Phi Beta Kappa keys and Ph.D.'s, though often tasteless, are justified.

As for imagination and creativity, Johnson aides point to the Great Society program as evidence they are encouraged to brainstorm. One aide estimates that about half of the memos that go to the President are on subjects he has asked about and that of the other half, 90 percent are suggestions from members of the White House staff. "If you have an idea, you can be a janitor, a valet or a press secretary, but he'll look at it," says Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's press secretary.

More difficult to probe is the question of whether President Johnson's aides are candid with him, or whether the President discourages honest reporting by the ancient practice of blaming the messenger who brings bad news. Happiness, for President Johnson, is a newspaper in which he dominates page one and there is not a word of criticism of him on the editorial page. But White House staffers say he dislikes having Pollyannas around him and insists on reports from them with the bark on.

If Johnson's advisers met all other tests the crucial question about them would still remain: are they yes-men? Here, because of Johnson's domineering nature and low flash point, close observers of the President have more misgivings than on any other aspect of his advisory apparatus. Is it possible for a man so sensitive to criticism to tolerate dissent in his own circle of advisers? Can a man who has expressed contempt for deviationists in his own party encourage freethinking and rethinking on issues where he has already committed himself?

Most members of the President's staff have denied to me, privately and convincingly, that he stifles dissent. They cite both domestic issues and overseas crises on which there has been spirited debate. All confirm that Johnson usually hears out his advisers before making his views known. This technique, they argue, assures free discussion and also minimizes the possibility of sycophantic aides siding automatically with the President. Some have minor reservations about the LBJ decision-making process: *after* Johnson begins to talk, it is difficult to get a word in edgewise; after his decision has been made, critical afterthoughts are all but *verboten*. What comes through clearly is that President Johnson, a formidable debater, forges a consensus after hearing the arguments. "The President is impatient with stalling, hesitation, or any kind of shuffling in front of the decision door," says Valenti. "He wants that door opened quickly, and activity to move through."

Whether the President moves through that "decision door" too quickly, or too slowly, on good advice or bad, depends in large measure on the men around him—his Inner Circle of White House advisers, his Cabinet, his Invisible Cabinet and his cronies. This dependence will increase in more than direct proportion as the problems of a disorderly planet grow more complex and insoluble. The achievement of The Great Society, the maintenance of peace and prosperity—the success or failure of the Johnson Administration—will hinge more on the wisdom and competence of the President's advisers than history may ever acknowledge. History, and the voters, will rightly hold Lyndon Johnson alone accountable for his decisions. But the information his subordinates bring him, their translation of the facts, the quality of advice they offer, and even their conservation of his apparently limitless energy, will provide the framework in which the President alone must decide —Charles Roberts

THIS FUNNY LIFE

An evangelist at a revival meeting held up his microphone and said, "You know, this loudspeaker is not a new invention. God invented the first one when he pulled a rib from Adam and created a woman!"

Mariano P. Guillermo
Panama City, Fla.

A Marine sergeant shoved his way into a barbershop. "Just a shave," he growled as he climbed into the barber's chair. "Nothing else. Get it? No haircut, no tonic, no hot towels. Nothing. Don't brush me off. Don't help me with my coat. Give me a shave—period! That's it. Understand?"

"I think so," said the barber quietly. "Lather, Sergeant?"

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

When our 18-year-old daughter, Peggy, was busily planning her wedding, she and her husband-to-be also made plans for a short honeymoon. Like many other newly married couples in California, they intended to go to Santa Barbara, Carmel and Monterey.

However, I didn't know how long they planned to be gone, so I asked her. With her big green eyes widening, she replied brightly, "Five nights!"

Mrs. John Whaley
El Monte, Calif.

Our attractive young receptionist walked into the office one Monday morning wearing a mink stole.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Guilty!" replied one of the salesmen.

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.

On our way to Phoenix, we stopped at a small diner in Indio, California. As we entered the diner, we spotted the prominently posted sign which read: PLEASE DO NOT INSULT OUR WAITRESSES BY LEAVING A TIP.

After we were seated, we found a small black box, with a slit across the top, in the middle of the table. On the box was also a sign: INSULTS.

J. D. Dublin
Hollywood, Calif.

My husband and I were dining out with another couple. Our waitress for the occasion was a most charming girl, extremely well endowed, who had a noticeable but very pleasant foreign accent.

My friend and I were discussing the waitress' accent, and I asked my husband if he thought the girl was German or Swedish.

Without batting an eye he replied: "Holstein."

M. Perkins
Easley, S.C.

A lieutenant general, newly arrived to command the U.S. forces in Viet Nam, was making an inspection tour of American barracks near Saigon. He stopped short before a wall plastered with colorful pinups, and raised objections to the display on the ground that all of the men in the room had to view the pictures, even if they didn't approve of pinups.

"You're absolutely right, sir," replied the unit's commanding officer. "I'll check all my men immediately. If we find anyone who doesn't like pinups—we'll get rid of him!"

John W. Chase
Point Pleasant, N.J.

A friend of mine, a newly established used-car dealer, was negotiating his first loan at one of the local banks. The banker, an austere, conservative type, was trying to impress upon him the seriousness of borrowing money to finance a business venture. "This money you wish to borrow from us is money entrusted to us by our depositors," he said. "Look at this survey. It shows bankers at the top of the list as trustworthy, responsible and respected people. You automobile salesmen are at the bottom of the list."

My friend scanned the survey and nodded. Then he looked the banker square in the eye and retorted, "Be that as it may. However, it seems to me that I read in the Bible that Jesus chased the money changers out of the temple, not the used-camel dealers."

He got the loan.

James E. Seybold
Waukesha, Wis.

Working in an office with 20 men requires a girl to exercise the utmost patience and a constant watch on the way she delivers messages.

Recently, a crash effort of the entire office resulted in a many-paged document which had to be typed for presentation the following day. After an hour on the telephone, I was finally able to persuade four girls from other offices to remain after hours to finish the typing.

Elated by my success, I interrupted a meeting of the office staff to announce the happy news to my boss. The meeting came to an abrupt end when I said, "Mr. Smith, I've lined up four girls for you tonight!"

Name withheld at writer's request
Philadelphia, Pa.

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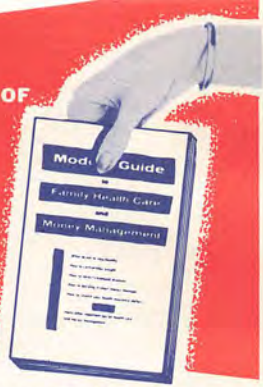

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